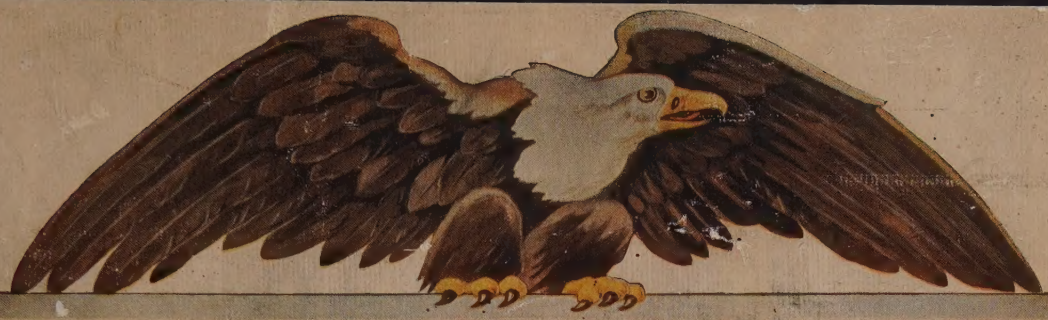

The NATIONS AT WAR

WILLIS · J · ABBOT

NORTH
SEA
ENGLAND
HOLLAND
GERMANY
FRANCE
BELGIUM
ENGLISH CHANNEL
SWITZERLAND
Emden
Harlingen
Groningen
AMSTERDAM
THE HAGUE
LONDON
Ramsgate
Dover
Ostend
Nieuport
Bruges
Ghent
ANTWERP
Dunkirk
Calais
YPRES
SCHELDT R.
Maastricht
BRUSSELS
Boulogne
LILLE
Liege
RHINE R.
Namur
MEUSE R.
Mons
Douai
Valenciennes
ARRAS
Maubeuge
CAMBRAI
Le Cateau
Somme R.
Albert
AMIENS
St. Quentin
La Fere
Sedan
Luxemburg
Treves
MOSELLE R.
HAVRE
Noyon
LAON
Rethel
AISNE R.
Compiegne
Soissons
RHEIMS
Thionville
OISE R.
SEINE R.
VERDUN
METZ
MEUSE R.
MARNE R.
Epernay
Chalons
Pont-a-Mousson
Meaux
PARIS
St. Mihiel
Coulommiers
Bar-le-Duc
Nancy
Strassburg
Toul
Luneville
Aube R.
St. Dizier
MOSELLE R.
St. Die
Troyes
Epinal
Chaumont
Colmar
LE MANS
Orleans
Mulhausen
Auxerre
BELFORT
Ancenis R.
Tours
Dijon
Besancon
Bourges
SAONE R.

PETROGRAD
Revel
STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN
Pskof
Riga
Dvina River
Libau
Dvinsk
SEA
BALTIC
COPENHAGEN
Niemen
Kovno
Vilna
Koenigsberg
Danzig
Minsk
Stettin
Thorn
Byelostok
BERLIN
Frankfort
Posen
Vistula R.
WARSAW
Brest Litovsk
Pripet R.
Oder R.
Lodz
Bug R.
Dresden
Breslau
Lublin
CRACOW
Lemberg
Brunn
Pruth R.
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
Czernowitz
VIENNA
Danube R.
Budapest
Debreczin

THE NATIONS AT WAR

The sinking of the Tuscania. This British transport, which carried American forces, was torpedoed by a U-boat off the coast of Scotland on Feb. 7th, 1918, with a small loss of life

THE NATIONS AT WAR

BY

WILLIS J. ABBOT

AUTHOR OF

"PANAMA AND THE CANAL,"
"THE STORY OF OUR NAVY,"
"THE STORY OF OUR ARMY"
"AIRCRAFT AND SUBMARINES"

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE FOREMOST WAR ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE FIELD BY EXPERTS OF EVERY NATION

THE 1918 EDITION

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INTRODUCTION

TO tell the story of the Great War, now approaching the end of its fourth year, in a single volume is a difficult but by no means an impossible task.

The salient features of the struggle, the great clashes of armies, the sharp actions which won this or that point of high vantage for one or the other belligerent can readily be described in swift phrases without sacrifice of the picturesque. Verdun was fought over for more than two years, yet after the first four days of fighting the story of Verdun is but one of persistent attack and dogged resistance along lines that changed hardly a score of yards in as many weeks. The true story of Verdun is the story of the almost spiritual consecration which held the French to its defense so long. But that is a story which takes little time for the telling.

I have seen two volumes given to an account of the Battle of Gettysburg which lasted three days. I have seen, too, eighteen volumes given over to the history of this great war up to the beginning of the year 1917. But the former was a treatise intended for the professional tactician; the latter a very excellent history in which the multitude of military details, interesting chiefly to the specialist, are set forth with so much particularity that the reader can not see the battles for the multitude of subsidiary things by which the picture is obscured.

To Americans, particularly, is a clear, straightforward and brief description of this war a most desirable work. We are in it up to the hilt; in it with a determination to conquer. But nevertheless we are in it somewhat to our own amaze, and the most determined among us may be pardoned if now and again he stops to ask just why a nation loving peace and strongly set against European entanglements should be thus embroiled.

This book tells with painstaking and dispassionate accuracy of the causes of the war, and of the developments that made it inevitable that the United States should take up its part of the bloody burden of which magnificent France, and devoted Britain so long bore the major share. And the author feels that he has fallen short of his fullest purpose if he has not shown that something deeper and more fundamental than the submarine outrages furnished the real reason for the entry of the United States upon a war that shall crush autocracy and militarism and make the world safe for its people.

The political strategy of this war has been no less important, no less interesting than its military operations, and in this book the fullest attention has been paid to this feature. Why Italy was justified in repudiating its ancient alliance with the Teutonic empires; what justification the Allies had for landing troops on Greek soil after denouncing Germany for violating Belgian neutrality; what Bolshevism promised and what it did; why Bagdad was worth fighting for are all matters somewhat in controversy but here made clear.

This war cannot be properly visualized in all its various phases, scenes and characteristics without the lavish use of pictures. The illustrations in this book exceed in number any collection made for an historical work. They are in the main from photographs taken at the front and accurately representative of the scenes and places more

haltingly described in the text. Scores of photographers have risked their lives that the world may know what war is like, and the reader of "The Nations at War" gets the carefully skimmed cream of their work.

This edition—the fourth to be issued—of "The Nations at War" brings the narrative down to March, 1918. From it is omitted no vital, no significant episode of the titanic struggle which is beggaring the world today. The reader is conducted by paths of pleasant narrative through the long and cruel way from the opening of the Austrian howitzers upon Liège, to the betrayal of Russia by the Bolsheviki. When he has ended he knows that story of the war in all its horror, and in all the glorious stimulation it furnishes to manhood.

With knowledge thus gained no American can doubt that the course adopted by his country after much questioning and self-communion was the only one in accord with its standing among nations, and with its national honor. We have had but few wars and, please God, shall have fewer in future. Our only war not fought specifically for national defense was in a cause purely altruistic, and as thoroughly humanitarian as any issue on which a civilized people has ever taken up arms. Its righteousness is shown by free and prosperous Cuba, and the orderly and advancing Philippines.

The war in which we are now engaged is a war for the extinction of war. We are in it technically to protect our people who go down into the sea in ships from the murderous aggressions of the Germans. But the whole purpose is broader and more far-reaching. We send our sons to the trenches, mobilize our daughters in auxiliary forces, give heartily of our savings and endure privations in order that war lords may be shown for all time that possession of the tools of a robber and murderer gives no license to use them, and that peace-loving, industrious and God-fearing states shall no longer be condemned to constant dread of the murderous assaults of autocracies which have devoted their highest endeavors to the heaping up of cannon and explosives, and the transformation of their citizens into skilled and ruthless soldiery. Our soldiers will die in war that the world may live in peace.

WILLIS J. ABBOT

New York, March 1, 1918.

The NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER I

GERMAN RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR—DIPLOMACY AND INTRIGUE—THE AUSTRIAN ULTIMATUM—THE DECLARATION OF WAR—FRANCE SPRINGING TO ARMS—ENGLAND AND BELGIUM—INVASION OF BELGIUM—COMPARATIVE MILITARY STRENGTH OF BELLIGERENTS—BRITISH MILITARY PREPARATIONS—THE FALL OF LIÈGE—GERMAN "FRIGHTFULNESS" IN BELGIUM—LOUVAIN—THE RUSH ON PARIS—BATTLE OF THE MARNE

THE Great War fell like a scourge on humanity and millions of men who had no thought of war or bloodshed in their minds laid down their lives because a group of men, dominant in the German Empire, so willed it. No other verdict is possible in the light of history. And it is important that the verdict be fixed in the consciousness of nations for when the war shall end the damages must be assessed, so far as that may be humanly possible, and they must be laid against the government responsible—namely Imperial Germany.

It is needless to go into detail here concerning the prolonged struggle in the southeast of Europe between the Slavs and the Teutons, out of which grew the jealousies ending in war. It would be idle in a volume of such brief compass as this to attempt to recount all the clashes of rival nationalities in the Balkans. The Pan-German ambitions of the Teutons, the glittering conception of a Mittel Europa under Hohenzollern control must for the moment be passed over. The quarrel over France in Morocco, the crisis of Agadir must be ignored. Enough to say here that all the materials for a blaze that should engulf all Europe were in southeastern Europe, and when the assassination, by a fanatic, of the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife at Sarajevo, in Bosnia, June 28, 1914, touched the match to the pile Germany heaped on more combustibles instead of joining other nations of western Europe in endeavors to extinguish the conflagration.

The youth who slew the royal pair escaped with a brief term of imprisonment, but more than five million men of all countries of the world paid the death penalty for his crime.

The German autocracy, the military caste, had long sought war. The Crown Prince of Germany had repeatedly said that if no war came under his father's rule he himself would start one on coming to the throne. Ambassador Gerard quotes him as having

Archduke Francis Ferdinand (heir to the Austrian throne) with his morganatic wife. Both were assassinated at Sarajevo, Bosnia, June 28, 1914

said that the plan would be to attack and conquer France, then England and after that the United States. Whatever Prussianized Germany is to-day, it has been made by war. Frederick the Great, founder of Prussia's greatness, by his own admission went to war "in order to get myself talked about." Napoleon forcefully said, "Prussia was hatched from cannon-balls."

To-day Prussia dominates all Germany, and in 1914 as since, the military caste dominated Prussia. But prior to the war there were incidents which made that caste fear for its continuance in power. Its growing arrogance was a source of constant irritation to the people. A beardless and penniless subaltern in a uniform untarnished by service held himself immeasurably the superior of a captain of industry whose life work had been worth uncounted millions to the Empire—and all the power of the army was exerted to maintain his pretensions. The political agitation which followed the affair at Zabern, in which a young officer cut down a crippled shoemaker who laughed at him, showed that the country was ripe for revolt against military arrogance. The army recognized that to hold its privileges a war would be essential.

And it thought to have a short war. When the Kaiser, speaking from the portal of his palace on the day of mobilization, assured the soldiers below: "Before the leaves have fallen from the trees you will be back in your homes," he undoubtedly expressed what was his sincere belief. Ambassador Gerard has since hazarded the conjecture that perhaps he was thinking of evergreen trees. At that moment Great Britain had not signified her purpose of entering upon the war, and all Germany believed that their armies would romp to Paris, strike France to her knees, seize her colonies, and then demolish Russia at their leisure.

There were plausible reasons which the militarists could urge for forcing a war at this moment. Germany was never stronger relatively to the other powers. Her fleet, it is true, was still vastly inferior to that of Great Britain, but it was superior to that of France and there was every reason to believe that the British would keep out of the war. The German Ambassador to London had so reported. Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, had telegraphed that he had assurance, to that effect from King George. The Irish disaffection was at its height, and Sir Edward Carson's spectacular organization of an army in Ulster to set at defiance the laws of Parliament gave to foreign observers an exaggerated idea of its importance.

The Kiel Canal had just been opened

doubling almost the efficiency of the German fleet. The Zeppelins had been brought to such perfection that German military authorities thought they would be a decisive factor in the war—an expectation destined to be sadly disappointed. The war chest was full to overflowing; 317,000,000 marks in gold in the German Imperial Bank, where two years before there had been but 174,000,000. Among the High Command it was known that the army chemists had perfected a new and deadly weapon—an asphyxiating gas that clung close to the face of the earth, and rolled along before a favoring breeze. Nothing living could withstand a breath of it. The German army was at its greatest proportions, while the French law calling for three years' military service, and the Belgian law for universal service had not yet gone into effect.

It was easy for the militarists to convince the handful of men—the people had nothing whatever to say—with whom rested the authority to declare war or peace, that if Germany was ever to strike that was the moment.

After the assassination of the royal couple in June it seemed for some time that the incident as a casus belli would pass over as so many had before it. It was discussed in the dark and devious ways of secret diplomacy, but the world had forgotten it and was going its peaceful ways when on the 23rd of July the government of Austria dispatched to Servia an ultimatum so arrogant in its demands, so brutal in its terms that the world suddenly awoke to the fact that this meant war. It practically demanded that Servia surrender its sovereignty, put Austrian officials in charge of its courts, and permit its people to be tried by Austrian tribunals. Forty-eight hours was allowed for a response—a period which as George Bernard Shaw remarked "would have been indecent in presenting a board bill." When the threatened nation conceded almost everything—more than any other country expected it to concede—Austria backed by Germany remorselessly adhered to the letter of its ultimatum and began the bombardment of Belgrade on the day fixed.

Europe was of course divided into hostile camps and alliances. Germany, Austria and Italy constituted the Triple Alliance or Dreibund. But Italy was bound only to aid the others in case of an attack upon their territory. Accordingly she held aloof from her allies for nearly a year, and finally entered the war as an ally of their enemies—the Triple Entente, of England, France and Russia, with whom the agonies of invasion united Belgium. Pending the outbreak of war we find each group of nations working in concert diplomatically. England, France

The arrest of the assassin of the Archduke. Although Austria declared that the plot originated in Belgrade, it has never been definitely proved, and it is known that the assassin is an Austrian subject

This photograph was taken amidst bursting shells, and shows the Belgian soldiers in the trenches

and Russia strove to avert war; Germany and Austria to provoke it.

After the Austrian ultimatum had been delivered the wires buzzed with the endeavors of the peace seeking nations to check the rush to war. England took the lead. Looking back on those crowded days of diplomatic effort one is convinced that Great Britain sincerely desired that peace be kept, but also that her foreign secretary, Sir Edward Grey, omitted the one thing necessary to secure it. Until the last moment he left the German ambassador to London in doubt whether in any contingency whatsoever Great Britain would fight. The general temper of the British people was so clearly against war, and there seemed to be so many conditions making their entrance upon war at that moment more than ordinarily precarious, that Ambassador Lichnowsky reported from London that Great Britain could safely be counted upon as neutral. Believing this Germany pursued its provocative course. The Kaiser and his advisers were never so astonished and dismayed as when notice came of the British declaration of war, and the populace of Germany straightway began the development and practice of that policy of hate which may have kept them a unit in the war, but certainly made them ridiculous in the eyes of other peoples.

But prior to taking the final step Sir Edward Grey exhausted every device to secure peace, or at least to delay the declaration of war. His notes flew along the wires to every chancellery of Europe. He urged that Vienna and Petrograd discuss the situation directly; that the case between Russia and Austria be left to the other four Great Powers—Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. But Austria turned a deaf ear to all suggestions, while Germany insisted that the quarrel between Austria and Servia should be fought out by those parties alone, and that England should restrain her ally Russia. While urging this, Germany stolidly refused to restrain or even openly to advise her ally Austria. In all the records of diplomatic correspondence issued by Germany and Austria in a belated effort to escape the odium of having caused the world war there is not one letter or dispatch from the former to the latter urging delay, moderation or conciliatory tactics. It is evident that the policy of the Kaiser was to preach ostentatiously to the world his desire for peace, while giving private assurances to Austria of support in all that she might do to make peace impossible.

The die was cast August 1st, 1914, when Germany formally declared war upon Russia upon the ground that the mobilization of that country was a menace to Germany. It is alleged, and with convincing proof, that in fact the German government tricked Russia into this mobilization. A Berlin newspaper, controlled absolutely by the government, appeared on the streets with the news that the War Department had ordered the mobilization of the army. The paper was allowed to circulate until the news was widely disseminated, and could not have failed to reach the Russian ambassador. Then it was suddenly called in, all copies sequestrated and an extra issued denying the mobilization. Meantime the "news" had been wired to Russia, and mobilization ordered there for fear that the German armies were already in motion. It seems a pettifogging trick to accomplish an execrable purpose. But since Bismarck—a man incomparably greater than any in power in Germany to-day—did not scruple to forge the telegram of Ems to bring on the Franco-Prussian War at the moment he wished, it is not inconceivable that the Kaiser and his entourage may have hurried the war for which they were eager, by the device, familiar to American cities, of a "faked extra."

Germany's declaration of war upon Russia determined automatically France's entrance upon the struggle. No nation desired war less; none was at that moment enjoying more the blessings of peace and contentment. Her prosperity and widespread happiness were such that the world was a little inclined to rate her as decadent—a theory which she disproved before the guns had roared for thirty days. But, however, averse to war, France was compelled to enter it both by her treaty obligations to Russia and by considerations of self-protection. Germany was the wolf hungry for her blood, and her territory. All the prodigious military preparation of the German Empire had been made avowedly with the purpose of crushing France, extorting more indemnity and seizing more territory. The theft of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870 had made Germany the greatest iron and steel producer in Europe. If she could now get the line of northern provinces with the cities of Lens, Lille and neighboring mineral fields she would be the only continental producer of iron and steel in large quantities. France knew that she faced spoliation again, faced mutilation, perhaps faced final assassination and her people rose with a grandeur of determination which baffles description while it compels admiration. There was perhaps no more stimulating sight to the thoughtful mind than the spectacle of

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The Imperial Guard passing in review before Emperor William. At the left of the Kaiser is General Lowenfeldt and at the extreme right General von Buelow

King Albert of Belgium, the fighting king of Europe

the Paris regiments going to the front. It was no martial pageant. Never headed by a military band, the men often marched along without either drum or bugle. They never sang—as did the Germans under orders. But every now and then some one would set up a deep determined intonation of a patriotic watchword. "*Jusqu'au bout*!" "Unto the end!" was one—"*France d'abord!*"—"France first" and "*Coute que coute!*"—"Cost what it may!" were others. They went out against heavy odds, but they acquitted themselves like a nation born to a new immortality.

International News Service
Belgian Cavalry passing through Furness on their way to the front

England's position at the outset of war was one to disprove the charge that she helped to provoke it. She was utterly unprepared for war except by sea. Her little army of perhaps 150,000 men was scattered beyond the seas. Her people not only did not want war, but did not even dream that it was impending. Her political offices, army, navy and diplomatic services were full of German sympathizers and even of German spies. Except perhaps in France the execrable system of German espionage had nowhere reached such development as in England. Every branch of society was honeycombed by it, and the whole attitude of the British people when suddenly confronted by the prospect of war with Germany was inevitably tinctured by the views artfully instilled for years by German secret agents.

No actual treaty forced England into war. She was perhaps morally bound to France but not by ties so compelling that a government facing a people intent on peace could make them the sole basis of appeal. And the English people, many of the politicians and most of their press were for peace. Sir Edward Grey and other cabinet officers saw that the German menace was as much against England as against France. The fevered navy building, the ill-concealed malevolence of "Der Tag," the revelations of the spy system all showed England as the future object of German aggression. The nation must fight, but an excuse must be given to the people for asking them to fight. While the cabinet was still in indecision this excuse was furnished by Germany.

The determination of that government to attack France through the neutral territories of Belgium and the Duchy of Luxembourg put that nation in the wrong at the very outset of the war, alienated public sentiment

The results of one well-directed shot from a German 42-centimeter gun. It completely wrecked this Belgian fort

all over the world and furnished the British government with the grounds for demanding that the people uphold them in making common cause with France and Russia. For this was a wanton violation of a treaty to which Great Britain itself was a party.

By a treaty made in 1839, and reaffirmed in 1870, Great Britain, Russia, Prussia—the German Empire not having been in existence at that time—agreed to mutually defend the neutrality of Belgium. In the emergency of 1914 France promptly declared her purpose of respecting that neutrality. Germany, though a party to the treaty, admitted, at Sir Edward Grey's demand, her intention of violating it.

It was a dishonest and dishonorable decision and cost the Germans dear. It was dictated absolutely by the determination to win victory with all possible speed, and it ended in making victory impossible. It was conceived in a cowardly intent to outrage a friendly but weak nation, rather than to assault boldly the line of forts which France had erected for self-defense, and the outcome was that Germany made for herself two powerful enemies in Belgium and Great Britain, neither of whom, possibly, would have entered the war had Germany not thrown honor to the winds. Undoubtedly, too, the ultimate entrance of the United States as a foe to the Kaiser was based in some degree upon resentment of the treatment of Belgium.

Immediately after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 the French recognized that their powerful and aggressive neighbor did not intend to permit France to rest in peace. The German maw had gulped Alsace-Lorraine and the five milliards of tribute and was hungry for more. Indeed, in 1875, Bis-

The armed host of the Kaiser poured into Belgium during the harvest and destroyed everything in its path

marck had tried to provoke another war but was warned off by England. Then France, still bleeding from cruel wounds, saw clearly enough that she must prepare to defend her soil once more. Accordingly she built the line of ponderous fortresses that frowned upon the frontier, between the Swiss border and that of Luxembourg—the only part of France directly bordering upon Germany. The Belgian frontier was left undefended. It was a nation from which nothing was to be feared, and the neutrality repudiating their own treaty and violating Belgian neutrality. It is quite true that the one of these fortresses they did attack—Verdun—resisted them successfully through persistent assaults lasting over two years. But this attack was begun after a year of war had produced new defensive tactics. The comparative worthlessness of ponderous fortifications had been demonstrated. The position at Verdun was defended; the fortress itself was abandoned, its stone casemates and galleries used for storage and cookshops and its

King George inspecting a portion of the British expeditionary forces

of which was guaranteed by the strongest nations of Europe including Prussia. Only one fortress, that of Mauberge, was situated on that border, and it was largely dismantled. France, too trustingly, relied upon Teutonic honor.

Fronting the German frontier were the fortresses of Verdun, Toul, Epinal and Belfort. In the light of recent history it seems probable that had the Germans played the part of men and attacked these fortresses at the very outset of the war they would have demolished them with their heavy artillery and opened their road to Paris without bringing upon themselves the odium of great guns taken away and mounted in the earthworks that spread far and wide over the adjacent hills. This defense was the fruit of experience gained in more than a year of actual war. In its first days the French would probably have shut themselves up in their fortresses, as did the Belgians at Liège and Namur, and been destroyed by the unprecedented and undreamed-of German 42-cm. howitzers.

However, the Germans made no movement toward attacking France on its defended side. It was made plain enough later that for years they had contemplated attack through Belgium. The plan of their strategic

Recruits from the Bavarian mountains arriving at Munich to enter the army

railroads demonstrated that. And with knowledge of this intent full in mind the queries of Sir Edward Grey to the German ambassador at London, and of Sir Edward Goschen to the Chancellor at Berlin as to Germany's purpose of respecting or violating Belgian neutrality became embarrassing. It was with unfeigned amazement that the German chancellor finally discovered that upon this issue Great Britain would fight. "You surely would not fight for a mere scrap of paper," said the German ambassador to Sir Edward Grey, referring to the treaty of 1870 which bore the royal seal of the Kingdom of Prussia. The cynical expression, with its implied indifference to treaty obligations, has cursed Germany sorely ever since. It was not without its influence three years later when President Wilson in reply to the peace overtures of the Pope, declared in effect that nations could enter into no treaties with the Hohenzollerns with any expectation that their obligations would be respected.

August 2, 1914, Germans began the invasion of France by marching their troops with cynical indifference to treaty obligations into the Duchy of Luxembourg. The Duchess of that little independent state drove her carriage upon the bridge by which the Germans were advancing and turned it to bar their further progress, but a German officer, with a laugh, seized the horses by the bits and turned them aside while the gray-green flood of the invaders moved on. A little more ceremony marked the invasion of Belgium. Formal request was made of King Albert for permission to move the troops through his territory, and guarantees of protection of property and life, and withdrawal of military occupation after the war were made.

"Belgium is a nation, not a highway," was the King's response. The country, small and weak as it was in the face of the overwhelming might of the aggressor, was a unit behind him. When he recounted the German propositions later to the Parliament and asked, "Are you determined at any cost to maintain the sacred heritage of our ancestors?" the whole Chamber burst into a roar, and from the Socialists' side came cries of: "At any cost, by death if need be!"

A day later the German troops entered Belgium. As the war proceeded admissions of the complete lawlessness of this invasion were made by the very highest of the

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Belgian infantry, barricaded, awaiting the advancing Uhlans

German rulers. In the Reichstag, Minister von Jagow said:

"We are now in a state of necessity and necessity knows no law! We were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxembourg and Belgian governments. The wrong —I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached." And later, in a personal letter to President Wilson, transmitted through Ambassador Gerard, Kaiser William declared that "Belgian neutrality had to be violated by Germany on strategical grounds, news having been received that France was already preparing to enter Belgium, and the King of the Belgians having refused my petition for a free passage under guarantee of his country's freedom."

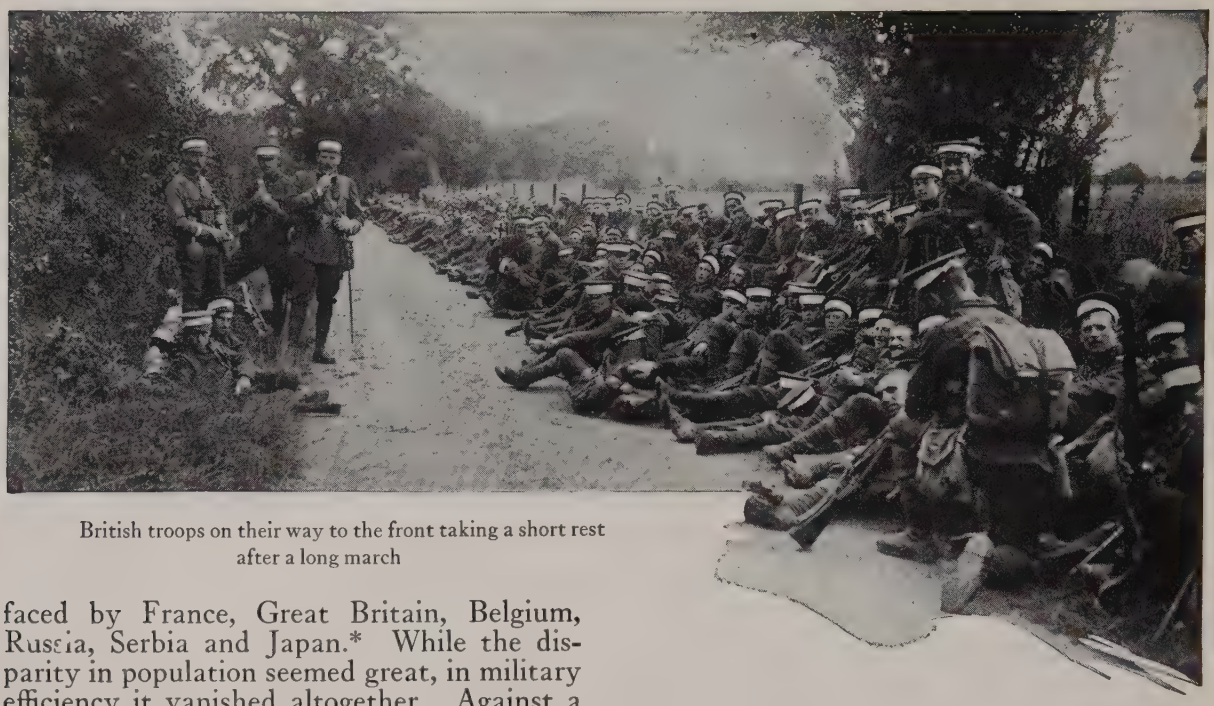
Belgian cavalry resting after an engagement with the German forces

These "preparations" of France for a Belgian invasion must have been of a curious character, for when the Germans actually struck, and came rushing upon France through King Albert's territory, it took days for French troops to reach the point of attack. They were all on the other side of France facing the frontier of Germany.

Deaf alike to the dictates of honor and the protests of Great Britain, Germany, according to its threat, invaded Belgium. At once Europe began to fall to pieces like a house of cards. Declarations of war followed each other in rapid succession until it was apparent that the whole civilized world—and some countries on the borderland of civilization—would be involved. The historian is reminded forcibly of Macaulay's description of the way Frederick the Great plunged the world in war:

"On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war waged during many years and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

At the outset it appeared that the odds against the Teutons were irresistible—after experiencing nearly four years of German warfare the world no longer thinks so, although the odds have grown greater ever since. Within a few days of the declaration of war Germany and Austria-Hungary were



British troops on their way to the front taking a short rest after a long march

faced by France, Great Britain, Belgium, Russia, Serbia and Japan.* While the disparity in population seemed great, in military efficiency it vanished altogether. Against a population of 114,900,000 it was true were arrayed nations numbering 322,000,000 without counting the teeming millions of British India. But on the other hand the armies of the Teutonic Allies on the day of mobilization numbered 8,500,000 all lavishly equipped and drilled to the highest efficiency and were confronted by 5,400,000 men of whom only the little British standing army of 125,000 men, the French standing army and the First Reserve totaling 1,500,000 men, and perhaps an equal number of Russians were at all equipped for war. The Serbians and Belgians added about 500,000 to these forces. It is a reasonable estimate to say that in trained forces Germany took the field not less than twice as strong as her adversaries.

But their numerical superiority was insignificant in comparison with their other advantages. In all history there has been no army like the German army of 1914—and if the world is to live in peace there must never be another. Drilled to a razor-edge; equipped to the last button on every soldier's uniform; animated by a fanatical devotion to Kaiser, Fatherland and the cause; unfaltering in their confidence in victory; led by officers who had been trained to arms and command from infancy, the great armies of Wilhelm II challenged admiration and compelled fear. They were under a single command—an incalculable advantage in military operations. No Congress, House of Deputies or Parliament had a word to say about their campaigns or strategy. Geographically they had the advantage of operating on interior lines, enabling them to shift large bodies of troops from one point to another more menaced with a rapidity which the Allies could not hope to equal. Their territory shut off the Russians from their western allies, and later blocked Italy from ready communication with both. Above all they had such advantage in the way of accumulated munitions of war and new and unsuspected types of arms as the world had never dreamed of. For half a century the great firm of Krupps had been making and storing away this provender for the day of Armageddon. It has proved inexhaustible. While every other army has now and then suffered reverses for lack of ammunition—the Russians being often out of the war for months for this cause—the Germans have never interrupted their steady consumption of all munitions, nor even given sign of any stringency impending.

Great Britain, which like the United States has always been jealous of a standing army, had but 150,000 veterans ready for service when war befell. "A contemptible little

*By 1917 Turkey and Bulgaria were added to the Teutonic Alliance, while the Entente Allies were reënforced by the United States, Brazil, Italy, Argentina, Cuba, Greece, Portugal, China, Roumania, Siam, and Montenegro.

army" the Kaiser called it. Von Kluck when he heard of the landing of the first detachment laughed a prodigious laugh, and calling up the Chief of Police of Berlin asked him to send down a squad of patrolmen "to arrest the British army!" But no better body of fighting men was ever gathered together. They had fought in every clime and at every altitude; they had done battle with foes of every shade from the jet-black followers of the Mahdi to brown Afghans and the yellow Chinese. They were hastily thrown into the breach in France while Kitchener undertook to raise an army adequate to engage in a world war. In this service they died—almost every man of them—but they left a noble record for gallantry and stubborn fighting. The British with characteristic humor caught up the Kaiser's scornful words and made of them a phrase of highest compliment. A man who had been one of "the old contemptibles" was a hero to the end of his days.

We shall tell later of the German advance into Belgium and France which filled those countries with death and woe, and racked the world with apprehension lest the Huns should in fact get into Paris. For the moment let us consider what Great Britain did to prepare for the great conflict upon which it was entering. France had 3,500,000 men in the field or preparing for it. Great Britain could not do less.

Lord Kitchener, the victor of Khartoum, was called to the Ministry of War, and began his work by announcing that the war would last not less than three years. Men scoffed. How could Germany hold out so long against so many? Kitchener went his way. In eight months he had raised and equipped 750,000 men. The Germans called them "Kitchener's mob," but like the "Old Contemptibles" its members were held in highest honor. The formation of this army bore the most convincing testimony to the unity of the British colonies under the Empire. All volunteers, troops came from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India and the African colonies. The Empire which Germany had believed would crack to pieces at the first sign of trouble was cemented into an indestructible whole by England's first cry for aid. And the mother country's children who had left her almost a century and a half earlier, were not slow in coming forward. Young Americans, eager to fight for civilization and democracy, made haste to join the British ranks. As their home

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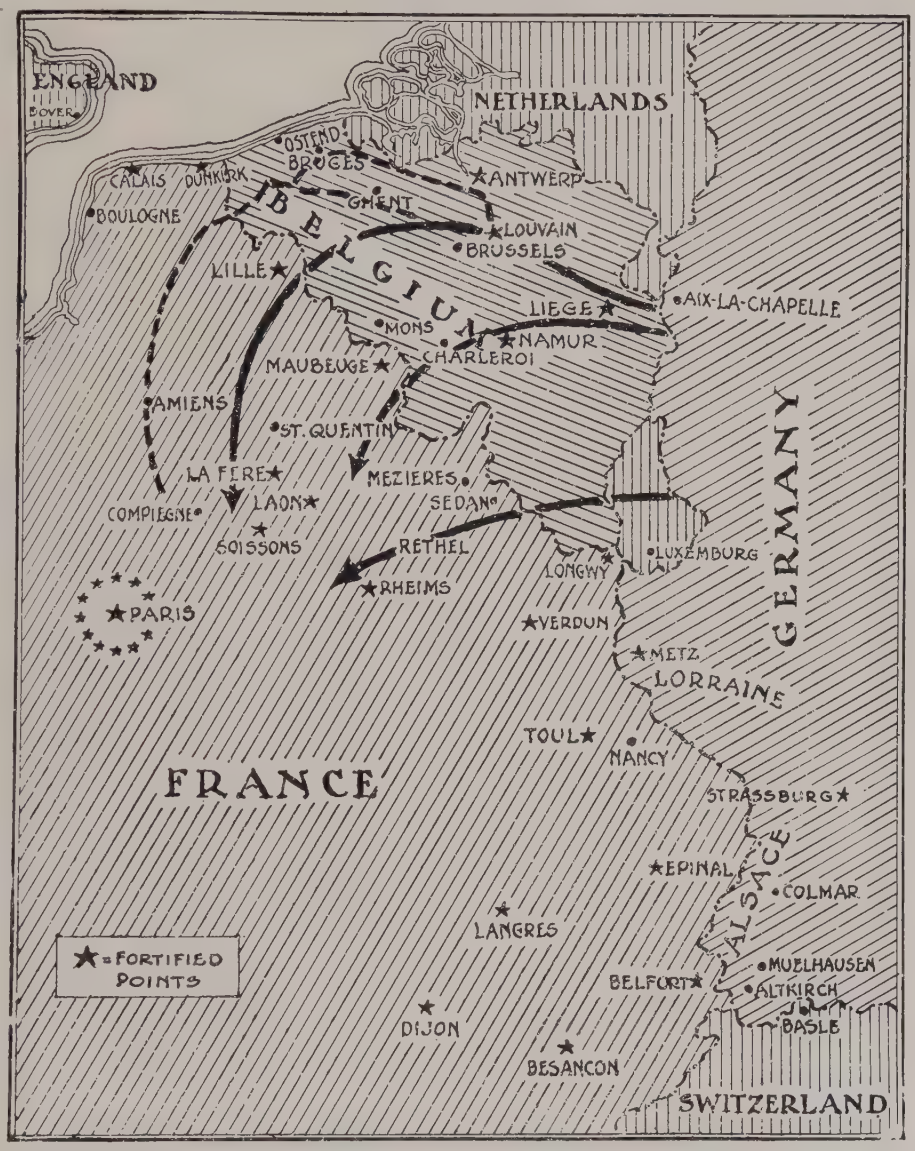
The late Emperor Francis Joseph followed by the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo lighted the great European conflagration

Emperor William II of Germany, whose periodically expressed principle of the divine right of kings seems to be accepted by the German people

government frowned on the practice they always registered as Canadians, often giving as their local habitations such well known provinces of the dominion as Kentucky, Texas, or Oklahoma.

Kitchener's army was raised entirely by volunteer enlistment. But Great Britain soon learned, as we were destined to learn three years later, that this method of raising large forces was inadequate and unjust. It skimmed the country of the cream of its citizenry. Those in whom patriotism and idealism beat highest were ready enough to volunteer. What we have called, often scoffingly, the British aristocracy, or the leisure class, responded almost to a man. The intellectual element was quick to don khaki. Novelists, poets and essayists flocked to the trenches. But there was lethargy among the working classes, the clerks and the small tradesmen. By the time half-a-million men had been raised clear-sighted public men perceived that the safety of the nation would compel conscription. But this system was hated in Great Britain, even as in the United States, and for as little reason. It was bitterly opposed by the labor unions, which are more powerful there than with us, who complained that war called the workingman to fight while the capitalists reaped swollen profits—a fact not wholly to be gainsaid, although up to the time conscription was called for the wealthy class in Great Britain had contributed far more than its share of personal service to the war. More influential was the plea that conscription would develop in England a spirit of militarism such as had long burdened the Continent and which might not give way after the war. But in the end, despite a remarkable spurt of volunteering on a plan devised by Lord Derby, conscription was put into effect. By



This map shows approximately the extent of the German advance to Sept. 6, 1914. The heavy lines with arrow tips show the general movement of the German advance; the heavy dotted lines, routes of parallel, but lesser columns. All territory between the line touching Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges and Amiens and the main line was filled with German troops. Raiding parties also reached Ostend and Boulogne

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Ammunition supply for the Belgian Artillery which drove the Germans to make a hasty retreat after vainly trying to break the line

that method Great Britain was enabled to put into the field 4,000,000 men by the middle of 1916, and to maintain her armies to their full quota thereafter throughout the war.

It was August 4, 1914, that the German Army of the Meuse opened the war by crossing the Belgian frontier and at once coming into conflict with the Belgian forces.

The Army of the Meuse was made up of the very flower of the German army, for to it was assigned the task which was expected to be the most glorious and the most spectacular, and, proving to be both of those, was the most arduous as well. Upon it the eyes of the civilized world were riveted for weeks. Against it fought Belgians, British, and French from the very outset of its operations, and before it merged its identity in the general German line it had withstood the assaults of infantry, cavalry, and artillery —and all with hardly a stop for food or sleep. It had met and fought Turcos from French Africa, and Sikhs and Hindoos from British East India. Commanded by General von Emmerich, it numbered at its entrance upon Belgian soil about 200,000 men, which number, oft depleted by heavy fighting, was continually reënforced until it approached the impressive total of a half million armed men.

No army of all history ever took the field so splendidly equipped with new and terrible engines of war as the armies of Germany, and particularly the Army of the Meuse in this campaign. Aeroplanes and dirigibles spied out the way, reported the positions of the enemy, and indicated to the artillery the range. Motor cars carried soldiers swiftly from point to point and hurried light guns into action; heavily armored, they had their place on the line of battle, and marked with the Red Cross they carried the wounded to places of safety. They propelled field kitchens which rumbled along beside the marching columns and served the men with meals without interrupting their advance. Rapid-fire guns poured out streams of bullets like water from a hose, and were so compactly built that one could be packed on a

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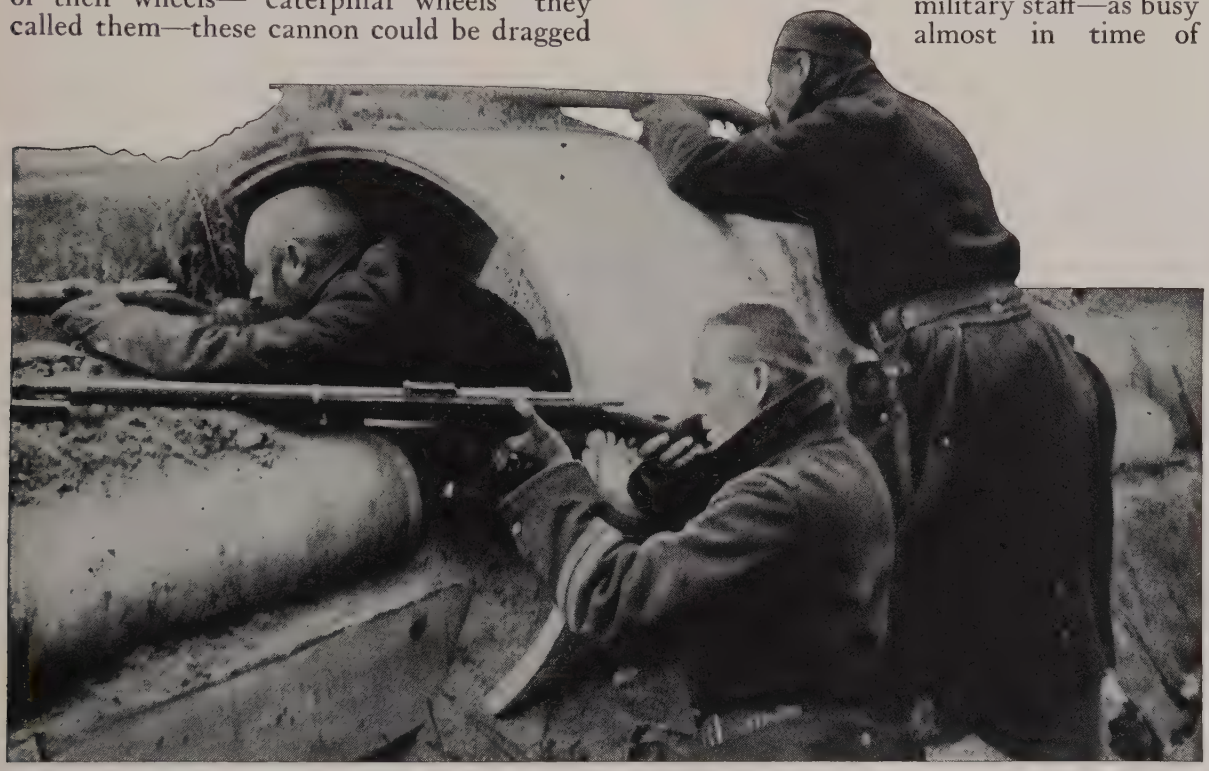
Belgian Infantry on their way to reënforce the troops at Liège

horse, or carried on two motor cycles. Siege guns with a range of ten miles, of a calibre and weight never before thought capable of passage along country roads, were dragged by traction engines or by their own motors at a rate of eight miles an hour—guns that twenty years ago would have been useless in any field because of their immobility. By the use of flat platforms on the circumference of their wheels—"caterpillar wheels" they called them—these cannon could be dragged by motors even over plowed fields. They throw an armor-piercing shot weighing 800 pounds, and at seven miles will demolish a target of a few feet square. It was their deadly accuracy that beat down Belgian resistance at Liège and Namur.



Belgian sharpshooters guarding Antwerp against German invasion. Here behind great water pipes they find a safe barricade from which to pick off daring Germans in advance of the main columns

Almost forty-four years before to the day and hour the German troops had crossed into France at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war which ended in such sweeping victory. The coincidence seemed a bright omen of victory and the German troops swept on into their enemy's country singing "Deutschland ueber Alles," and shouting their slogan of "Paris in three weeks. London in three months." But they were destined to find this a war of a very different sort. The Belgian resistance held them up just sufficiently to enable France to shift her troops to the threatened frontier, and while the importance of the Belgian battles was at the time greatly overestimated, they did in fact break down the whole German programme, and perhaps cost Germany the war in its first fortnight.

The plan of campaign which the German military staff—as busy almost in time of peace as in time of war—had prepared contemplated the invasion of France from three points by three armies:

The Army of the Meuse, with its base at Aix-la-Chapelle was to enter Belgium, reduce the forts at Liège, and march on Paris by a westerly route, taking in passing the forts at Namur and at Lille.

The Army of the Moselle, already concentrated in Luxemburg, was to enter France at Longwy and proceed to Paris, subduing by the way the fortresses at Verdun and Rheims.

The Army of the Rhine, the only one not making neutral territory a part of its pathway, was to have its base at Strassburg and cross the French frontier near Nancy. By

this last route the Prussians thrice before had reached the French capital.

At the outset the task of breasting the German tide fell chiefly upon France and Belgium. The Belgian army, of about 100,000 men, which faced nothing but certain sacrifice, confronted the Germans on a line running north and east from Namur and passing back of Liège. That fortress, one of the most powerful in Belgium, was expected to hold the foe in check until the French army vices for defense. But only twenty thousand Belgian troops manned these forts, or defended the gaps between them. Two hundred thousand Germans demanded that the way be opened. Worse than all, the equipment of the forts had not been kept up to date and their armament was entirely inadequate for their defense. In fact, the first and largest fort, Fleron, was practically silenced by the field guns of the Germans, who had not yet had time to bring up their heavy siege

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German infantry passing through the Belgian capital (Brussels) on their triumphant march to the French frontier

and perhaps a detachment of British might come to the Belgian relief.

It was looked upon as a fortified point of prodigious strength. Its fortresses were of the type which military science up to that time had fixed upon as approaching the impregnable. They were wrought steel turrets, curved so as to offer the poorest possible target for shells, looking like great black mushrooms, squatting close to the ground with a ditch surrounding each and a broad cleared space on every side. Underground passages connected the nine turrets, and there was the usual provision of mines, ditches, electrified barbed-wire entanglements, and other deguns, which afterward proved the sensation of the first weeks of the war. The fall of this, the most powerful of the Belgian works, opened a gap in the defenses of Liège, which was held with unprecedented gallantry for forty-eight hours by a comparatively few men, the greater part of whom were little better than civilians in training. During this period the Germans brought up their big howitzers, smashed two supporting fortresses, and opened the way to the city to the German advance.

With the Liège forts silenced or left in the rear the army of von Kluck entered the city, made it a base and pressed on into Belgium.

Though several forts were still in Belgian possession, notably Fort Loncin where Gen. Leman established himself, defending it until the work was literally battered to pieces and its commander left for dead in the ruins, nothing was permitted to delay further the German advance. The six days already lost were precious. The forces of France were hastening toward the breach, and the handful of British troops regarded so contemptuously by the Germans were on French soil and hurrying to the front. King Albert, seeing the odds against his little army growing daily more desperate, and recognizing that men, not territory, would determine the outcome of the war, steadily withdrew before the advancing enemy. Brussels, the capital, was abandoned without defense, and the King and his army retired first to Antwerp and later to the far southwestern corner of Belgium in the neighborhood of Ostend where it has since maintained itself. It was during this period of the German advance through Belgium that there occurred the series of savage reprisals and persecutions that stirred the world with horror, and added greatly to the hostile sentiment which the unwarrantable invasion of Belgium by Germany had already created in neutral countries.

The action of the authorities of Brussels in offering no resistance to the incoming Germans was dictated by consideration of the methods of revenge and terrorism adopted by the Germans in their march through Belgium. War has never been more remorseless. In every town and village prominent men were seized as hostages and were relentlessly put to death if any citizen, maddened by the destruction of his property or insults offered to his womenkind, dared to attack the aggressors. The story of German atrocities in Belgium is not to be told here. It formed the subject of heated, diplomatic discussion in all the countries involved. It was investigated by a distinguished commission, headed by Viscount James Bryce, whose name alone carries conviction of intellectual honesty to all informed readers. In every war men lose in some degree the semblance of humanity and cast off the

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Refugees from the outlying villages fleeing to Brussels for protection against the advancing German army

Belgians entraining for the front at Brussels

veneer of civilization. It is impossible, however, to read both sides of the discussion of German methods during the first weeks of the invasion of Belgium without being convinced that the extreme severity, approaching barbarism, was both definitely ordered and systematically encouraged by the German commanders in pursuance of the "policy of frightfulness," and with the purpose of overawing at the very outset a population which they knew they would hold in military subjection during the period of the war, and hoped to retain as vassals thereafter.

Most shocking to the sentiment of the world was the almost complete destruction of the quaintest and most picturesque part of Louvain, a Belgian town richly stored with treasures of Gothic art and architecture dating from the period of the Middle Ages. This town was destroyed by the Germans systematically, with military precision, by soldiers who went from street to street filling the first stories of the buildings with combustibles and then applying the torch. The excuse given by General von Lutwitz, in command, was that a shot fired by the burgomaster's son killed a high German officer and seemed to serve as a signal for snipers in the windows and on roofs. An objection to this story is that the burgomaster had no son. The destruction of Louvain, coming in the very first week of the war, was fought over as bitterly in the organs of public opinion as it has been in the streets of the town. Whatever the excuse—and, concerning that, doubt will never be settled—the destruction was complete. A most graphic description of it was written by Richard Harding Davis, the well-known American author, who was held prisoner in a railroad car in Louvain by German soldiers while the town was burning:

When by troop train we reached Louvain, the entire heart of the city was destroyed and fire had reached the Boulevard Tirlemont, which faces the railroad station. The night was windless and the sparks rose in steady, leisurely pillars, falling back into the furnace from which they sprang.

In their work of destruction the soldiers were moving from the heart of the city to its outskirts, street by street, from house to house.

In each building, so German soldiers told me, they began at the first floor, and when that was burning steadily passed to the one next. There were no exceptions—whether it was a store, chapel, or private residence, it was destroyed. The occupants had been warned to go, and in each deserted shop or house the furniture was piled, the torch was stuck under it, and into the air went the savings of years, souvenirs of children, of parents, heirlooms that had passed from generation to generation.

The people had time only to fill a pillow-case and fly. Some were not so fortunate, and by thousands, like flocks of sheep, they were rounded up and marched through the night to concentration camps. We were not allowed to speak to any citizen of Louvain, but the

Germans crowded the windows, boastful, gloating, eager to interpret.

On the high ground rose the broken spires of the Church of St. Pierre and the Hotel de Ville, and descending like steps were row beneath row of houses, roofless, with windows like blind eyes. The fire had reached the last row of houses, those on the Boulevard de Jodigne. Some of these were already cold, but others sent up steady, straight columns of flame. In others at the third and fourth stories the window curtains still hung, flowers still filled window boxes, while on the first floor the torch had just passed and the flames were leaping. Fire had destroyed the electric plant, but at times the flames made the station so light that you could see the second hand of your watch and again all was darkness, lit only by candles.

You could tell when an officer passed by the electric torch he carried strapped to his chest. In the darkness the gray uniforms filled the station with an army of ghosts. You distinguished men only when pipes hanging from their teeth glowed red or their bayonets flashed.

Outside the station in the public square the people of Louvain passed in an unending procession, women bareheaded, weeping, men carrying the children asleep on their shoulders, all hemmed in by the shadowy army of gray wolves. Once they were halted, and among them were marched a line of men. They well knew their fellow-townsmen. These were on the way to be shot. And better to point the moral an officer halted both processions and, climbing to a cart, explained why the men were to die. He warned others not to bring down upon themselves a like vengeance.

As those being led to spend the night in the fields looked across to those marked for death they saw old friends, neighbors of long standing, men of their own household. The officer bellowing at them from the cart was illuminated by the headlights of an automobile. He looked like an actor held in a spotlight on a darkened stage.

It was all like a scene upon the stage, so unreal, so inhuman, you felt it could not be true; that the curtain of fire, purring and crackling and sending up sparks to meet the kind, calm stars, was only a painted backdrop; that the reports of rifles from the dark rooms came from blank cartridges; and that these trembling shopkeepers and peasants ringed in bayonets would not in a few minutes really die, but that they themselves and their homes would be restored to their wives and children.

Thursday, August 10th, the German forces proceeding through Belgium had massed in heavy numbers before Namur, where the Anglo-French forces awaited their attack. Namur lies at the junction of the Sambre and Meuse rivers. Its forts, which up to that time had been supposed to be impregnable, formed the whole support of the French right against the unexpectedly overpowering force of the Germans. The forces opposed to the German invasion, enumerated from the left of the line, or its western end which rested at Mons, were as follows: The British contingent, numbering at the outset barely 70,000 men under the command of Sir John French, extended to Charleroi, where it came into contact with the fifth French army of three corps amounting to perhaps 120,000 men, under

Belgian refugees on the wayside carrying with them a part of their household things that they hold most dear

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Belgians in ambush near Malines with their machine gun in position ready to mow down the advancing Uhlans

General Joffre. This French line extended as far as the angle of the rivers at Namur, then bent sharply in an angle to the south where along the Meuse lay three more army corps amounting to another 120,000 men. In all at this moment there were about 400,000 men in this Allied army.

Unsuspecting the marvelous efficiency of the German transportation neither of the Allies imagined that they would be attacked by more than 500,000 men at the utmost. While this was conceding a heavy superiority to the enemy, yet with the advantage of the Namur forts, the weakness of which none suspected, and with the protection of the two rivers the case did not seem hopeless. At the very worst the Allied commanders looked forward only to a slow retirement to permit the further reënforcements, which were coming from England and from other sections of France, a chance to reach the firing line.

What happened was that the Namur forts gave way before the enemy's fire like so many paper boxes, and the German force, which had not been expected to reach four hundred thousand, was in fact seven hundred thousand. They had brought through Belgium five army corps, each with a separate division, under the command of General von Kluck, which confronted the two British corps under French. Four more, under Von Buelow, including the Emperor's own imperial guard, extended from Von Kluck's right to Namur, where the line was taken up by the third army under the Duke of Würtemburg numbering five corps. The latter had reached the field of action by pressing through the difficult territory of the Forest of Ardennes through which the French authorities had no belief an army could move with anything like the celerity it attained.

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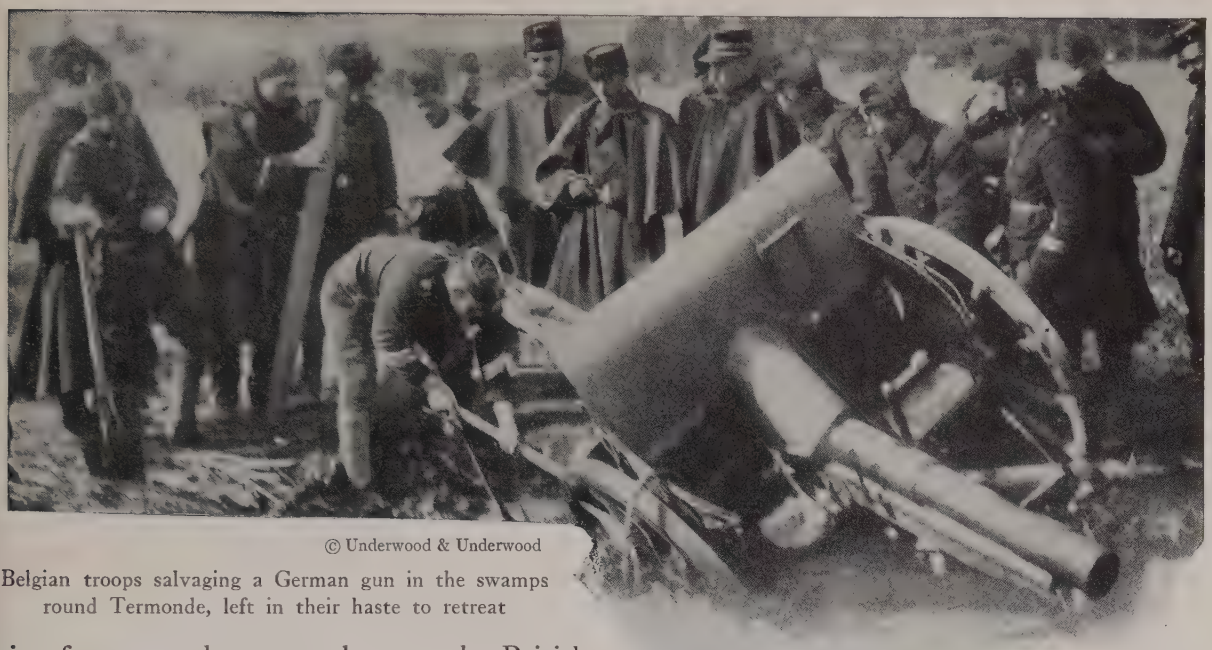
Preparing soup for the Belgian Infantry in Flanders; the men coming from the trenches for mid-day supplies with appetites sharpened in the keen air

The effect of this overwhelm-



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Belgian troops salvaging a German gun in the swamps round Termonde, left in their haste to retreat

ing force was that not only were the British and French brigades confronted by superior forces in their immediate front, but the right of Von Kluck's army extended far beyond the left flank of Sir John French, while the left of the Duke of Würtemburg's army likewise extended beyond the right flank of the fourth French army. Thus the force striving to hold the invaders back from French soil was in imminent danger of being flanked at either end, surrounded, and annihilated. Had that happened nothing could have saved France. Cities, even capitals, may be lost by a nation without the loss of the war if its armies are still left in the field to continue the struggle. But with the army destroyed the nation itself falls. So we shall see later that at the moment when Paris itself seemed most in danger, the French government, notwithstanding the sentimental affection which would seem to dictate the defense of its capital to the bitter end, nevertheless prepared for its abandonment and the concentration of every effort upon saving the army. At Namur both Allied armies were in the gravest peril from which they extricated themselves slowly and only by a retreat almost to the gates of Paris conducted with the most admirable skill by General French and General Joffre, and maintained with heroic endurance and daring by both British and French soldiers. The unmilitary reader is apt to think of a retreat as only an ignominious incident of war. So it is, if it is allowed to degenerate into a panic, but although the circumstances attendant upon the beginning of this retirement gave every excuse for rout,

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The ruins of a church at Barcy after its bombardment

The ruins of Vassencourt on the Marne after bombardment by the heavy guns of the Germans

the generals and soldiers kept their heads and out of the discouragement of retreat plucked the laurels of victory on the banks of the Marne almost two weeks later.

Saturday, the 21st of August, the Germans delivered so fierce an assault on the fourth and fifth armies that both fell back toward Mauberge. Through some error never explained, and about which the British have ever since complained bitterly, news of this retirement was not sent to Sir John French until nearly twenty-four hours later. His troops were in fierce battle with those of Von Kluck and at the moment did not understand the overpowering dimensions of the force by which they were attacked. In the midst of this action word came to French that his allies were in full retreat, and that a gap was open between the end of his line and theirs into which the German army might well have poured, cut the continuity of the Allied lines, and destroyed their armies.

On Sunday, August 22d, the British were holding their enemy in check outside the French frontier at Mons in Belgium. A week later they were at La Fère, only eighty-five miles from Paris. At Rheims, whose famous Gothic cathedral became for weeks the favorite target for German guns, the French lost the town, 410 guns, and 12,000 men, and all Germany went wild because that same city had fallen on precisely the same date forty-four years earlier. Later the French retook it. While the Army of the Meuse was thus pushing back both the British and the French, the Army of the Moselle, under Prince Rupprecht, broke through a French line of from five to eight army corps between Nancy and the Vosges, defeating them decisively. The Army of the Crown Prince, advancing through Luxemburg, menaced Paris from that direction. Nothing seemed likely to intervene for the salvation of the French capital, from which the government had fled to Bordeaux while the city itself was daily menaced by the flight over it of German aeroplanes.

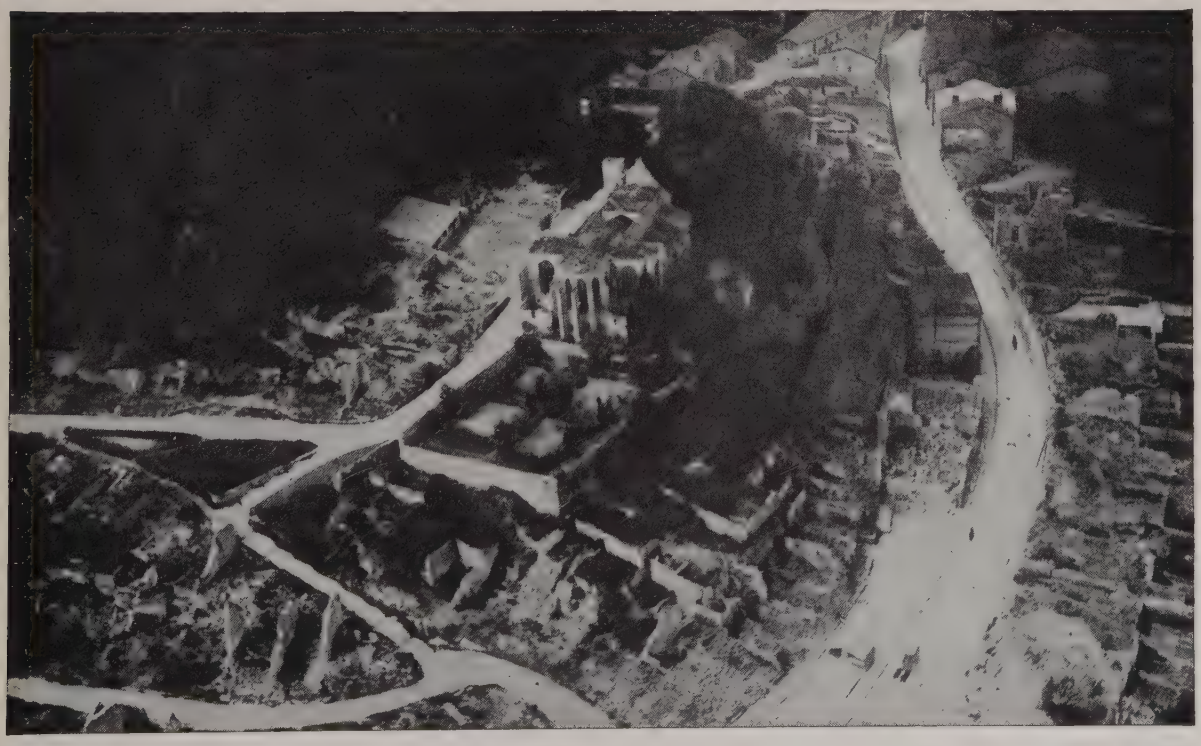
All Germany was wild with joy. Her troops had reduced fortresses that had been expected to hold out for weeks, and had done nothing but pursue flying forces of French and British which offered only the brief resistance of rearguard battles. "Sedan Day" approached—that glorious September 1st on which, in 1870, Napoleon Third and the last great French army were trapped by Von Moltke on the battleground at Sedan, cut to pieces, and forced to surrender. Up and down the streets of Berlin now marched cheering mobs, crying for some great new triumph on this historic anniversary, while German officers, and it is said even the Em-

peror himself, gayly made appointments to celebrate it in Paris at the Café de la Paix. In part the enthusiasm of Berlin was justified, for on that day came news of the overwhelming victory of Von Hindenburg over the Russians at Tannenberg in East Prussia—a victory which for more than a year held that section of Germany free from invasion.

But in France Sedan Day marked the beginning of the end of German triumph. It was almost the critical moment which determined the result of the war. For on that day the German advance was halted so near to Paris that the city's church bells could be heard during the lulls in the clatter of the fire along the opposing lines.

While the soldiers in the German ranks might laugh and cheer as they contemplated this rapid rush upon Paris, their generals knew only too well that every day was making their situation more difficult. To begin with the Allied forces were steadily growing. Guarded by the great gray battleships and the restless destroyers of the British navy the transports of the British army were slipping back and forth across the Channel bringing troops by the tens of thousands to the reënforcement of Sir John French. At Namur the British line had been estimated at about seventy thousand. When the Germans were halted near Senlis it numbered not less than 150,000. At Namur, again, the French forces were estimated at about 240,000 men. When the check was imposed on Von Kluck and Von Buelow they had increased to the neighborhood of a million men. Moreover, the French brought into action at this point an entirely fresh army of nearly 500,000 men, which had been gathering under the eye of General Gallieni, commandant of Paris, for the express defense of the capital.

Not only were the Allies stronger at the close of their retreat, but the Germans were weaker. Always during the pursuit the Germans had outnumbered their adversaries; now had come the time when they were to be outnumbered. The hostile territory of Belgium had to be garrisoned with troops withdrawn from the German fighting force. Probably more than 100,000 were thus taken from Von Kluck's army. More serious than this, however, had been the necessity for sending back to the east heavy detachments to meet the unexpectedly prompt and vigorous attack of the Russians in Galicia and East



The devastated city of Clermont, in the Argonne region. It was burned by the Germans at the Battle of the Marne. Roofless ruined walls are all that remain

Prussia. Not less than five army corps were thus disposed of.

All the German armies had been steadily converging on Paris for days. Von Kluck on the right of the long line, the left of which was the pivot near Verdun had necessarily the longest way to march. He was in the position of the boy who is snapper in the game of snap of the whip. The rapidity of his march will long remain one of the marvels of military annals. Being far superior in numbers to the British force which was directly in his front, he adopted the tactics of steadily reaching out toward the west as though to envelop their left flank. This compelled the steady retirement of Sir John French's army until the Allied lines had almost reached the Seine, and victory seemed within the German grasp. But at this point the Army of Paris came into play and Von Kluck found that the left flank of Sir John French was no longer the flank of the whole Allied army. He had lost the advantage of numbers, and while it was still possible for him to rush the Paris forts and take the city, it would have exposed him to being cut off from the main German army. But, resisting this temptation, he fell nevertheless into another trap. For he was not, apparently, posted as to the full strength of the Army of Paris, under Maunoury, and left that force on his flank while he swept toward the southeast in attack upon the British.

It was at this moment that Sir John French failed of perhaps the greatest opportunity of the war. Von Kluck's swing to the southeast had put that wing of the German army fairly at the mercy of the Allies. On his right flank, with easy access to his rear were the troops of Maunoury. If General French could keep the Germans engaged on his front, this general would attack on the flank, pass to the rear and cut off both Von Kluck and Von Buelow, who adjoined him on the left, cutting them off from their communications, and the rest of the German army. It would have been a master stroke and might, indeed, have ended the war then and there. But an appeal from Joffre's headquarters for French to shift front and attack Von Kluck on September 5th, was coldly received. The British general declared that his troops were fatigued with the long retreat and could not be made ready for an offensive in less than two days. While he was making ready Von Kluck withdrew the part of his force that confronted the British, duping the latter with the shallowest screen of cavalry. Maunoury at-

German infantry awaiting orders to advance against the Allies just before the Battle of the Marne

The destruction of what was reputed to be one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe, the cloth hall at Ypres

Defenders of Cerge resting during a lull in the fighting

tacked alone. But his army was only one jaw of the nut cracker. Sir John French's was the other. The one jaw alone could not crack Von Kluck, who slipped out and began his retreat. So far as the battle of the Marne is concerned—the crucial battle of the war up to the present moment, 1918—the British had virtually no share or part in it.

Throughout ages to come the Battle of the Marne will stand as one of the decisive battles of history. It will rank with Marathon and Salamis, with Waterloo, Yorktown and Gettysburg. It saved Europe from the Hun, averted from the Western Hemisphere the heavy hand of Teutonic domination, gave to the Monroe Doctrine a new lease of life and beyond doubt rescued the United States from the desperate task of repelling a German invasion. Much about the strategy by which the action was won for the Allies is still involved in obscurity. After three years the veil of the censorship still obscures many pertinent facts. As a result there have sprung up two theories concerning the honor due for the victory—the honor, that is to say, under that supreme credit which rightfully belongs to General Joffre. Whether Maunoury's attack on Von Kluck's right with the unsuspected strength of the Army of Paris, or General Foch's successful drive against Hausen in the German center was the sword stroke of victory is already the subject of controversy, and as history comes to be written in increasing volume, and as records now jealously sequestered are given to the historical world, the debate will grow.

The two great armies on the 2nd and 3rd of September confronted each other on a curved line, something like a long, flattened out S lying on its side and extending from Senlis, fourteen miles from Paris, to St. Die, 200 miles east. The part of the line most involved in what has come to be called the Battle of the Marne extended from Nancy around Verdun and so eastward. The battle, in fact, opened on the far eastern flank, distant from the Marne River, on the 31st of August when the Germans assaulted the French lines in the space between Verdun and Nancy to which the name "La Grande Courronne" was given. They met with a savage and unexpected resistance. But the issue was determined farther west.

Inexplicably Von Kluck, on the right flank, thought he had nothing before him but Sir John French's army, weary and dispirited, after ten days' retreat. His swing southeast from Paris was for the purpose of enveloping

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French Marines are welcomed by the residents of Ghent as they march through the street

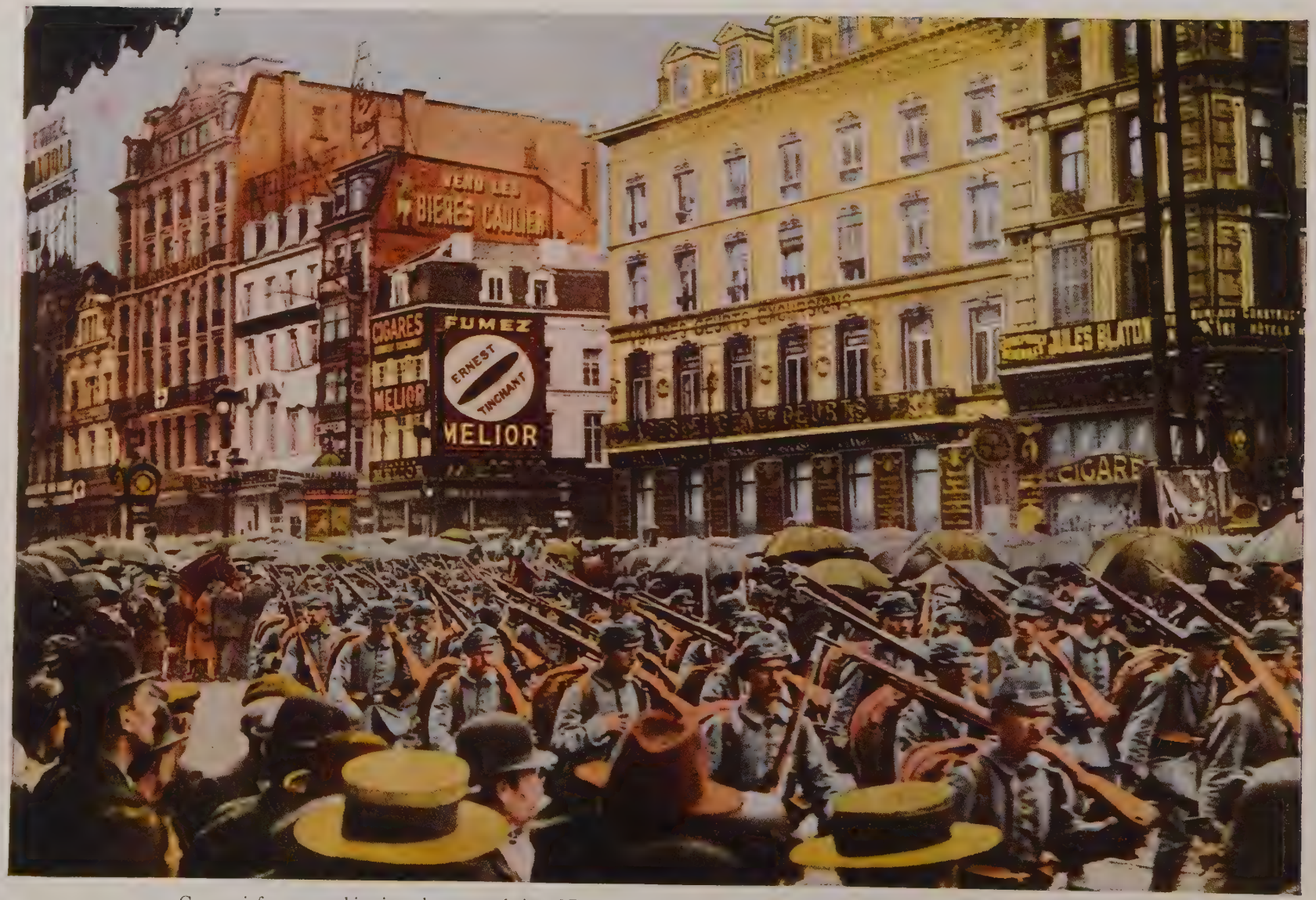
this army and cutting it off from the capital. Buelow and Hausen, farther toward the center, were to pierce the French front before them and swinging to the westward complete the envelopment of French as well as the divisions of d'Esperey and Foch. It was a promising plan but based on insufficient knowledge of the enemy's forces. Hardly had Von Kluck begun his swing when Maunoury attacked his flank. Buelow and Hausen hurried troops over to meet this danger, thus weakening their force too much to make an attack upon Foch safe. At this moment Joffre ordered Foch to take the offensive, attacking the weakened line of Hausen in his immediate front. The assault was immediately successful. The German line was pierced, and retreat became inevitable. This was on the 9th of September—the decisive day of the Battle of the Marne.

With its center pierced the German army began its retreat on the following day.

The forces engaged during the seven days' struggle exceeded 2,400,000, the Allies being credited with 1,500,000 men, the Germans with 900,000, though the superior ability of the latter to concentrate their forces at the point of attack nullified to some extent this discrepancy. More than in any prior struggle between the warring armies this battle was decided by superior strategy rather than by force of numbers, or more desperate fighting on the one side or the other.

By the 11th of September the whole German army was in retreat from the ground it had won with such dash and daring, and the form of its retreat on the extreme right where Von Kluck commanded was very like a rout, with cannon and munitions of war abandoned, and whole regiments cut off and captured. Four days of hard fighting that followed turned the fortunes of war against the Germans, who had already exulted in the prospect of feasting on the fleshpots of Paris.

In ultimate history it is not improbable that the fame of Von Kluck will rest quite as securely on his successful retreat from the Marne as upon his almost unopposed march upon Paris. Caught between the hammer and anvil, outnumbered, with the morale of his army sorely suffering by the sudden transition from enthusiastic advance to precipitate retreat, he yet saved his army from the destruction which for a time seemed imminent and brought it, bleeding and footsore, beaten and discouraged but still a fighting force, to the entrenchments prepared for it along the Hills of Champagne and the Ile-de-France. There the Battle of the Marne merged into the Battle of the Aisne.



German infantry marching into the captured city of Brussels — Belgium's capital. They are here seen crossing the Place Charles Rogier while the saddened residents look on

CHAPTER II

BATTLE OF THE AISNE—THE GERMAN BLUNDER AT CALAIS—REACHING OUT ON THE COAST—THE OCCUPATION OF ANTWERP—A POPULACE IN FLIGHT—GERMANS REACH THE SEA—HARD FIGHTING IN FLANDERS—THE FRENCH IN ALSACE-LORRAINE—CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

WHAT is called the Battle of the Aisne is described as lasting twenty-two days, or from the 12th of September to October 4, 1914. But the name of the battle and its duration are alike fixed arbitrarily. It was quite as much the Battle of the Somme or the Oise, for it raged along the banks of both of these rivers as well as in territory far removed from all three. As for duration it might almost be said to have continued for eighteen months or more for it merged insensibly into the fighting in Flanders, and the names of the principal towns and cities which occur in the story of the Battle of the Aisne were still in the day's news that told of the Allied drive in midsummer of 1916.

As a detached battle, therefore, the Battle of the Aisne was practically inconclusive. In a way its plan may be roughly determined by a study of the map on page 36. This shows the line of the two belligerents confronting each other and extending across France to the southeast with Rheims at the centre. The Germans once across the Aisne and on the heights back of Rheims had speedily dug themselves in and made their position what may properly be called impregnable, as despite continuous fighting they still maintained themselves in that position as late as August, 1916. All along this line the fighting was constant. The Franco-British attack took the form of the extension of their lines to the northwest in the direction of Ostend. In time it became a race for the coast. At this time the Allies outnumbered the Germans heavily. When Generals Joffre and French found on September 12th that they were no longer pursuing a retreating army, but face to face with the Germans, halted and awaiting attack behind heavy intrenchments, they recognized the necessity for a change in tactics from any further direct frontal attack. The first task was to get the troops across the Aisne. This was done by both British and French on pontoon bridges, constructed under heavy fire, and in his report General French compliments one regiment for having crossed the river "in single file under considerable shell fire, by means of a broken girder of a bridge which was not entirely submerged." When beyond the river, the Allied forces found themselves on a level plain, rising gently as it receded from the river to a line of hills, the crests of which were crowned by German artillery on prepared emplacements, while on the rising slopes were lines of German rifle pits. Twice the Germans poured out of their trenches and in solid columns late at night rushed on the French and English in vain efforts to dislodge them from the foothold they had won. There was fighting for weeks back and forth over the Plateau of Craonne. Now the charging line sung the "Marseillaise," or "Tipperary," and then the German cries for Deutschland rung out over the same blood-stained plain.

The neighboring villages were held first by one army and then by the other, and indeed sometimes by both at once, each occupying a section of the town so that neither belligerent dared use its artillery for fear of killing its own men.

Rheims was held in turn by both enemies and finally bombarded by the Germans with

Namur looking down upon the town from the fortifications

results that shocked the art-loving world—but of that more hereafter. A condition of war which afterward became commonplace enough, but which at the time seemed to all the world unprecedented for its cold-blooded brutality, shocked the American journalist, Irvin S. Cobb, into writing this ghastly description:

"As I recall now we had come through the gate of the schoolhouse to where the automobiles stood when a puff of wind, blowing to us from the left, which meant from across the battle-front, brought to our noses a certain smell which we all knew full well.

"You get it, I see," said the German officer who stood alongside me. "It comes from three miles off, but you can get it five miles distant when the wind is strong. That"—and he waved his left arm toward it as though the stench had been a visible thing—"that

French artillery in action during Von Kluck's great drive on Paris, which did wonderful work in holding their ground to the last possible moment, then retreating and taking up another defensive position

explains why tobacco is so scarce with us among the staff back yonder in Laon. All the tobacco which can be spared is sent to the men in the front trenches. As long as they smoke and keep on smoking they can stand—that!

"You see," he went on painstakingly, "the situation out there at Cerny is like this: The French and English, but mainly the English, held the ground first. We drove them back and they lost very heavily. In places their trenches were actually full of dead and dying men when we took those trenches.

The Kaiser with the Crown Prince and his fifth son Prince Oskar, who is doing active service as a captain in the army, before the imperial headquarters in France

"At once they rallied and forced us back, and now it was our turn to lose heavily. That was nearly three weeks ago, and since then the ground over which we fought has been debatable ground, lying between our lines and the enemy's lines—a stretch four miles long and half a mile wide that is literally carpeted with bodies of dead men. They weren't all dead at first. For two days and nights our men in the earthworks heard the cries of those who still lived, and the sound of them almost drove them mad. There was no reach-

A cyclists' company of a German battalion of riflemen. These men are chiefly used for reconnoitring

A ruined Liège fort. The steel turret overthrown and masonry demolished by the fire from the German heavy siege guns

ing the wounded, though, either from our lines or from the Allies' lines. Those who tried to reach them were themselves killed. Now there are only dead out there—thousands of dead, I think. And they have been there twenty days. Once in a while a shell strikes that old sugar mill or falls into one of those trenches. Then — well, then, it is worse for those who serve in the front line."

A family flight in Belgium to safety. Dogcarts being used as shown here in many cases helped the populace to escape from the on-pressing Germans

"But in the name of God, man," I said, "why don't they call a truce —both sides—and put that horror underground?"

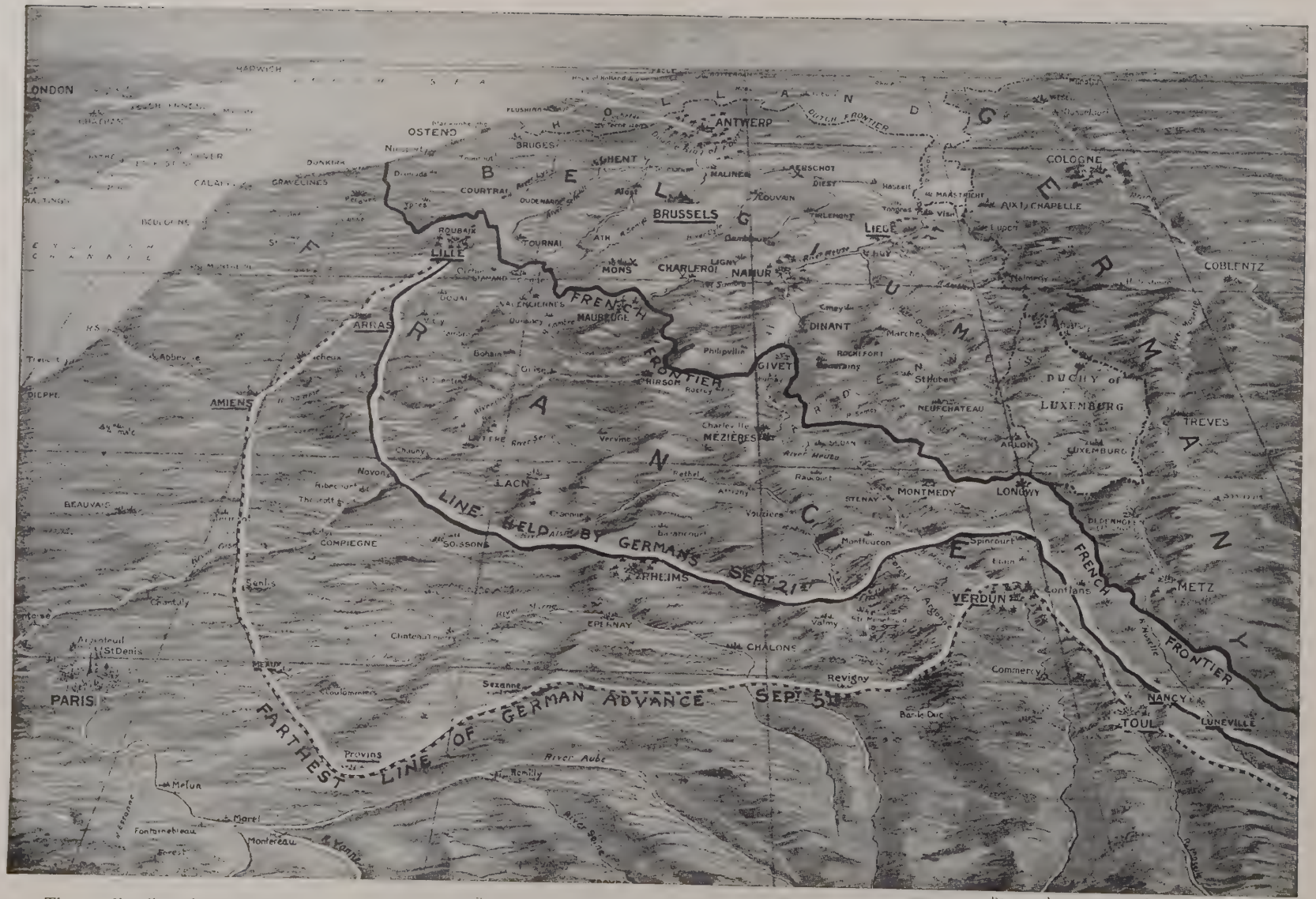
He shrugged his shoulders.

"War is different now," he said. "Truces are not the fashion.' "

Virtually all the operations, conducted by either belligerent which we sum up under the name of the Battle of the Aisne resulted in failure. In their long prepared trenches back of the Aisne, built as though they had foreseen the defeat at the Marne, the Germans bade the French defiance and even assumed the offensive now and then, beating back their enemies from their more advanced positions. Had they indeed anticipated their present situation? After Paris had been snatched from their grasp the German general staff declared that they had never contemplated the capture of the French capital. The French army and not the city was their objective, unless General Joffre should repeat the error of Bazaine at Metz and coop his army up in the city to be taken with it. This was sound enough strategy on the German part, but was never heard of until after the disaster on the Marne. Prior to that all was boasting prophecy of "Paris in three weeks." The officers, from the Crown Prince down were making dinner appointments at the Café de la Paix. It is indeed an historic fact that the unpleasant intelligence of Maunoury's appearance on his flank was brought to Von Kluck at a moment when that worthy was celebrating his next day's entrance upon Paris with rather more champagne than was wise for a general in the midst of war's alarms. It has been suggested that the influence upon their movements of the huge stores of champagne the Germans found ready for their enjoyment would make a not impertinent chapter of history.

A bridge over the Scheldt River over which the army and many refugees escaped from Antwerp

Whether the Germans did or did not anticipate the reverse at the Marne the fact remains that they soon began to claim their seemingly impregnable



The receding line of the German invaders showing their nearest approach on their dash toward Paris. The intersecting lines form squares of fifty miles to a side

By special arrangement with the London *Graphic*

position on the Aisne as their marker of victory. There they sat month after month guarding the thousands of square miles of France and Belgium they had subjugated. Until driven back to their own territory they could justly claim victory, for they had kept the horrors of war from the Fatherland while inflicting them in plenty on the enemy's country. They held subject great sections of France including its richest coal and iron districts. They were presently to sweep over that part of Belgium which they had not yet conquered, and were to leave to King Albert only a few pitiful square miles of waterlogged territory in the southwestern corner. It was small wonder that the German people believed in October, 1914, the assurances that the war was as good as won, though the Kaiser was responding to Ambassador Gerard's words of diplomatic compliment with the dolorous refrain, "No, no. The English are a stubborn people and it will be a long war."

Crowds watching the arrival of the first of the valiant Belgian troops retreating into Antwerp before the overwhelming hordes of Germans

Criticism of German strategy, arising as the war progressed, has centered largely upon the question whether, in the initial dash into France, it would not have been wiser for the Germans to have seized Calais before making their advance upon Paris. Military opinion finally became general that a great opportunity was lost when Von Kluck's divisions, well within fifty miles of Calais in the first days of September, turned south and swept down upon the French capital. Dunkirk and Boulogne could have been taken at that moment with the greater port. The German forces were ample for the task. Deprived of these ports at the narrowest point of the English Channel the British task of ferrying millions of armed men and billions of tons of food and munitions to France would have been immeasurably increased, while the German air raids upon English territory and submarine attacks upon the shipping of the world—neutral as well as belligerent—would have been made easier and more effective.

But that opportunity was neglected, and now, after the main bodies of the two great belligerent armies had settled down to the

The late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary whose long rule was broken by numerous domestic troubles. They included the assassination of his wife and the suicide of his son. His reign covered a period of almost seventy years, which ended leaving his people engulfed in one of the greatest disasters in history

trenches on the Aisne, their two opposing wings to the westward reached out further and further in the effort to flank or avoid being flanked so that in the end it amounted to a race for the coast which was finally reached, but far to the north of Calais.

Panic-stricken mobs escaping from Antwerp. The congestion was terrific around the end of the bridge that furnished the only means of escape from the beleaguered Antwerp

It was about the 20th of September that Joffre became alive to the fact that the German line of trenches from Verdun to Noyon was for the time impregnable. England and the United States had not then begun the manufacture of munitions on a colossal scale, and without shells and high explosives the boches could not be blasted out of their trenches. Not only did they beat back all French and British assaults, but the defenders assumed the offensive in their turn around Rheims, at Verdun and in the Argonne. But their gains were inconsiderable and it soon became apparent that the enemies were deadlocked. Then began the flanking movement. The German right rested on the Oise. Around this end Joffre sent his troops, mostly French drawn from the far right of the Allied lines. The quaint little town of St. Quentin, which happened to be a railroad center of decided importance to the Germans, was the first objective. In December, 1917, it was still an objective with the German lines drawn defiantly before it and the town blotted out.

To accomplish his flanking movement Joffre transferred troops from the far eastern end of his lines, about Nancy, where there had been savage but inconclusive fighting between Castlenau and the Crown Prince and General von Heeringen. To meet it the Germans withdrew their troops from the same points. The lines which at the west had ended at Noyon, on the River Oise, now took a sharp turn to the northward.

The Germans slipped between the Allies and St. Quentin. Peronne and Cambrai they cut off—and three years later the forces of France and England were still fighting for those strategical points, but with a new flag, the Stars and Stripes, and a new force, the soldiers of the United States, fighting beside them.

As this northward extension proceeded the Germans awoke to the fact that it threatened three results most unfavorable to their course. Unless checked, or at least turned sharply to the west it would cut the Germans off from the sea coast altogether. Secondly it might reach Antwerp, still held by the Belgian troops, and finally bar the Germans from the occupation of that city; and third it would result in the juncture of Joffre's army with King Albert's from which in the last days of September it was separated only by about fifty miles. The first two eventualities the Germans averted by hard marching and harder fighting; the last came to pass but only after King Albert's army had been badly cut up in a futile effort to save Antwerp.

It will be remembered that in the fierce eagerness of the Germans to reach France they swept by Antwerp without stopping to take it. Now, balked of their prize, Paris, and driven back, their attention was turned again toward this considerable seaport, the strategic position of which is such that Napoleon once said of it, "Antwerp is a pistol aimed at England's heart."

Now the extension of the German line to meet Sir John French's flanking movement impelled Von Kluck to undertake the capture of the city. It was a constant menace in Belgian hands to his flank and rear. As a fortress it was second only to Paris. Its harbor, the River Scheldt, opened to the sea. Holland controlled the river's mouth so that only respect for the neutrality of that nation—to which the Germans could hardly appeal after their treatment of Belgium—stood in the way of Antwerp's being

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A patrol of French lancers starting out for patrol along the Aisne

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The havoc wrought by artillery fire to a road in Ypres. As the British advance they are rapidly clearing and repairing the road

continually supplied with fresh troops and munitions of war by the British. Moreover, it required 150,000 troops to invest it, and these men Von Kluck needed sorely on his battle line. They could only be relieved by making Antwerp a German possession, and accordingly on the 29th of September, while the Battle of the Aisne was being fought bitterly all the way from Verdun to Arras, the attack was made.

Antwerp was surrounded by a ring of forts at a distance of about twelve miles from the city. They were of the sort deemed impregnable before this war, but withstood the fire of the great German guns called "Busy Berthas," after the daughter of Herr Krupp, only three days. It would have been wise had the authorities of Antwerp, when the first fort fell, imitated the prudent course of the burgomaster of Brussels and made prompt surrender to the German invaders. For there was no adequate force present to defend the city. The Belgian army had already been so bady cut to pieces that a scant twenty thousand garrisoned the town and its defenses. At the instance of Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, a foolish relief expedition of about 8,000 British marines and bluejackets was sent to the city, but about 2,000 were disabled by the enemy's fire and as many forced over the line into Holland, where in accordance with international law they were disarmed and interned for the period of the war. Indeed their mission proved more harmful than helpful, for they enraged the Germans and caused a bombardment of the city for which, but for their presence, there would have been no excuse. The bombardment, however, was conducted more as an object lesson than with intent to destroy. The artillerists avoided hitting historical edifices or great public buildings with such complete success as to entirely discredit the plea that in the case of the Cathedral at Rheims the destruction had been due to accident. While the bombardment lasted about thirty-six hours it resulted only in the destruction of certain limited quarters in the town, and the loss of life was not serious. The panic, however, caused by it and by the rapid and successful capture or passage of the forts by the German storming parties was terrifying.

It was almost the flight of a whole people. Probably 400,000 men, women and children joined in the mad rush for escape from horrors that they could only guess from the reports of Louvain, Vise, Termonde, and the German rush through Belgium. A usually stolid people, bovine as their own big-eyed cattle, fled like a mad herd of stampeded steers. But three roads were open to them—

German bases in Belgium raided by airmen from the French forces

to Ghent, to Flushing and into Holland. Perhaps half the fugitives sought safety by water, and everything that floated, from hastily constructed rafts up to great merchant steamers, were pressed into service, and crowded like a New York subway train in the rush hour. Against the press of boats making their way down the river one could no more make his way up than a canoe can ascend the Niagara rapids, while the highways, by which both the retiring Belgian army and the panic-stricken civilian population were fleeing were packed like Fifth Avenue on a bright winter's afternoon. The pace was that of the slowest vehicle, and donkey carts, wheelbarrows and carts drawn by dogs blocked the way for the swiftest automobiles which honked their horns fruitlessly as they crawled along laden with men on the footboards and clinging to the hoods. Sons carried bed-ridden parents in their arms. Nuns marched bravely herding before them orphan children committed to their care. Men and women clung to the stirrup leathers of passing dragoons for help on the way. Fashionable women in fur coats slung sheets filled with their most prized property over their shoulders and in torn kid shoes plodded on with the multitude.

There was food for none. The countryside was swept clear of all provender. Here and there a turnip field was found, and swiftly every root was dragged up and eaten raw. Diamonds were offered at farm-houses for loaves of bread, only to be refused because there was none. A correspondent saw a rich fugitive exchange a $5,000 automobile for one meal for his family.

Just at the end the Belgian troops, which for hours had conducted their retreat through the city in good order, were thrown into panic. By some blunder the pontoon bridge, the sole means of crossing the Scheldt, was blown up. Thirty thousand soldiers were still in and about Antwerp and when these reached the river front and found their escape cut off they lost all semblance of discipline or order. Some commandeered the few vessels remaining in the river, and made their way across to safety. Others fled across the country to be captured by the enemy or driven across the line into Holland, there to be interned until the end of the war.

Belgian refugees by the thousands arriving in Holland

The panic which drove the people of Antwerp into unreasoning flight was foolish and

without justification. Whatever the Germans may have done in smaller towns, their actions during their occupation of Antwerp, even upon their first entry into the city, were entirely within the rules of war.

It was a marvelous army that marched through the old Belgian town. It was little scarred by conflict, for the prize had been taken at but slender cost. Battery after battery of field artillery rumbled along the streets, and eye-witnesses report that although these guns had been in action for thirty-six hours the horses were groomed as for a parade and the harness polished till it shone again. Every regiment had its band. The cavalry was preceded by rumbling kettle drums and blaring trumpets, behind which followed the Uhlans with their forest of lances and fluttering flags, the cuirassiers in helmets and breast plates of burnished steel, bluejackets from the ships which had not yet dared to take the sea, Bavarians in dark blue, Saxons in pale blue, and Austrians in uniforms of silver gray made up the triumphal procession which poured through absolutely deserted streets. But leaving be-

British troops passing through London streets on their way to the front

Siege guns in action under cover of the forest. Two heavy German mortars firing on the French. The guns are elevated at a high angle so that the heavy projectiles fall almost vertically on the enemy's forts

hind this spectacular army the main body of the German troops pressed straight through Antwerp in pursuit of the thoroughly discouraged Belgian army.

Of King Albert's troops there were hardly more than 50,000 left. They had every reason to be discouraged, disorganized, and demoralized. Brussels, their capital, had fallen, their king and government had fled first to Antwerp, and were now fugitives along the road to Ostend. They had seen the speedy fall of their greatest fortresses, Liège and Namur. They knew of the obliteration of such beautiful and picturesque unfortified towns as Louvain, Termond, and Malines. They had been left to bear the burden of conflict practically alone, for the little aid rendered by the handful of British sent to their assistance had been more of an irritation to their enemies than a help in time of need.

Yet this disheartened army pulled itself together and on the banks of the sluggish Yser and amidst the network of canals in Flanders fought desperately and successfully for the retention of the last bit of their native soil left to them.

Soon after the fall of Antwerp the German forces reached the sea coast. Ostend, most joyous of seashore resorts in times of peace, was taken and the rattle of the machine guns replaced that of the little balls in the countless roulette wheels with which its guests had long diverted themselves. Zeebrugge—the seaport of Bruges, connected with that city by a canal—was next to fall and the Germans became masters of practically all of the Belgian coast. Immediately they began fitting these two ports to serve as submarine bases, for which they were not naturally well fitted because of the shallowness of the water off shore, and the unprotected character of their roadsteads. At both harbors were dredged, and moles and breakwaters erected. The canal to Bruges was deepened so that submarines might ascend and descend it at will. The engineers of the German army worked diligently and well, preparing the nests for the hornets which they hoped would sting Brit-

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A square of the ruined Arras which bears the marks of the heavy German bombardment this section was subject to. Gathered in one corner can be seen the Tommies listening to the military band

The first photograph shown in America of the great French Land Cruisers sweeping across No
organized attack by six tanks on

and over the trenches. At great risk of his life the photographer secured this picture of an
enches at the Battle of the Aisne

© Underwood & Underwood
Tommies resting after their attack on the German stronghold at Messines Ridge

ish commerce into a stupor, if not, in fact, to death.

But these vantage points were not enough for the Germans. They wanted Dunkirk, Boulogne and Calais—especially Calais. For failing to direct its capture at the opening of the war, Chief-of-Staff von Moltke had been retired to be succeeded by Falkenhayn. Now the army was set upon correcting its early error. But the time was no longer propitious.

The struggle for the coast, which was fought out in a water-logged corner of Flanders, little bigger than the District of Columbia or the city limits of Chicago or New York, was a war in itself.

It was a difficult country for the operations of armies. Sand dunes bordering the cold gray waters of the North Sea; sluggish tidal rivers making their way inland and connected for plodding barges by canals locked against the rise and fall of the tides; the country everywhere water-logged and at points as much as nine feet below the level of the sea, protected by dykes which the troops used first for breastworks, and afterward as a refuge from the angry waters when the Belgians flooded their fields rather than surrender this last bit of their native land—

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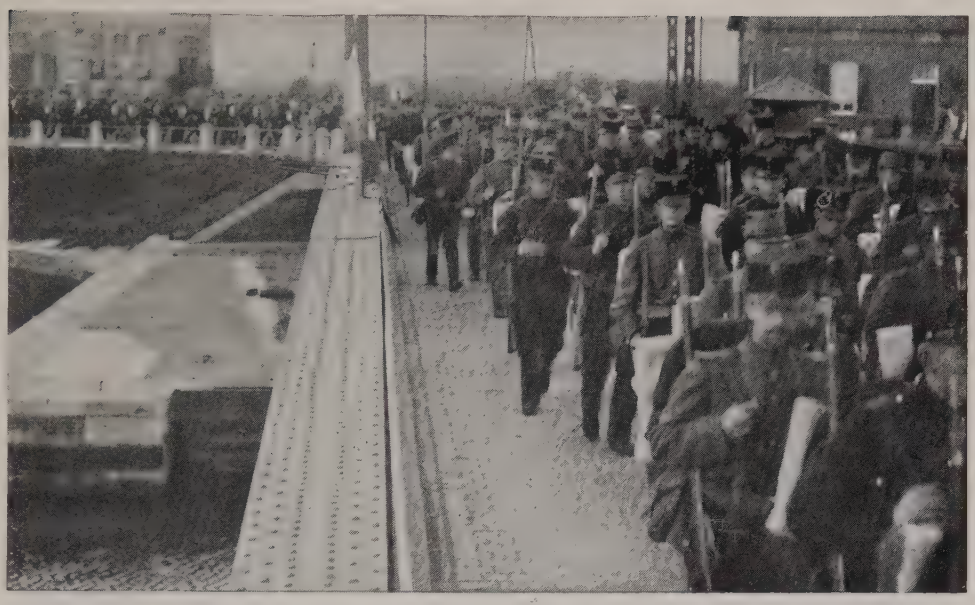
Belgian infantry defenders of Diest on the march, a Red Cross division at the right

such was the topography of the country in which the hostile armies grappled early in October after the fall of Antwerp.



Dutch soldiers on their way to guard the frontier

No equal period of time in the world's history, no such limited space in the globe's geography, ever witnessed so much of the horrors of war as Flanders during that struggle in dreariest winter. Not the soldiers alone, but hapless civilians felt war's scourge in its utmost savagery. The district was densely populated by a people mainly agricultural, but engaged in some degree in small home manufacturing industries. Little towns like Ypres, Ramscappelle, Furnes, Nieuport, and Dixmude, for centuries the homes of happy and thrifty people, possessing the quaintness and charm that attaches to the Flemish cities in which ancient architecture has withstood the test of time, lay in the track of war and were ruthlessly blotted out.

About 250,000 men, Belgian, French, and British, opposed the Germans on this part of the line. The Belgians, about 50,000 strong, being on the extreme left, bore the shock of the conflict. The fighting raged for weeks without material advantage to either side. Indeed after two years of the war the opposing lines through Flanders were practically identical with those taken

British marines disembarking at Ostend receive a rousing welcome from the Belgians

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A Bavarian corps passing the old Hercules Fountain at Augsburg, Germany

when the German advance first reached Ostend. But nowhere and at no time in the history of the war has there been more savage fighting, nor have ever troops dared more or suffered more than those in the water-logged fields of Flanders.

Dunkirk was the first objective of the Germans. After it, Calais. The activities of the British monitors, in the Channel, which could readily have been reenforced by numbers of light-draught vessels, made the advance along the coast hazardous. Accordingly at Westende the invading columns turned inland. But at once they encountered the River Yser, with canals extending in all directions from it. Behind these natural defenses the Belgians, perhaps 50,000 of them, and the French had established themselves in force. Later a British corps, including several regiments of East Indians from Lahore, came to the aid of these forces. It had become apparent to General Joffre and Sir John French that in this water-logged corner of Europe the Germans intended to strike at their enemies with all the power of their marvelous morale, superb equipment, and overwhelming numbers.

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A British wiring party out to prepare the way for the advance outside of Arras. The mounted gun is one of the largest and most powerful in use by the British on the western front. It moves on a specially constructed railway

Five months of fighting without cessation followed. A bleak, chill October passed into the bitterness of winter. The men who had long fought knee-deep in water now stood with freezing feet upon sheets of ice. Day by day news went out to the world of trivial suc-

cesses or reverses. An advance of ninety yards was worth chronicling in the official reports. Villages were taken and re-taken. In the same day's news the same town would be noted as occupied by both armies, which, paradoxical as it might seem, was true, as neither occupied more than a small part of it, though destruction and death possessed it all. Not for years will the losses sustained by the armies struggling for the Yser be known — accurately they will never be known. For the first thirty days of fighting, however, the total losses of the Germans were estimated at 120,000 by one of their high officials. The French estimates were higher, while they put the losses of the Allies in the neighborhood of 75,000.

The German troops engaged during October and early November numbered about 600,000 men, according to French authorities. They were commanded at different points in the line by the Crown Prince of Bavaria, General von Fabeck, General von Demling, and the Duke of Würtemburg. Animated by high ambition they were still further stimulated to daring by proclamations declaring it the will of the Kaiser that all Belgian resistance be stamped out before November 1st, in order that on the birthday of the Kaiser the announcement might be made to the world of the annexation of Belgium to the German Empire, the first spoil of war.

At the outset this seemed an ambition easy of attainment. The Belgian army fleeing from Antwerp was utterly demoralized. The English army moving northward from the Aisne was delayed for lack of transportation.

Refugees with their few valuables gathered in haste in a church in France

On the coast and in Flanders the chief French force was made up of cavalry, territorials and drafted men from the navy—all under General Foch, and not strong enough to interpose a sufficient defense to the German assault. To the right of Foch, around Lille, was General Maudkin, and beyond his division was that of General de Castelnau near Arras.

German troops on their way to relieve their comrades in the trenches

As rapidly as possible the French concentrated in the neighborhood of Dixmude, holding the railroad line, and protected by the river and canals in their front. Behind them the Belgians were rapidly reorganizing. The Germans, avoiding for the time a frontal attack, sought to get around the left flank of the Allies, menacing Dunkirk and Calais and cutting the British off from their base on the Channel. In this endeavor the antagonists fought in a flooded country, where trenches became ditches, and deep canals cut through the flooded fields lured on unsuspecting troops to watery graves. The savagery of the fighting exceeded anything known in war. At one point a ferryman's stone house, an object of attack alternately by both armies, was taken and retaken, until the fields awash around it were filled with floating bodies. Along the Yser, at Ypres and Ramscappelle, the armies were in such close contact that the fighting was much of the time hand-to-hand, and in the end neither force had gained any material advantage.

At Ypres—which the British Tommies called "Wipers"—the fighting baffled description. There the British bore the brunt of the conflict and there died almost to the last man, the remnant of the First Expeditionary Army, the "Old Contemptibles" who had thrown themselves into the war with such gallantry at its outset. They could have died, on no more glorious field than at Ypres. There they met the flower of the German army—the Prussian Guard, who were inspired by the Kaiser's own appeal for victory. Glory shone bright upon the Tommies—and death beat heavily upon them as well. Some 50,000 went down at Ypres under fire, while far back of the firing line fatigue and old age beat down Lord Roberts of Kandahar, Field Marshal of the

The Germans give their men fresh water twice daily: reminiscent of the condemned man's ample meal before being sent to death

A train of supplies arrives at the front somewhere in France. Large motor trucks are in waiting as well as detachments of soldiers ready to unload them and send the supplies to their destinations

British Army, and idol of all its fighting men—the "Bobs" of whom Kipling wrote:

> If you stand 'im on 'is 'ed
> 'is 'ole body rains out lead.

Too old to fight longer, Lord Roberts had come to the front to cheer on his old comrades in arms, and his soul passed away—as he would have had it—to the roar of British guns on a victorious field.

All authorities agreed that the losses of the Germans in this fighting far exceeded those of the Allies because of their stubborn adherence to the attack en masse. They charged in dense columns, eight abreast, offering a target no artillerist could possibly miss. "In certain trenches 120 metres long," says a French official report, "there have been found more than 2,000 corpses. This in spite of the fact that we know the Germans, whenever it is possible for them to do so, remove their dead from the field of battle."

As a result of three weeks' hard fighting along the Yser and about Ypres, the Belgian army was buttressed in its final hold upon its own land, and the desire of the Kaiser to annex Belgium was, for the moment at least,

Trains carrying live cattle arrive; the soldiers have their own troubles in herding and keeping them from escaping into the surrounding country

Rheims Cathedral before it was shattered by German shell fire

Ruined Rheims as seen from one of the Cathedral towers

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The French regiments that won the recent Battle of Verdun passing in review at Louilly carrying their shell-riddled battle flags

In carrying up to the end of 1914 the story of the fighting in western France and Belgium it has been necessary to pass over the early invasion of Alsace-Lorraine by the French, their repulse and their later successes in that quarter.

Promptly on the declaration of war the French armies entered Lorraine and Alsace. It has been charged that in so doing they subordinated wise and prudent strategy to sentiment and politics, but the charge is not wholly justifiable. Sentiment undoubtedly had its part. The thought of regaining the provinces lost to Bismarck and von Moltke, of heaping high the laurel wreaths of victory upon the Strassburg statue in the Place de la Concorde in place of the mourning wreaths that for nearly fifty years had draped it was very dear to the French heart. But nevertheless there was sound strategy in the invasion of Alsace-Lorraine, even in face of the advance of the Germans through Belgium. Only the unexpected size of the armies that the Germans rushed through that country and the phenomenal rapidity of Von Kluck's thwarted. Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne were saved for the Allies. The spirit of the Belgian troops was renewed, and that of the French and British greatly stimulated by the decided check to the German onrush. The Germans were not driven back, however. They dug themselves in, in Flanders, as they had done all across France, and the year closed without any indication of the ability of the Allies to drive them out. Nevertheless the check was essentially an Allied victory.

Calais was saved and was never again seriously menaced. But, checked in his advance, forced to a standstill as he was, the Kaiser still held at the end of 1914 the position in the west practically of a conqueror. All Belgium, save perhaps 35 square miles in its extreme corner, was his. Belgian cities like Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent were ruled by his officers, and paid tribute to his treasury. His armies held about 8,000 square miles of French territory, inhabited by 2,500,000 Frenchmen. Save for a little corner of East Prussia, all the fighting was on the soil of his enemies; his own land knew little of the horrors of war.

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The Senate chamber of the Belgian Parliament in Brussels is now used as a church by the officers of the garrison. The Chaplain to the Kaiser is seen preaching a sermon

advance set the French calculations at naught.

The very day the Germans began their assault upon Liège — August 7th — the French marched out of Belfort, their largest fortress on the eastern frontier, and began their invasion of Alsace. In twenty-four hours they had defeated the Germans at Altkirch, and occupied the town. A day later they took Mulhausen, the largest city of the Lost Provinces. But the same night the Germans returned to the attack and for days victory hung in the balance, while French troops, undeterred by the menace in Belgium, kept pouring into the provinces. The people were in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, for almost half a century of German rule had not broken the ties of loyalty to France. German signs disappeared from the streets. The stone pillars marking the boundary line between France and Germany were dug up and thrown away. But it was too easy a conquest. Disaster was impending and befell them at Morhange, in Lorraine, on the 19th of August. Here the French were beaten badly, and there were not lacking ugly stories about the treachery of high officers, and the cowardice of whole commands. But the French wash their dirty linen in private and the facts of the courts martial and executions that followed the Battle of Morhange are not likely to be made public before the end of the war.

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German artillery wildly bombarding the French line. Shells can be seen bursting only a few yards from the trenches

Pushing after the retreating French the Germans cleared their territory of their foe, and pressed on through Luneville to the outskirts of Nancy. But their first attack on this stronghold was beaten back, and a later one, made at the very moment of the opening of the Battle of the Marne and pressed by the Crown Prince of Bavaria and General Heeringen, was decisively repulsed. The latter battle, though little known, was of notable bearing on the general conduct of the war. For it was the purpose of the German High Command to break through at Nancy, and roll down in an irresistible flood upon the right flank of Joffre's army, then beginning the offensive at the Marne. Had the attack succeeded, the Marne might have been a disaster to all humanity instead of the moment of triumph for

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German soldiers in their huts just behind the front lines in the Forest of Argonne. The foremost hut is the post office

Prince Heinrich of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor, visits the headquarters of the Crown Prince

civilization and right. General de Castelnau deserves high place among those who saved France, and with it civilization.

Through the bitter winter months of 1914–15 there was cruel suffering in the five hundred miles of trenches that stretched from the English Channel to the Vosges—not 500 miles straight away, but by the tortuous lines of strategic construction. "The Labyrinth," for example, lying between Neuville and Écury, is said to have included 200 miles of trenches between two points only 50 miles apart. Here in the spring of 1915 occurred a bloody battle which filled the subterranean maze with dead but had no material bearing on the conduct of the war. In the main, throughout the winter there was little fighting but much suffering in France. A young citizen of the United States fighting, as to their honor so many did, in the armies of France, gives this description of winter trench life in Flanders:

Take a cold, damp cellar and flood it with some three to six inches of almost ice-cold mud; at a height of five feet from the floor stretch a tangle of wires; turn an electric current into the wires and let the voltage be so heavy that every wire will be as deadly as a third rail.

Now blow out the light, crawl to the middle of the floor in the darkness, and stand erect, trusting to blind luck that your head won't touch the wire. These charged wires, in the darkness, represent the invisible deadly trails of the bullets that fly over your head in the trenches.

Of course, if you want to be safe in the cellar you can keep your head down, but if you did that in the trenches you would be neglecting your duty. It is your duty, for instance, to fire eight bullets an hour if on guard. Watchful eyes of officers will discover whether you are shooting into the air or whether you are firing with your aim fixed on the enemy's trenches, and a good sentinel is supposed to raise his head above the trench every ten minutes to see what is going on outside.

The same writer, Phil Rader by name, a San Franciscan, tells a story of Christmas in the trenches that vividly illustrates the nature of the fighting man:

For twenty days we had faced that strip of land, forty-five feet wide, between our trench and that of the Germans, that terrible No Man's Land, dotted with dead bodies, criss-crossed by tangled masses of barbed wire. That little strip of land was as wide and as deep and as full of death as the Atlantic Ocean; as uncrossable as the spaces between stars; as terrible as human hate. And the sunshine of the bright Christmas morning fell on it as brightly as if it were a lover's lane or the aisle in some grand cathedral.

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Stacking ammunition behind the front lines. A stack like this is used in less than a day in one sector

I don't know how the truce began in other trenches, but in our hole Nadeem began it—Nadeem, a Turk, who believes that Mohammed and not Christ was the Prophet of God. The sunshine of the morning seemed to get into Nadeem's blood. He was only an enthusiastic boy, always childishly happy, and when we noticed, at the regular morning shooting hour, that the German trenches were silent Nadeem began to make a joke of it. He drew a target on a board, fastened it on a pole, and stuck it above the trench, shouting to the Germans:

"See how well you can shoot."

Within a minute the target had been bulls'-eyed. Nadeem pulled it down, pasted little bits of white paper where shots had struck, and held it up again so that the Germans could see their score. In doing so, Nadeem's head appeared above the trench, and we heard him talking across the No Man's Land. Thoughtlessly

The western front, early summer, 1916. Spring in the western theatre of war again, as was the case in 1915, found the initiative in the hands of the Germans. They desired, first, to capture the French position of Verdun, which controls the line of the Meuse River. The French, however, resolutely refused to be driven back and, in the first weeks after the launching of the great German attack at Verdun, managed to make good their ground. To the hammering of the most powerful heavy artillery ever brought into action, and the persistent assaults of the machine-like German infantry the French with equal persistence opposed their own artillery and veteran troops. The French watchword was "They Shall Not Pass," and they made it good

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Scotch Highlander troops marching through a town in France on their way to the front

I raised my head, too. Other men did the same. We saw hundreds of German heads appearing. Shouts filled the air. What miracle had happened? Men laughed and cheered. There was Christmas light in our eyes and I know there were Christmas tears in mine.

There were smiles, smiles, smiles, where in days before there had been only rifle-barrels. The terror of No Man's Land fell away. The sounds of happy voices filled the air. We were all unhumanly happy for that one glorious instant—English, Portuguese, Americans, and even Nadeem, the Turk—and savages as we had been, cavemen as we were, the awfulness of war had not filled the corners of our hearts where love and Christmas live. I think Nadeem was first to sense what had happened. He suddenly jumped out of the trench and began waving his hands and cheering. The hatred of war had been suddenly withdrawn and it left a vacuum in which we human beings rushed into contact with each other. You felt their handshakes—double handshakes, with both hands—in your heart.

Nadeem couldn't measure human nature unerringly. He had been the first to feel the holiday spirit of Christmas Day, but, on the day after Christmas, he failed to sense the grimness of war that had fallen over the trenches during the night. Early in the morning he jumped out of the trench and began waving his hands again. John Street, an American, who had been an evangelist in St. Louis, jumped out with him, and began to shout a morning greeting to a German he had made friends with the day before.

There was a sudden rattle of rifle-fire and Street fell dead, with a bullet through his head. The sun was shining down again on a world gone mad.

At Soissons, Arras, Lens and La Bassée Joffre attacked savagely during the winter without results that would have appreciable effect on the progress of the war. Probably the French commander expected little more, but it was his task to keep the Germans in his front too busy to think of sending reënforcements to their brethren battling in Poland and Galicia. Such battles as that of the Argonne, which raged around Rheims and in which the joint losses exceeded 200,000 men, will hardly be recorded by history, because of their apparently slight effect on the grand strategy. Yet they kept Germans away from the fighting line in the east. Neuve Chapelle followed. Here the Germans held a stoutly-built French farm village with ponderous stone farm houses and walls. Three days' hard fighting in which the picturesque Indian troops of Great Britain were brought up, ended inconclusively. The British held the ruined village, they had taken 2000 German prisoners

A scene on the Meuse Canal at Bras. The motor barge is used for transporting troops across the canal to points down stream. This affords a quick movement of troops to the threatened position

reputation as possibly the best fighters in the British Army. They were all new hands. War had never come to that fortunate country which lies north of the United States, beyond a border which is maintained without forts, without garrisons, without even men-of-war on the Great Lakes. After a scant six months of training in the great camps around London these Colonials took the field and sustained the attacks of the German forces like veterans. They had, furthermore, to meet for the first time two new and terrifying engines of warfare—the asphyxiating gas and the curtain of fire.

The use of a suffocating gas in warfare had been anticipated for years by writers speculating on the new horrors which what we call civilization would bring to modern war. Novelists had long been describing it as a weapon which could not be met, and which would therefore make war impossible because of its very deadliness. The Chinese, who

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One of the 370 mm. French guns at the Verdun front

and buried 3000 German dead. London thought it at the moment a colossal victory, and celebrated it with uproar. But it really brought slender advantages.

During the month that the fighting was in progress in this section more than half a million men were in action on either side. Hardly had the echoes of this conflict died away when the Germans in their turn launched their great offensive in the west in the second battle of Ypres. They struck that section of the British line which was held by the Canadians linked up with the French. It was here that the men from Great Britain's most important American colony made their

have had a habit of preceding us in many inventions, applied its principle in a small way with the bombs they called "Stink Pots." But the Germans first reduced the use of gas to something like a science, and the British, after a very brief period of heated denunciation of the device as inhuman and barbaric, hastily adopted it for their own use. The gas, which is a product of chlorine, is of very heavy specific gravity, forming, when liberated from the receptacles in which it is carried to the front, a sort of greenish-yellow vapor which lies close to the ground. As there is no means of propelling it artificially, except when it is used in exploding shells, it

can only be used when there is a favorable wind which will carry it toward the enemy's trenches. Given such a wind and reasonable good fortune it forms a most serviceable curtain for the advance of troops. For the gas not only is dense enough to conceal the lines advancing behind it, but if carried into a trench will almost instantly put its defenders out of action. Once inhaled it causes the most frightful agony, and if death does not occur to the victim it leaves him crippled and subject to all sorts of bodily distress in after life. Very quickly, however, upon the appearance of chlorine gas as a factor in war, inventors produced a respirator which serves as an almost complete defense. It has the appearance of a cloth hood pierced for the soldier's eyes, but containing in the mouthpiece, fabrics prepared chemically which take from the gas all its deadly qualities as the soldier breathes. The men thus accoutred are of a weird and ghastly appearance with no human features apparent save two huge and staring goggle eyes. They look not unlike the apparitions which, under the title of the Ku Klux Klan, in the days of Reconstruction, were used to terrify the negroes of the South into subjection.

The chief difficulty involved in the use of the curtain of gas was that a shift in the wind might turn it back upon the troops following it and destroy them. The curtain of fire, though available only to clear a way for twenty or thirty feet, was not subject at least to this disadvantage. Projected for that distance or more from tubes held in the hands of a line of advancing soldiers, this fiery scourge could neither be evaded nor sustained.

An English correspondent who witnessed at Ypres the effect of this new and untried weapon upon soldiers who not only had not encountered it before, but who had never even heard of it as a possibility, gives this account of its effect upon these troops:

A German religious service. "Gott mit uns" seems to be an habitual expression in Germany, which is used with greatest piety during the most horrible of their activities

The strong northeast wind, which was blowing from the enemy's lines across the French trenches, became charged with a sickening, suffocating odor which was recognized as proceeding from some form of poisonous gas. The smoke moved like a vivid green wall some four feet in height for several hundred yards, extending to within 200 yards of the extreme left of our lines. Gradually it rose higher and obscured the view from the level. . . .

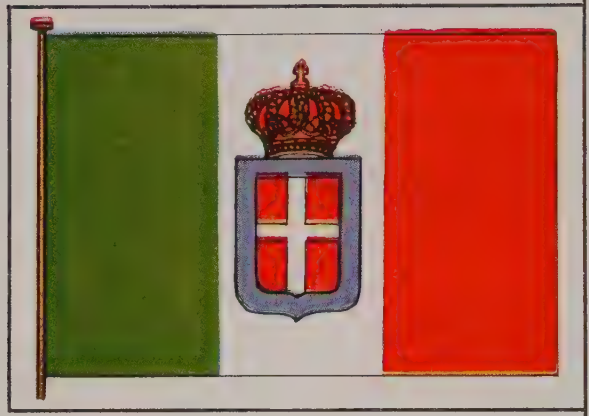
Soon strange cries were heard, and through the green mist, now growing thinner and patchy, there came a mass of dazed, reeling men who fell as they passed through our ranks. The greater number were unwounded, but they bore upon their faces the marks of agony.

BELGIUM

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Albert
Area:	11,373 square miles
Population:	7,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 4, 1914
Army:	500,000
Navy:	None
Merchant Marine:	184,000 tons
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $126,730,000; imports, $79,120,000 (1913)
Greatest exports:	Wool, iron, flax
Reason for entering the war:	Refusal to allow Germany to violate her neutrality and attack France German troops invaded Belgium and after stubborn resistance occupied all but a small strip of territory

ITALY

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Victor Emmanuel III.
Area:	111,000 square miles
Population:	36,000,000
Date of entering the war:	May 23, 1915
Army (field strength):	4,000,000
Navy:	About: 5 dreadnoughts, 7 pre-dreadnoughts, 24 cruisers, 48 destroyers, 26 submarines
Commerce with Germany:	Exports, $64,000; imports, $100,600 (1914)
Greatest exports:	Raw silk, cotton and silk manufactures
Reason for entering the war:	To regain her lost provinces from Austria
National Wealth:	$25,000,000,000
National Debt:	$6,000,000,000



JAPAN

Government:	Limited monarchy
Ruler:	Yoshihito
Area:	148,000 square miles
Population:	56,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 23, 1914
Army (field strength):	1,500,000
Navy:	About: 10 dreadnoughts, 13 pre-dreadnoughts, 25 cruisers, 77 destroyers, 16 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $34,247,000; imports, $22,416,000
Greatest exports:	Raw silk, cotton tissues
Reason for entering the war:	To assist her ally, Great Britain, and maintain the peace of the Orient
National Wealth:	$28,000,000,000
National Debt:	$1,300,000,000

SERBIA

Government:	Constitutional monarchy since 1889
Ruler:	Peter Karageorgevich I. Ascended throne 1903
Area:	34,000 square miles
Population:	4,600,000
Date of entering the war:	July 28, 1914
Army (war basis):	175,000
Navy:	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $4,370,000; imports, $2,300,000
Greatest exports;	Wheat, hides, etc.
Reason for entering the war:	Austria imposed 28 demands on Serbia, some of which it was obviously impossible for Serbia to accede to and maintain an independent sovereignty

Ruins of a cathedral on the Marne

The retiring men were among the first soldiers of the world whose *sang-froid* and courage have been proverbial throughout the war. All were reeling through us and round us like drunken men.

It was reported some years before the war that the Kaiser, when on a visit to his uncle King Edward VII, of England, had suggested that an international agreement prohibiting the use of asphyxiating gas in war should be entered into by the principal nations of Europe. Nothing came of the humanitarian suggestion however. Its failure would perhaps be more generally deplored if the Kaiser had shown a greater inclination to respect already existing international agreements for ameliorating the barbarities of war.

Once launched by the Germans, however, the use of the gas spread rapidly among all nations, and new devices for increasing its deadly effect were of almost monthly invention. Merely turning the gas loose from its retorts and trusting to a favoring breeze to carry it down upon the enemy trenches soon came to be regarded as an uncertain and treacherous method. Too often it recoiled upon it users. Accordingly as the war progressed the gas was enclosed in bombs, hand grenades and shells. Under the original method the imperilled troops would see the deadly greenish-gray vapor moving down upon them but so slowly that they had ample time to seize and adjust their gas masks before it reached their trench. But a great shell, filled with the choking chemicals would, on explosion, fling its noxious vapors almost instantly into the farthest corner of a trench. Since this method of attack has become common the drill for putting on masks allows only six seconds for their adjustment. Longer delay may mean death. The slightest whiff of the fumes paralyzes a man's faculties so that he cannot perform any intelligent action.

A British soldier who was in a position to observe the chaos created in the French lines by the first gas attack thus described it:

Utterly unprepared for what was to come the French divisions gazed for a short while spellbound at the strange phenomenon they saw coming slowly toward them. Like some liquid the heavy colored vapor poured relentlessly into the trenches, filling them, and passed on. For a few seconds nothing happened; the sweet-smelling stuff merely tickled their nostrils; they failed to realize the danger. Then with inconceivable rapidity, the gas worked and blind panic spread. Hundreds, after a dreadful fight for air, became unconscious, and died where they lay—a death of hideous torture with the frothing bubbles gurgling in their throats, and the foul liquid welling up in their lungs. With blackened faces and twisted limbs one by one they drowned—only that which drowned them came from inside and not from out. Others staggering, falling, lurching on, and of their ignorance keeping pace with the gas, went back. A hail of rifle fire and shrapnel mowed them down and the line was broken. There was nothing on the British left. Their flank was up in the air. The northeast corner of the salient around Ypres had been broken. From the front of St. Julian

away up north toward Boesinghe there was no one in front of the Germans.

But the really significant fact about the gas is that horrible as it is, excruciating as is the torment it inflicts upon its victims, it has as yet exerted no appreciable effect upon the progress of the war. It was a matter of hours before the first protective mask had been invented, and of days only before the busy women of France had fabricated enough to meet the immediate needs of their defenders. A new and terrible weapon had been added to war's weapons, but it was to the advantage of neither side for both at once employed it. The uses and varieties of gas multiplied. There was the lachrymatory gas which being set free in a trench caused the defenders' eyes to be so suffused with tears that they were unable to use their weapons for defense against the assault which instantly followed. Another gas, as deadly as the chlorine, did not manifest its fatal qualities for hours after inhalation, and apparently strong men who protested bitterly against being taken to the hospital, would die in cruel torture from its effects hours later. The latest development is the gas bomb to be dropped from airplanes into the crowded trenches. In the use of these American aviators are being especially drilled.

In May Ypres and the Yser River became once more the battleground. The Germans this time forced the fighting, and their purpose was clearly to reopen the campaign for Calais which had so signally failed in the fall. There was savage fighting in the waterlogged country intersected by sluggish canals which attacking parties sometimes swam under fire, at other times crossed on rude rafts in the face of a storm of bullets against which it seemed that no life could endure. In the end it all came to nothing. By this time the British Army so slowly raised and so arduously drilled on the plain of Salisbury had come to be a war machine worth reckoning with.

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Bridge at Termonde, blown up to check the German advance

Hordes of Russian prisoners taken at Lych patiently waiting to be fed

CHAPTER III

THE WAR IN THE EAST—RUSSIA STRIKES FIRST—GERMAN TROOPS CALLED FROM FRANCE—BATTLE OF TANNENBURG—FIRST APPEARANCE OF HINDENBURG—AUSTRIA IN THE WAR—THE FIGHTING IN POLAND—TREACHERY IN RUSSIAN CAMPS—THE LONG STRUGGLE FOR WARSAW—SWEEPING GERMAN SUCCESSES—DEATH OF LORD KITCHENER—GALICIA AND BUKOVINA—DISTRESS OF AUSTRIA—RUSSIA'S INTERNAL WEAKNESS—THE MONK RASPUTIN

SO all-compelling and spectacular was the march of the German hosts through Belgium and France to the very gates of Paris that during the first six weeks of the war attention was little directed to its progress in eastern Europe—on the borders of Austria and Servia where the conflagration started, and on the Russo-German frontier where lay from the very first Germany's point of greatest weakness.

Among military experts generally August 26th was fixed as about the earliest date upon which the Russians could complete mobilization and take the offensive. But fully two weeks earlier the Czar's legions were invading East Prussia and Galicia. The swiftness of the Russian advance found Germany most inadequately prepared. Only three army corps, less than 150,000 men in all, were available for defense in East Prussia when the Russians first struck at Gumbinnen on August 20, 1914. So thoroughly had the Kaiser stripped his eastern frontier of troops in order the more certainly to overwhelm Belgium and France that the Russians, with more than 750,000 men, at first seemed able to sweep all before them. In a week the greater part of East Prussia was in their possession and Königsberg, a fortified town of 250,000 inhabitants on the Baltic, and the fortresses of Thorn and Gradenz, were besieged.

Examination of the map will show the nature of the strategic problem with which the Russians had to grapple. That part of the Czar's domain known as Russian Poland projects to the westward between East Prussia and Austria-Hungary until it reaches a point only 140 miles from Berlin as the crow flies. From the first Berlin was the Czar's objective though the topography of the country in which his armies operated made it equally easy for him until late in his campaign to strike at either Vienna or Berlin, while the magnitude of his armies made it perfectly possible for him to menace both capitals. But by agreement with the Allies he was to threaten Berlin from the very beginning of his operations in order that the Kaiser might be compelled to recall some of his troops from France to protect his own capital.

Though it would appear that the westward thrust of Russian Poland made it simple for the Russians to begin their invasion of Germany within 140 miles of Berlin, the principles of safe strategy would not permit this. The frontiers of East Prussia to the north and Galicia to the south were lined with hostile Germans and Austrians who would close in behind the Russian troops, should they take the most direct route to Berlin, and cut them off from their base.

Russia struck first at East Prussia, where there were only three German army corps, or about 150,000 men, to meet. To sweep them away the Czar dispatched two armies—one under Rennenkampf entering Prussian territory from the east; the other coming north from the neighborhood of Warsaw under Samsonoff. For this overwhelming force

These are a few of the children made orphans by the war. They are being cared for on an estate outside of Petrograd which is supported by private subscriptions

which the Czar put into the field the German force was at first hardly a stumbling block. Despite the gallant resistance, despite, too, the difficult nature of the campaign, the invaders moved resistlessly onward until the menacing progress of their armies forced the Kaiser to recall two army corps from the forces operating before Paris. That was the moment when Von Kluck halted his hitherto resistless march upon the French capital. It was the critical incident which showed that the delay in Belgium and the unexpected swiftness of Russian mobilization had defeated the Kaiser's plan of first crushing France and then turning upon the Russian Bear. The moment when the diversion of German troops from France to East Prussia was compelled was as fraught with importance to the history of Europe as was to the history of the United States the appearance of the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads on the very day when, but for it, the *Merrimac* would have completed the destruction of the Union fleet and put to sea to lay the cities of the North under tribute.

Russian field bakery in a riding school at Suwalki in Russian Poland

Under command of General Rennenkampf, a dashing cavalryman who brought back from the war in Manchuria the title of "the Russian Tiger," it took the Russians scarcely a week to sweep so far into German Poland that

Russian troops on their way to the front

the non-military world began to think that Germany's downfall was destined to come from that quarter.

Königsberg, Thorn, and Gradenz, all fortresses of the first class, were invested before the German force under General Hindenburg was sufficiently reënforced to make headway against the invaders. To secure these reënforcements, Belgian towns that had been taken at the sacrifice of thousands of German lives were stripped of their garrisons, and the line of communication of the army before Paris, with its base at Aix-la-Chapelle, was left so scantily guarded as to tempt the Belgian army to new activity.

A squad of Russian troops lined up gives a general idea of the various types in the Russian Army

But when the Germans did turn their attention to the Russians in eastern Prussia the work they did was sharp and effective. In all, General Hindenburg had about 350,000 troops to oppose to a vastly superior Russian force, but within a week he had pushed them back from the fortified positions they menaced, forced Samsonoff to fight the pitched battle of Tannenburg, and defeated him decisively, capturing nearly 80,000 men.

The district in which occur-

Austro-Hungarian troops in the Carpathians. The Russian advance and later their precipitous retreat led them across the plains to the east of these mountains to Lemberg and Przemysl

red the battle, which the Germans call Tannenburg and the Russians Allenstein, is sparsely inhabited, with few railroads and bad highways. It is part of what is known as the Masurian Lake district, a region of sandy hillocks, scant patches of forest, and innumerable bodies of water ranging from small pools to considerable lakes. Much of the land that seems to the eye solid is in fact a bog which refuses to support the weight of a man. The lakes are doubly treacherous because across some extend fords of sand or gravel capable of carrying the heaviest burdens, while the bottom of a sheet of water only a few hundred yards away will be of illimitable mud. In places ridges of sand or clay extend into the lake and come to a sudden end, leaving any body of troops that think to use them as fords, entrapped in deep water or deeper mud. By ages of labor the Germans had laid out narrow turnpikes between the lakes, but these were insufficient for the passage of any large army and out of touch with each other. There was no possibility of deploying troops between the roads. If the road was so crowded that the marching men spread out into the adjacent fields, they would find themselves mired. It was almost impossible to judge by the appearance of the surface whether the ground might be trusted to bear any considerable burden.

The physical menace of this treacherous territory would have been as great to either side had it not been that the Germans were commanded by a man who had foreseen years before the possibility of a great battle in this territory and prepared himself to utilize to the fullest extent all its treacherous qualities against any possible enemy. General von Hindenburg was born in this section of eastern Prussia, served all his life in the army, and years before asked to be assigned to duty in this section the very nature of which might well repel any soldier.

With his knowledge of the nature of the battlefield to which he was inviting the Russian invaders, Hindenburg calmly awaited their attack. He was confident that once they were enmeshed in that water-logged region his superior knowledge of the territory would make amends for any possible shortage in his men. The first clash between the two forces had resulted in Russian victory. With two armies, numbering in the neighborhood of 200,000 men, they had advanced into East Prussia both from the east and from the south. They encountered the Germans first at Gumbinnen, defeated them there and drove them back upon Königsberg. A few days later another Russian army, again enjoying the superiority in numbers, overwhelmed a German army corps near Frankenau. By the 25th of August a vast crowd of refugees was fleeing to the westward and it seemed that nothing would block the Russian advance. But by this

Austro-Hungarian troops climbing to the heights of the Carpathians

Russian wounded, having been bandaged with first aid in the trenches, waiting for an ambulance to pick them up

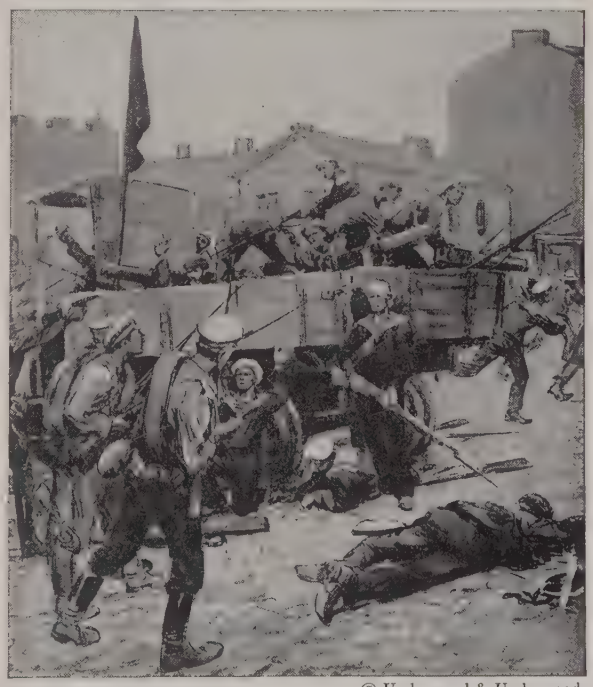
time Von Hindenburg had secured what he believed to be a sufficient force and was ready to make a stand. His troops were drawn in part from the German line as far away as Flanders. In all he had probably 200,000 men or nearly as many as the Russian, General Samsonoff, who opposed him. Within forty-eight hours after the opening of battle he had dealt the Russians such blows that nothing was left for them but retreat. Then followed the greatest disaster of the early days of the war to the Allied forces. For Hindenburg had so utilized his knowledge of the Masurian Lake country that he had penned the unfortunate Russians in that bewildering and fatal maze of marshes, creeks, lakes, and quagmires. He was well provided with field artillery, and the heavy fire of his guns made the orderly retreat of the Russians along the narrow roads impossible. They broke and took to the fields, only to find that what appeared to be solid ground was in fact an impassable bog in which horses, men and guns slowly sank from sight. They essayed the passage of the lakes by fords which led them as far as the middle of the waters and then dropped them off to destruction. There was no possibility of rear

Russian wounded arriving at base hospital

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers have been put out of action in the severe fighting of the first two years of the war. Who can estimate the number of maimed soldiers in Russia to-day?

guard fighting that would cover such a retreat. There was no chance of coöperation between the various bodies of the army which rapidly became demoralized. The accounts of eye-witnesses are ghastly in their descriptions of the cries of whole battalions of men rising out of the night from some dark quicksand in which they were being slowly engulfed.

The portion of the Russian army that was caught in this colossal trap was fairly annihilated. More than 80,000 men were captured by the Germans, and it is estimated that almost as many more lost their lives. The fragments of the army recoiled upon Russia and it was long before they recuperated sufficiently to take up again the task of invading East Prussia. Numbers of the prisoners and hundreds of the captured cannon were sent to Berlin where they arrived in season to be paraded in triumph before the people on the anniversary of Sedan. It was at least some compensation to the German nation for the failure of the army in the west to enter Paris on that day. Almost as im-



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Loyal Russian troops surprise motor truck manned by mutinous sailors from Kronstadt

portant as the Battle of the Marne itself, Tannenburg did much to rob that great French victory of its legitimate fruits. For had Hindenburg failed, the Kaiser would have had to strip his western front of troops to protect his own territory, and in that event the expulsion of the Germans from France would have been almost inevitable.

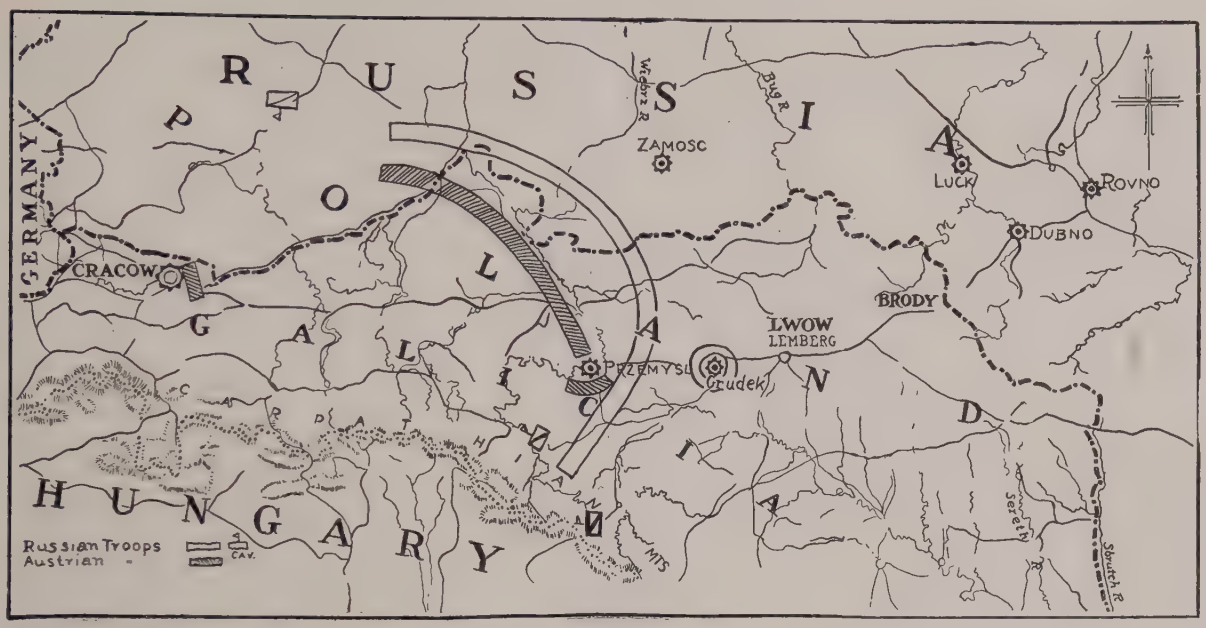
By the 1st of October the whole of eastern Prussia had been cleared of Russians, the Germans having there concentrated their

German troops attend service in the garrison church at Przemysl

main endeavors in the east. Besides freeing their own territory of the enemy, they were trying to divert the Russians from the invasion of Galicia to the south, which by this time was shown to be the main feature of the Russian campaign. But from this the Russians refused to be diverted.

If the reader will consult again the general map of the scene of the war in the east he will see that just south of that part of Russian Poland which juts out into German territory lies the Austrian province of Galicia. If natural boundaries formed in fact the boundaries of states in Europe, Galicia would belong to Russia, and the frontier be pushed back to the south where the line of the Carpathian Mountains rears a natural barrier between the two countries. International politics, however, made Galicia Austrian nearly forty years earlier, and as nature had left it peculiarly exposed to Russian invasion, it became to the war in the east what Belgium was in the west—the great field of battle of the warring nations.

Austria was in no way fitted to cope with Russia in the field. An intensely military nation, if the tone of her society in time of peace is at all representative, she has had a more inglorious record of defeats and unsuccessful wars than any other power of Europe. The nominal war strength of her armies, 1,360,000 with a maximum strength of 4,320,000, is far more impressive than their history. The last time Austria-Hungary appeared in panoply of war—except in petty Balkan quarrels—was in 1866 when her forces were decisively beaten at Königgratz by the Prussians, their allies in the war of 1914.



In Galicia the Russians advanced, defeating and capturing the Austrians. They took Przemysl but were driven back when the Germans, appreciating the seriousness of the Russian advance, sent help to the weakened Austrians

General map of the Eastern Theatre of War, the shaded portion showing extent of the Russian advance. About this time the Russians menaced Königsberg, were beaten at Allenstein, and in Galicia progressed as far as Przemysl, while their cavalry passed beyond the Carpathians. The Germans pushed east in Poland almost to Warsaw

After having lighted the fuse that fired the war magazine of all Europe, Austria settled back to an inglorious career of futile self-defense. Her armies did indeed bombard Belgrade and begin a brief invasion of Serbia, but were sharply checked by the Serbians and speedily called back to meet the Russian menace to the north. A brief rush into the territory of the Bear carried the Austrian standards as far as Lublin in Russian Poland. There they stopped. The Russian army, estimated at a million strong, struck in its turn. Remorselessly, overwhelmingly, rolling resistlessly onward like a tidal wave, it bore back the Austrians by sheer power of weight.

There were no such ponderous fortresses to stay the Russian progress in Galicia as confronted the Germans in Belgium. Lemberg, a place of moderate strength, was taken September 1st, after an eight-day battle, the victory being accompanied by the capture of an enormous body of Austrians, estimated at the time at 80,000, and the killing or wounding of half as many more. To Russia the victory was an offset to the disaster of Tannenburg which befell the same week. Practically as many men were lost to Austria here as were there lost to Russia.

This victory had its prompt effect on the German lines before Paris. It was only too clear that with Lemberg fallen and the Russians outnumbering the Austrians nearly three to one, there was a new danger threatening Berlin from the south and east. At the beginning of the war Austria, thinking like her ally that Russia was too big to move swiftly, had lent two army corps to Germany. These were hastily recalled. With them came five German corps, snatched from Von Kluck and Von Buelow while the Battle of the Marne was in progress. The newcomers set themselves stubbornly across the Russian path and there followed weeks of fighting as desperate as that in the fair fields of France and Belgium.

Despite the overpowering numbers of the Russians, however, the operations of September, 1914, showed them quite incapable of overcoming the superior discipline and strategic skill of the Germans, though the Austrians alone were no match for them.

By the end of September the Austrians had successfully withdrawn their troops which had at the outset invaded Russian Poland. Forming a junction with the right wing of the Austrian army, these troops took up a line with their left resting on the Vistula River, and their right resting on Przemysl, whose ring of forty-one forts connected by railroads and garrisoned by 60,000 men long held the invaders in check. Jaroslav, another fortress of less power, also proved a serious stumbling-block in the Russians' path. Beyond it, and extending to Cracow, the force opposed to the Russians was mainly composed of Germans, and against them the forces of the Czar made but little headway. September ended with these two armies beating against each other with but little decisive result. The ceaseless attrition of the Russian hordes, however, had told heavily upon the Austrians, who are estimated to have lost during the month's campaigning 300,000 men and 1,000 guns, or nearly a third of their entire force. During this period, too, the Serbs and Montenegrins had been busy on the southern borders of Aus-

Peasant women in Petrograd about to enlist in the Battalion of Death

tria, compelling that nation to keep at least 500,000 men there.

Essentially the Russian army at this time might be taken as a single line of battle, numbering about 2,300,000 men, extending from the Baltic Sea to the Carpathians. In East Prussia it was confronted by a German army of 1,000,000 men. In Russian Poland the Germans had about 500,000, and, though outnumbered by the Russians, held them long in check on their own soil. In the south the Germans and Austrians together had perhaps 1,000,000 more.

At the beginning of the month of September it had appeared that the Russian advance was irresistible. But the world was deceived. That marvelous fighting machine the Kaiser and his General Staff had so patiently builded proved equal to this new emergency. Scarcely had the real fighting force of Germany come into contact with the Russian advance early in October when all was checked. The invaders receded from Cracow and from Przemysl, and abandoned their advance to the south of the Carpathians. The world wondered at this retreat in the face of continuous victory, but it was learned in time that the Russian supplies of munitions of war had been exhausted. Two years later when the revolution in Russia had overthrown the corrupt autocracy the world learned that this shortage was due to German intrigue. Grand dukes and generals took German pay for directing their ammunition trains and their reserves in the wrong direction, and for opening convenient gaps in their lines through which the Germans might advance to victory.

Austro-Hungarian troops in the heights of the Carpathians taking their morning bath

It was months before the armies of the Czar were suitably equipped to resume the offensive. Meantime the Germans pushed into Russian Poland and soon it was Warsaw, a Russian capital, instead of Cracow, the Austrian stronghold, that was endangered. It was the German objective, and for these six months was the point upon which converged all the German lines of attack. These lines came from the north *up* the Vistula, from the south *down* the Vistula, and directly from the west with Breslau for the German base. The first army was commanded by General von Hindenburg in person, the second by General Dankl of the Austrian army, and the third by the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The concerted movement was begun October 4th, and the forces then engaged numbered on the German side about 400,000 with about 200,000 Austrians. They were heavily outnumbered by the Russians under the Grand Duke Nicholas, but nevertheless pressed to the very suburbs of Warsaw without serious check in the first week of the fighting. Here their path was blocked by not less than a million Russians, who held the trenches in the German front while their great numbers enabled them to flank the invaders with both cavalry and infantry.

A Russian regiment storming the stronghold of Jusepovo down the embankment like avalanches

The attackers encountered great barricades of logs and rocks so placed that they could be cut loose to slide Hundreds of men were crushed, but the regiment swept on to the top and captured the fort

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Before this overwhelming force the invaders retreated, and by the end of the month were virtually expelled from Russian soil.

But to accomplish this Russia had been compelled to recall in part her armies from Galicia and the Carpathians. The siege of Przemysl was raised, to be renewed later, the troops of the Czar were withdrawn from Jaroslav, and Hungary was freed from their presence. These sacrifices had been compelled by the menace of Von Hindenburg's westward drive.

A portion of the town of Malvana, Poland, after it had been shelled by the Germans

With his retreat it appeared that Russia would retake her lost ground. Again Russian troops flowed over into East Prussia and Galicia. By the middle of November Przemysl was again invested, the Cossacks were in the passes of the Carpathians, and the Czars' guns pounded at the gates of Cracow. The Russians, save for their heavy and irreparable losses at Tannenburg, had regained the advantage they had lost.

But it was again only the ebb of the German tide. Once more it turned to the flood and flowed back across the territory. Ending their retreat about the middle of November, the General Staff hurriedly concentrated their eastern armies in the neighborhood of Thorn and again turned their faces toward Warsaw. Their advance menaced Russian communications and did in fact cut the railroad lines which tied the chief Russian army to Warsaw. But the movement had its perils. As the Germans had cut the Russian communications, so the Russian armies in Galicia and in East Prussia could close in behind the audacious invaders and cut them off. This was precisely what they did, and, beginning November 15th, ten days of continuous fighting ended in Russian victory. The newspaper reports from Petrograd were delirious with claims of victory, and even Berlin admitted disaster. Warsaw had been saved after the Kaiser's troops had come within sound of its bells. Von Hindenburg was reported, falsely, a prisoner. At Lodz and at Mlwa the Germans were decisively beaten. East Prussia was still occupied by the Russians in force, and in Galicia the Czar's successes were daily augmenting, and the Austrian armies were rapidly disintegrating. Though in the neighborhood of Lodz and Lowicz German successes were reported, the main story of the fighting along the eastern battleline was one of German disaster.

When December was ushered in it appeared

that the Russians by mere force of numbers had checked finally the German advance upon Warsaw. Not much was heard of the earlier Russian promise of "Berlin in three weeks," but the decisiveness with which the German advance upon Warsaw had been stopped without compelling the Russians to withdraw from either East Prussia or Galicia was generally accepted by observers as indicative of the end.

Then in a few weeks Von Hindenburg, backed by the marvelous efficiency of the German army, turned the tables for the third time, and once again Berlin rang with the praises of her new war-lord.

All of Von Hindenburg's plans centred upon a descent upon Russian Poland from East Prussia. Much of the territory in which he planned to operate was marshy, full of small lakes, and intersected with sluggish streams. The roads were mere dirt highways difficult in wet weather for ordinary luggage vans, but utterly impassable for the heavy artillery which Von Hindenburg intended to marshal against his foe. In December, then, the Germans began to prepare for a winter campaign and a third attack on Warsaw. The frozen roads and rivers were to be the highways; the snow should bear the German baggage trains newly mounted on runners. The familiar gray-green of the German infantry disappeared, or was covered up by heavy sheepskin coats, white and invisible against the snow. Cannon were mounted on runners. Motor sledges of new types appeared. Scouting parties on foot were equipped with skiis. Great depots of winter supplies were established at Thorn and Posen. Lodz, the chief manufacturing town of Poland, and Lowicz, an important railroad centre, were heavily fortified, the industrial edifices of the towns being torn down to supply material for the forts, and guns brought from the Krupp Works in Essen for the armament.

In the struggle for Warsaw, the price paid by each of the contestants was a heavy one. Owing to the policy of secrecy adopted by all the governments involved, the precise losses of each in any given battle, campaign, or month of the war will not be known definitely for years, or until official historians begin to give out the authorized accounts of the campaigns. Petrograd, however, claimed that

A view of the banks of the river San in Przemysl. This picture was taken while the Russians had possession of the Galician fortress which they took after a protracted siege but were unable to hold

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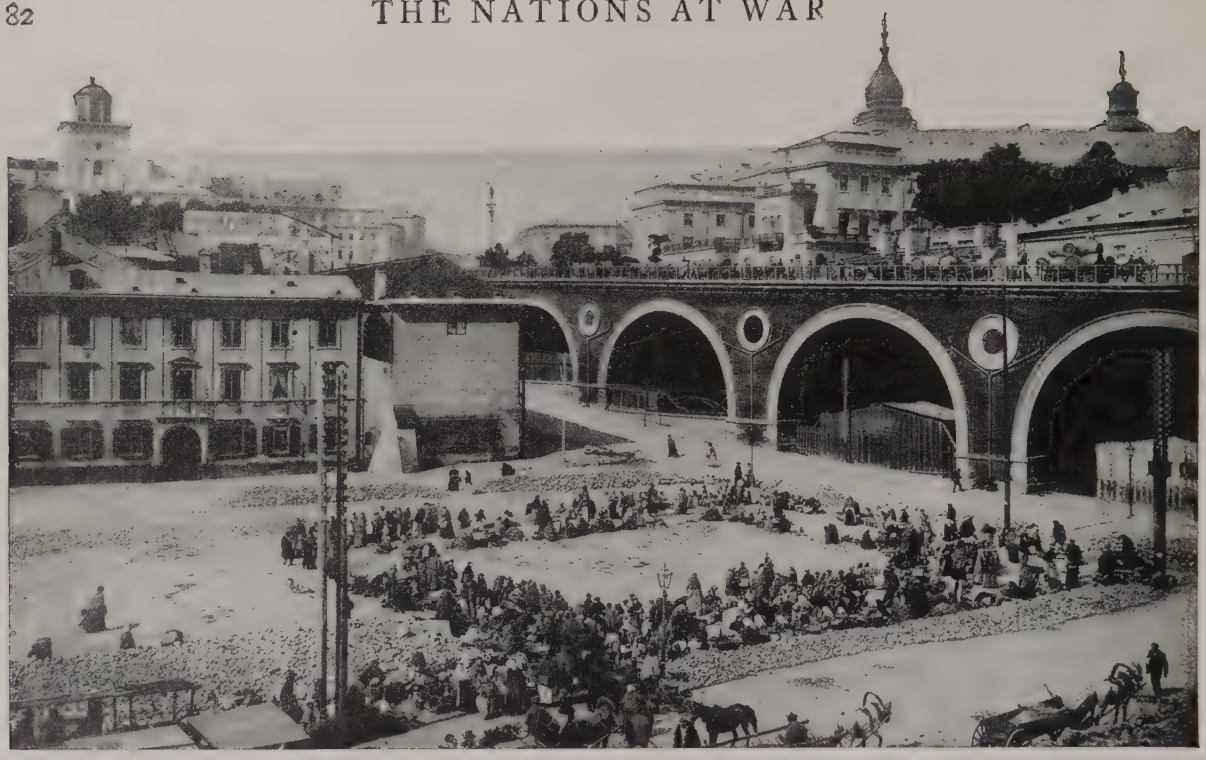
Bridge blown up by the Russian troops to cut off or delay the advancing Teutons. The bridge can be seen buckling and about to fall

the Germans had lost more than 200,000 men in their efforts to reach Warsaw up to January, 1915. Prisoners to the number of 135,840 were claimed by the Russians. These figures were strenuously denied by the Germans who claimed themselves to hold 306,290 Russian prisoners, bes des 3,575 officers.

On the last day of the year the Germans claimed to have taken 136,000 prisoners, 100 cannon, and 300 machine guns in the Poland campaign within two months.

Yet despite this fierce fighting, this marshaling of legions of men and multitudes of guns from prodigious distances—Von Hindenburg was said to have 30,000 auto trucks for transportation purposes—this campaign ended with the struggling forces just where they began.

But early in the spring of 1915 the Russians, being in possession of Przemysl, determined to invade Hungary by way of the Carpathian passes. For the time operations in East Prussia were confined on the part of the Russians strictly to the defensive. The Germans indeed were pressing them hard enough there to keep them busy. The advance through the Carpathian Mountains went well enough at the outset. As in the earlier attacks the Austrians proved no match for the multitudinous soldiers of the Great White Czar. But the Germans rushed reënforcements and leaders to the threatened point and just at the most critical moment struck the Russian line on the Dunajec River, broke it, and thereby flanking the line through the Carpathians, forced the hurried retreat of the Russians. Almost simultaneously up in East Prussia the Germans started a drive with the idea of forcing the Russians back against Warsaw. North and south the Teutonic offensive was successful. The Russian line which had extended in an approximately direct line from the border of East Prussia to the Carpathians was bent into an acute angle like a pair of partly open dividers with Warsaw at the point of junction. It soon became impossible for the Russians to maintain their line of communications from Warsaw to the south, and just as the second year of the war was beginning in August, 1915, that capital was evacuated



Civilians preparing to leave Warsaw as the Germans approach

and eagerly seized by the Germans as the prize of their third drive.

The fall of Warsaw was the signal for another general Russian retreat—the third apparently irretrievable reverse suffered by the armies of that country since the beginning of the war. Once again East Prussia was swept clear of the invaders. The Carpathian passes saw their marching columns recoiling in disorder toward Russia. Galicia and the fortified towns taken at such heavy cost were abandoned. Worse than all, the Germans swept triumphantly through Russian Poland, not content with Warsaw alone, but seizing smaller cities and the railroads which gave them control of all that part of Russian territory. The retreat of the Russians did not end until their right flank was rested on the Gulf of Riga, and the exultation of the Germans did not hesitate at predicting their own speedy occupation of Petrograd. This high ambition, however, was not destined then to be gratified. The line the Russians had established with their right resting on Riga stood firm.

An Austrian ski-patrol in the Carpathians

The fact was that while Hindenburg had been successful in carrying positions he had failed to destroy any considerable Russian army. At Warsaw and again at Vilna the

soldiers of the Czar slipped away when seemingly caught in the German trap. But paralysis seemed to have fallen upon them so far as any renewal of the offensive was concerned. Individually the Russians were good soldiers, long-suffering, dogged, brave and dashing. But they were cursed by the incapacity, cupidity, and even treachery of their higher leaders. The Czar, cousin of the Kaiser, had been reluctantly forced into war. In his own household was a strong pro-German party incessantly urging upon him that he make a peace of his own with Germany, leaving his Allies in the lurch. The highest generals were besmirched with suspicion of treason. After the overthrow of the throne one of these, General Soukhomlinoff, Minister of War, was found guilty of high treason and sentenced to imprisonment for life. In every branch of the army German agents were diligently working, urging the advantages to Russia of a separate peace, and spreading the seeds of disaffection. It seems incredible, looking back upon conditions in the blaze of light that the revolution threw upon them, that there should have been any fight left in the Russian ranks at all, but nevertheless the Russian private long did his duty.

A Russian priest visits the wounded near Lodz

Making 16,000 loaves of bread for daily consumption of the German army

Here is a section of German wire entanglement after a charge. In this particular spot the Russians failed to break through, but the trench was taken by their comrades, who attacked at more vulnerable points

The lull before the storm in which delegates from the German trenches visited the Russian lines urging them to lay down their arms

June 1, 1916, the great Russian army of not less than 1,500,000 men stepped forward unitedly in an attack upon the German line. That line extended from the front of Riga on the Baltic Sea almost directly south to Czernowitz in Austria-Hungary. The fighting was heaviest on the southern half of the line on which lay the cities which more than once had been the object of savage fighting, Pinsk, Dubno, and Tarnopol. Here the forces opposed to the Russians were mainly Austrians, only two out of ten army corps being German. The success of the Russians was immediate and continuous. The Austrian lines were rolled back day after day and prisoners by the thousands were taken. Checked for a time on the River Stokhod, they shifted the attack to the south

Russian troops in a mad dash across No Man's Land under heavy fire. The German barbed wire entanglements are seen in the distance

The Russian retreat through Galicia. With complete anarchy in the Russian army it seemed only a matter of time when the Russians would lose their last hold on Austrian territory. Things of this sort were frequent along the whole Russian front

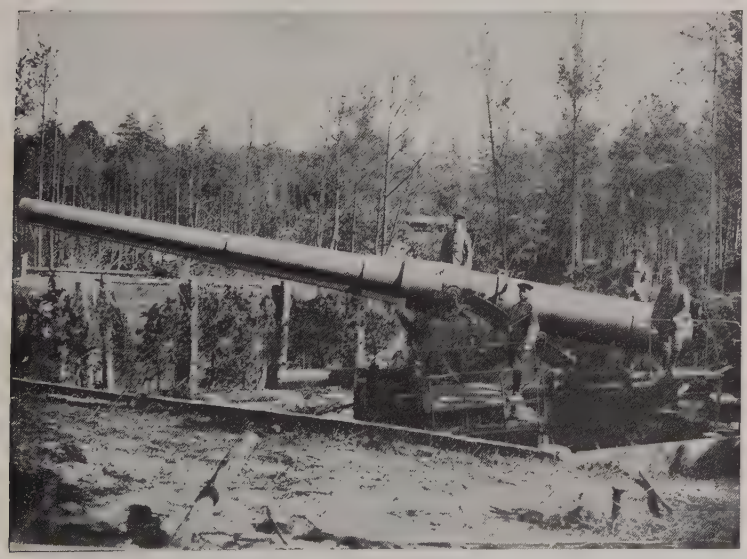
and captured the considerable Hungarian city of Czernowitz. The fortresses at Dubno and Lutsk, which had been lost in the preceding summer, were retaken, and by the latter part of June it appeared that the entire Austrian line was to be swept away in one vast indiscriminate rout. The number of prisoners taken before the end of June exceeded 200,000. Guns, ammunition, and supplies of every sort were a rich prize to the Russians who without manufactures of their own found every captured cannon precious booty. Before the 1st of July the crests of the Carpathians saw again the standards of Russian regiments of which they had been cleared a year before.

Russian prisoners crossing the Vistula River

A correspondent of the London *Times* accompanied General Brussilov's columns on their successful drive into the province of Bukovina. He declared the Russian spirit and dash to be almost incredible. At various points they were fighting against odds sometimes of three to one. By direction of their officers they were sparing of their munitions. The new Russian rifle was equipped with a thirty-inch bayonet fixed to the muzzle of the weapon and never taken off. With this in the main they charged their enemy and drove him from his trenches. Many military authorities have

Cossacks entering the captured fortress of Przemysl. For the second time the fortress changed hands. This fortress has suffered the terrific bombardment of the heavy German guns and is practically one mass of ruins

given expression to their appreciation of the extraordinary gallantry of the Russian infantry. They had to go against trenches and barbedwire entanglements without the aid of the heavy artillery preparation which always preceded such an attack in the western theatre of war. None the less the Russian peasant, dull and uncomprehending as he is supposed to be, responded even cheerfully to the appeals of his officers and with almost Oriental fatalism rushed into the face of apparent certain death until victory was assured. That Russia exceeded any of the other belligerents, perhaps any two combined, in the number of men capable of bearing arms was known at the beginning of the war. But that in so brief a space of time these farmers and peasants could be drilled and disciplined until they formed a coherent fighting force with the quality of veterans amazed the military world.



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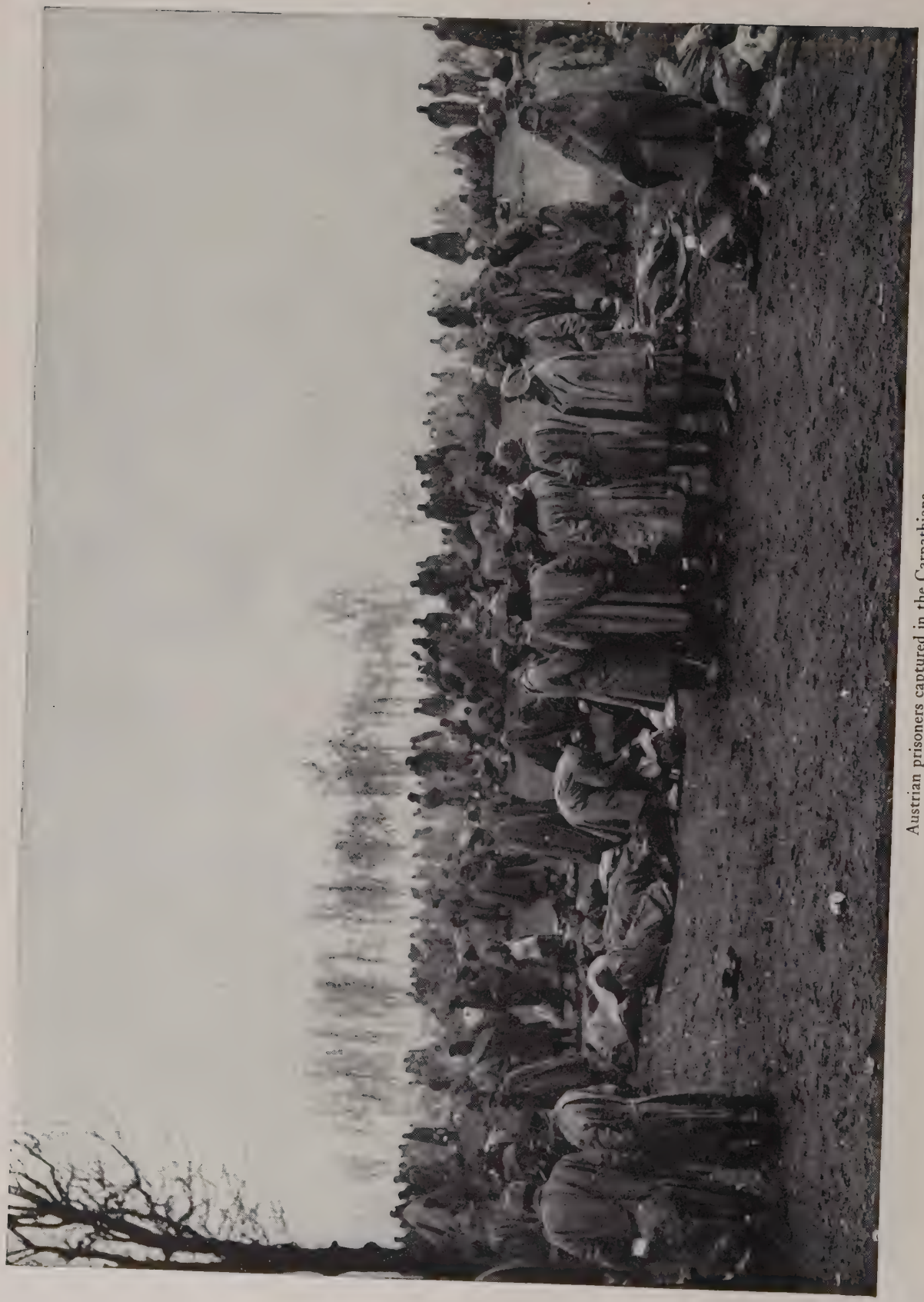
Big guns used by the Germans to recapture Przemysl

"The only thing," said a German officer once speaking of the Russian soldiers in attack, "you can do is to slaughter them



Austrian prisoners captured in the Carpathians

Russian troops from the first line trenches retreating under shell fire

and pray that you will have ammunition enough to keep it up." Wartime observers speaking of the Russian soldier seem always to treat of him in the mass. They lay stress on the individual resourcefulness and dogged pertinacity of the English "Tommy." The French "poilu" they find gay, gallant, dashing in bravery though with a lack of pertinacity. The Italian manifests great ferocity but is easily discouraged. The German will go anywhere his officers will lead him—but he must be led. Discipline has driven individual initiative out of the German head. But when the first-hand observers come to speak of the Russians, they tell of their bovine patience and fatalism but lay chief stress upon their infinitude of numbers, their slow-moving, terrifying, irresistible mass. The French leap to the charge like an avalanche. The Russians advance like a resistless glacier. You think of them in lines ten or twelve deep, line after line, and all with the fearlessness that fatalism alone breeds.

All the way from Riga to the Roumanian line this remorseless pressure was being applied to the Teutonic lines. It was most savage in the south where the troops of General Brussilov were in contact with the Austrians. There could at this time be no reënforcement of the troops of Francis Joseph from the German lines, for in the north Kuropatkin was pressing hotly on

Russian first line troops retreating from the advancing Germans. They had to fight their way back over the second line of trenches

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The second bombardment of Przemysl. Broken towers on Fort No. 10

grizzled old Von Hindenburg, who stood savagely at bay while the population of Berlin was childishly driving nails into his wooden effigy in token of admiration for his indomitable will—a real man of blood and iron this, best worthy of that title in Prussia since Bismarck. Nor could there be any thought of sending German regiments from France to the hard-pressed Austrians. There Verdun was holding the Teutonic foe in play with a vengeance. Of little strategic value in itself, this French fortress had enlisted the bloody efforts of France and Germany in a struggle which had already endured for months, and in fact outlasted the second year of the war. Its reduction and its defense had become a matter of pride, a fetish, a religious obsession almost to the two warring foes. "If we take Verdun we win the war," said the Germans, though no military strategist has been able to point out the reason for such a belief. "They shall not pass!" was the French cry when the assault on Verdun was mentioned, and the French made their contention good. Moreover, they held so many of the Teutons in the salient of St. Mihiel and the hills about Verdun that the endangered Austrians cried in vain for aid from that section. It was becoming apparent to the onlooking world that at last the Allied campaign was being urged offensively along all the fronts at once as though directed by a single master mind.

It was, indeed, in the very course of perfecting that coherence of action among the Allies that Great Britain lost her greatest military figure of modern times, Field Marshal Lord Horatio Herbert Kitchener, British Secretary for War, "K of K." as the man in the street loved to call him in abbreviation of his earlier title, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. It was illustrative of the far-spread nature of this war that this soldier whose fame had been won in South Africa should meet death in the icy seas off the Orkneys while en route for Petrograd to consult about Russian operations in Poland and Galicia. His ship, the British cruiser *Hampshire*, struck a mine June 5th, and went down with all on board except a warrant officer and eleven seamen, who were picked up later on a raft nearly dead from exposure. Of the precise manner of Lord Kitchener's death nothing is known nor was his body ever recovered.

More than any man in England at the outset of the war, Kitchener foresaw its proportions and duration. Three years he thought would be its least duration, and, being entrusted with building up the British army, he built it with a view to a long-drawn struggle. The impatient public, and a part of the press, attacked him vehemently for deliberation, for stubbornly refusing to rush half-trained troops to the front, for putting solid organization and adequate equipment ahead of action in the field. But he beat down opposition and attack and before his death saw his policy on the threshold of success and already commanding universal approval. It was, doubtless, a tribute to his influence, not only in Britain but in all the Allied countries, that the plan of joint and simultaneous offensive by all the powers which he had started for Petrograd to urge, was followed vigorously after his death.

In the two months of the Russian drive that preceded the second anniversary of the outbreak of the war, the forces of the Czar carried all before them along that section of the line which was selected for an advance. General Brussilov had been a cavalry leader in the earlier days of service, and in pushing back the Teutons in this campaign brought that arm of the service into active play, almost for the first time in this war which had been fought mainly by artillery and infantry. His movements were swift and unexpected. He employed to the fullest the now established tactics of first overwhelming his enemy's trenches with floods of shell and shrapnel. The volume and steady continuation of his artillery fire told convincingly of the Russian recognition of their blunder of the year before when they tried to carry this same territory with an insufficient supply of ammunition. But he followed his artillery attack not only with infantry assaults, but with cavalry raids that turned his enemy's flanks, menaced his communications, and left to his shattered legions no time for rest or for repairs. The extended field wherein Brussilov commanded was as full of change as a kaleidoscope. It was the very antithesis of the area of battle in France and in Flanders.

The Austrian provinces which felt most heavily the force of the Russian rally and advance are known as Galicia and Bukovina.

A German shell is seen exploding just in front of the Russian trench at the opening of the bombardment. All the men have ducked their heads and for hours the trench was subjected to a terrific shell fire

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The Germans have quite a problem in caring for their numerous prisoners of war, whom they treat with notorious cruelty. They are seen here carting wagon loads of bread to the prisoners

Virtually they are a single geographical region cut off from the rest of Austria and Hungary by the high walls of the Carpathian Mountains. Their population contains many Slavs, Czechs, Poles, and Cervaks, and it was a significant fact that among the prisoners taken by the Russians were very few of these nationalities. The reason for their absence seems to have been that because of their manifest sympathy for their brother Slavs in the Russian armies, they were sent away from that battle front as untrustworthy. The troops of which they formed a great part were employed on the Italian front, because between them and the Italians was no racial sympathy.

Czernowitz, the capital of Bukovina, fell into Russian occupation June 16, 1916. Though a considerable city it is singularly isolated from the world beyond the Carpathians, being reached by a single railroad only. This railroad the Russians cut early in the siege, not only isolating the city, but cutting off the only practical line of retreat for its defenders. They might indeed flee through the steep and narrow Carpathian passes pursued by Cossacks, but in the end they determined to surrender and join the rapidly growing colony of captive Austrians within the Russian lines. It is interesting, by the way, to note that, including this garrison of Czernowitz, the forces under General Brussilov took during their nine weeks' campaign in Galicia and Bukovina 358,000 officers and men, 405 cannon, 1,326

The Russian Field Headquarters in Poland goes up in smoke after the Germans have determined the correct range

Russian troops breaking through the barbed wire in their rush for the rear

machine guns, and a vast amount of other material of war.

After the fall of Czernowitz Russian progress in that section of Hungary was unchecked. The River Pruth was crossed with the Austrians flying in dismay. Kolomea, a notable railroad centre, was taken. Kuropatkin in the north was pushing back Von Hindenburg as successfully as Brussilov in the south. Yet it was the successes of the latter that rendered possible the advance of the former, for the whole Teutonic line, extending from north to south, rested like a balanced pole upon the Austrian armies in Galicia. As fast as Brussilov pushed back the latter, or weakened them by his constant attacks, the pole would necessarily be drawn to the westward lest it fall altogether. When the second year of the war ended the Russians were once more within striking distance of Lemberg, an Austrian city of enormous strategical value, from which they had been driven a year before.

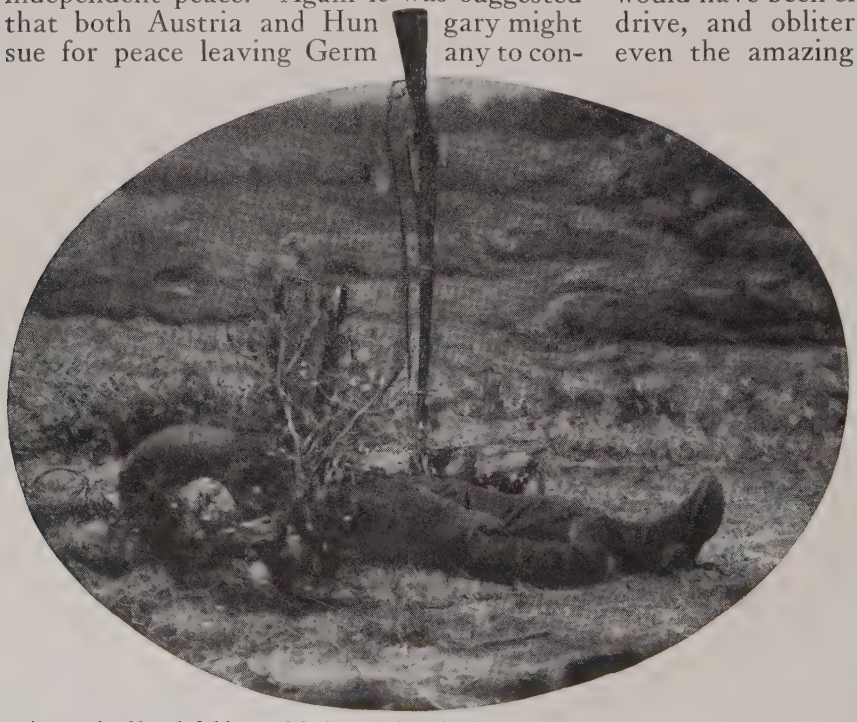
Russian troops with a wagon load of supplies which have slipped off the road

Austria was now in a dire state. The territory she had lost was not material to the progress of the war, but her losses in men and material threatened her with complete collapse. Her own reserves were exhausted. Her military authorities in June vainly appealed to the government for authority to call into active service men of the class between fifty-six and sixty years of age. She could hope nothing more from Germany, at the moment, for by this time the great Allied offensive on the western front had begun and the Germans were even checking their attack on Verdun to meet this new menace. In the south Austria had to meet the steady pressure of the Italians, who, long

Russian troops fighting in the open. Not all the fighting took place on such open lands as these

held in check by the precipitous barrier of the Dolomites, had by this time learned to negotiate those mountain passes and were threatening Gorizia, the gate to Trieste.

Never in the course of the war had the outlook been so black for the Dual Monarchy and for the Teutonic alliance as then. There were constant rumors that Hungary would split away from Austria, dismember the Dual Monarchy, and sue for a separate and independent peace. Again it was suggested that both Austria and Hungary might sue for peace leaving Germany to continue the conflict. Both rumors were scouted at both Vienna and Berlin, and the year ended without either being given substance. But the situation was unquestionably one of the gravest import to the Central Powers. With all her wonderful sacrifices of treasure and of men Imperial Germany could not always go on upholding weak and inefficient allies. But for military commanders, and tens of thousands of men sent into Galicia, Austria would have been crippled by the first Russian drive, and obliterated by the second. But even the amazing resourcefulness and self-sacrifice of the German nation did not seem able to keep this record up long.



A stretch of battlefield on a drizzly morning. Beyond the figure of the man who has planted his bayonet beside him, lie bodies of men, some sleeping, possibly some wounded and some killed

The persistency with which the Russians returned to the attack after two great and far reaching defeats caused the admiration of all the military world. Not the officers alone, but the troops in the ranks manifested this constant aversion to any admission of defeat. On the retreat from Warsaw the correspondent of the London *Times* thought to test the fighting spirit of all of the retreating Russian soldiers. He describes the interview thus:

Behind the long lines of barbed wire the Russians keep up a steady though not concentrated attack

At one point in the road I stopped the motor to talk with the soldiers of the Thirty-fifth Corps, the last unit of which had just crossed the river that morning and had been badly dusted. The colonel of the regiment was sitting on his horse in the middle of a field with notebook in hand checking up his losses. The soldiers of his command were lying along the grassy bank by the roadside, many of them falling asleep the moment they sat down. A field kitchen was halted in the roadway, and the few soldiers that were not asleep were lining up to get what was perhaps their first ration since the night before. Many were in bloody bandages and all worn and haggard. "Here," I thought, "one will find the morale of the Russians at its lowest ebb. These men have been fighting for days and have lost." So I called up a great strapping private soldier. Wearily he got to his feet and came over to the side of the motor. His face was gray with fatigue and his eyes glassy for want of rest. "How do you feel now about the war?" I asked him. "Do you want peace?" He looked at me in a dazed kind of way and replied as he shuffled his feet uneasily: "We are all very tired." "But, still, what do you want to do about the war?" I persisted. The Russians are not quick to reply to questions under any circumstances. For a long time the tired soldier looked at me, and then for the second time he said: "I am very tired. We are all very tired." "Well, then," I said, "do you want to make peace and leave the Germans in possession of Warsaw?" For a long time he stood in the hot afternoon sun looking at the dust in the road and then replied: "I am very tired. So are we all. The Germans are taking Warsaw to-day. This is not as it should be. I think I am a better soldier than the German. With rifles and shells we can always beat him. It is not right that we should give up Warsaw." He paused for a moment and then looked up with his eyes flashing as he finished in one quick burst: "Never! I am tired,

Over the top these four soldiers leaped ahead of the others. This sort of a charge forward takes nerve

Major Halsey E. Yates addressing 6,000 Russian soldiers of the famous corps of Shoboleff. America is the most popular country with the Russian soldiers

but I want to go back and fight some more. We cannot leave the Germans in Warsaw."

Wounded Russian prisoners marching into the courtyard of a German hospital

In the light of knowledge, gained later, of Russia's internal condition and the progress of German intrigue among her ruling classes, what was accomplished by her armies in the first two years of war seems extraordinary. In September, 1916, her armies were on the offensive along the greater part of her line. Even south of the Dardanelles, in Asia Minor, they were pushing lustily along west of Erzeroum with the intent of effecting a juncture with the British in Mesopotamia. It seemed as if new life had come with the loss of Warsaw, and the accession of General Brussilov to supreme command. Roumania had just entered the war, and the Brussilov drive was construed as an honest effort to help her in her campaign, which we shall see later ended most disastrously. But here again the sinister undercurrent of treachery which seemed to accompany Russia's most herculean efforts in the field appeared and nullified the heroic work of her armies. For it is no exaggeration to say that not one promise of support that Russia made to Roumania, and by which that nation was induced to declare war at a moment regarded by the Allies as most unpropitious, was ever kept.

But superficially there was no sign of Russian disaffection. Her armies in Galicia pushed on to the westward irresistibly. In alarm the Germans sent the indomitable Von Hindenburg to the aid of their Austrian allies. In ten weeks' time, up to August 12th, the Austro-Germans lost to the Russians 7,757 officers and 350,000 men, beside 405 guns, 1,326 machine guns, 388 bomb throwers and 292 caissons. It is a curious reflection that the nation which was able then to inflict such loss upon a powerful enemy was in fact so close to disintegration that six months later it could not suppress a riot in the streets of its own capital.

In October, 1916, a marked lack of vitality in the Russian operations in Galicia and Bukowina became apparent. The dash and vigor of the summer months were gone. A check meant long inactivity. A defeat, however insignificant, was followed by a retreat. Persons capable of following intelligently the course of Russian affairs turned from the generals in the field to the politicians at Petrograd for the explanation. It was evident there that a ferment was under way that threatened the life of the government. Sazonoff, Foreign Minister and a staunch friend to the Allied cause, resigned as a protest

A shelter on the Carpathian slopes with accommodation for 25 men, the building hidden in the snow, boasting a fireplace with a chimney shaft rising like a periscope of a submarine

against the effort of Boris Sturmer the Premier to repress certain organizations which had been active, indeed almost dominant in pushing the war. To the amazement of the people Sturmer elected to take the post thus vacated, though he was German by descent and pro-German in sympathy. Almost at once one A. D. Protopopoff was appointed Minister of the Interior—a politician who when sent on a mission to the Western powers had been detected in secret conference with a German emissary. These efforts to give a pro-German character to the government enraged the people, who had been suffering cruel privations because of the war. Suspicion of their rulers and resentment for the inefficiency of those charged with regulating the food supplies created a condition bordering closely upon revolt. Many incidents gave public expression to the seething passions of revolt which were boiling beneath the surface. One of these was the assassination of the monk Rasputin—an uncouth mystic who had managed to gain a mental ascendancy over the Czar and members of his family, and was using it to further the ends of German intrigue.

The story of the influence of this monk, untutored and unkempt as he was, over the Czar of All the Russias and the women of his household reads like the wildest flights of sensational romance. So dominant did it become, and so notorious, that the people murmured, and satirists and cartoonists ridiculed the weakness of a monarch who could be made the pliant tool of a charlatan, who cloaked nefarious purposes under the guise of religion. In the end the monk was lured to a midnight feast by the promise of the presence of a bevy of beautiful women. There he was shot and his body dropped through a hole cut in the ice of the Neva. The Czar's bitter rage and grief on hearing the news did him no good in the eyes of the nation. In the early spring of 1917 this undercurrent of discontent and revolt broke out in open revolution, the story of which will be told in another chapter.

Russian troops throw down their arms and surrender to the Germans

That the revolution for which Russia had been planning and plotting for half a century, and with which the whole civilized world sympathized, should have been accomplished at this particular moment was one of the bitterest ironies of fate.

None the less the world cheered on the Russian revolt. It had been but too clear that the Czar, or his trusted advisers, were at the moment planning either a separate

First aid being tendered by the Red Cross to the wounded on the battlefield

Russian infantry and civilians evacuating Przemysl

peace or the deliberate betrayal of their allies into the hands of the Teutonic enemy. The great, valorous armies of Russia were hamstrung, crippled, reduced to impotence, by treachery in high places. They had fought glorious campaigns, won magnificent victories, only to be robbed of the fruits of their fighting by criminal or treacherous inefficiency on the part of their commanders. Had the French spirit dominated the High Command of Russia the war would have been won in the first six months.

So the world, which has long looked with disfavor upon the House of Romanoff, greeted its overthrow with applause, and awaited the outcome of the revolution with hope, if not with confidence. Nothing, it was felt, could be worse than the régime that had been overthrown with its vacillating Czar, its German Czarina, its Court honeycombed with German sympathies, its Grand Dukes and powerful generals hungry for German gold.

German troops under General von Hindenburg on the march toward Warsaw

Miles and miles of supplies being transported in wagons winding their way over the Polish plains near Suwalki

The world recalled how the revolutionists of 1793 had fought for France, driven back the armies of jealous nations from her borders, and under a leader sprung from the ranks carried the tri-color and the Marsellaise all over Europe. Might not the Russian revolutionaries do as much? for a high ideal is the most stimulating of calls to valor. Why should not the armies of the Russian republic set the seal of final accomplishment on the task of making the world safe for democracy?

Perhaps it is still too early to answer the question, though for the time Russia, torn by rival factions, rent by German intrigue, demoralized and disorganized by clamorous claimants for power, seems powerless for concerted action—a very derelict on the stormy sea of Europe. How her affairs have come to this seeming impasse will be told in the subsequent chapter on the Russian Revolution.

Russian troops evacuating Warsaw before the advance of the Germans

Serbian troops advancing to attack the Austrian forces on the border

CHAPTER IV

THE PAN-GERMAN PLAN—THE KAISER'S DIPLOMATIC PILGRIMAGE—THE "GOEBEN" AND "BRESLAU"—TURKEY IN THE WAR—THE HESITATION OF GREECE—THE CRUSHING OF SERBIA—ROUMANIA'S OVERTHROW—THE DARDANELLES—ARMENIA AND MESOPOTAMIA—FALL OF BAGDAD AND JERUSALEM

THE war had been in full progress for more than a year before one of the chief reasons for its instigation by Germany became apparent to the general consciousness of the world. To students of world politics, and to the very few who had critically observed the course of German diplomacy under Kaiser Wilhelm the goal of the Pan-German policy was apparent and the conception of a "Mittel-Europa" extending from Hamburg —or more probably from Antwerp—to the Persian Gulf, and all under Hohenzollern domination, was sufficiently defined even before the war. But few men, of whatever nation, had dreamed that what the Kaiser sought was to make all middle Europe a Teutonic state, and extend its territory and power down through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf. Such a monstrous creation would cut off Russia from all western Europe; would imperil the Indian Empire of Great Britain, would keep France in perpetual peril of annihilation and involved as a matter of course the subjugation to German rule of Belgium and perhaps Holland.

As the German programme in the east was unfolded in the course of the war it made clear the serious purpose of certain spectacular journeys made into that section by the Kaiser in earlier days. When in 1915 the armies of the Allies found the Turkish armies officered by Germans and armed by Krupp's they understood the real purpose of the Kaiser's visit to and fraternization with Abdul Hamid—"Abdul the Damned"—in 1889. After that visit German influence rapidly became dominant in Turkey. German banks aided in financing the tottering Ottoman Empire. German capitalists secured concessions for railways—particularly the one pushing south to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf, thus menacing British control of the route to India. German colonies were established in Syria and Asia Minor. Turkish families were encouraged to send their sons to Germany for military and diplomatic education, and General von der Goltz was sent to Turkey to rebuild its army on the German model. When Abdul Hamid was overthrown and exiled by the "Young Turks" it was discovered that his "great and good friend" the Kaiser was not without complicity in the revolt that dethroned him, and dominated to a notable degree the government set up in his place.

In 1898 the Kaiser made a spectacular pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In all save the very modern fact that its details were arranged by the tourist agency of Cook, the journey aped a true mediæval pilgrimage. The Kaiser and his entourage were garbed in flowing oriental robes, rode on camels, slept at night on piles of oriental rugs under the tents of the clansmen of the desert and left nothing undone to make the Arab sheiks and kalifas regard them as true Mussulmans. The region was under the suzerainty of the Sultan, but the loyalty of the local chieftains was of the slenderest. The astute Kaiser, having won the potentate at Yildiz Palace, was not above employing the arts of diplomacy to ingratiate himself also with the half-independent chieftains of the desert. His portraits, taken in full Turkish costume brandishing a scimitar, were widely distributed among them and the story was told that he and the entire German nation had become

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Provisions for the Turkish army waiting to be transported to the front

converts to Islam and, in conjunction with his brother, the Sultan, would presently wage a holy war for the establishment of the true faith of Mohammed throughout the world, and for the eternal confusion of the Christian dogs. The immediate effect of these blandishments was the concession for the Bagdad railway extending from the Dardanelles to the Persian Gulf.

To visualize clearly the full significance of the Pan-German vision the reader may study the map on page 115. The most serious fact about that presentment is that it no longer stands for a vision—it records a fact accomplished save for the barrier built at Bagdad and Jerusalem by the British. Germany already has Belgium with the admirable North Sea harbor of Antwerp. The German Empire extends thence to the Austrian border. Austria, once the ally of Germany, has become by the vicissitudes of war her abject vassal. Not only have her financial burdens been met by German loans, but she is indebted to-day to the German arms for her national existence. Italy once, and Russia more than once, have had Austria beaten to her knees only to witness her rescue by the superior forces of the Kaiser. After the war—should victory crown the Teutonic arms—the relations of Austria to her saviour will be those of a thinly disguised vassalage. Turkey, for almost identical reasons, is in the same position.

But the road from Austria southward required fighting to open. Serbia, racially inclined to friendship with Russia, was not friendly to the Pan-German idea. She had no idea of being a mere highway for the southward march of Teutonic ambitions and domination. It was this fundamental an-

Allied troops sleeping in the trenches after an attack near Monastir

British troops in the Holy Land digging a well in mid desert

tagonism that led to Austria's savage assault and the world war. Between Serbia and Turkey—the latter already assured to the German cause—lay Bulgaria, and German diplomacy triumphing over that of Great Britain, secured the accession of that nation, with its army of 600,000 men, to the Central Alliance late in 1915. Roumania held off until August, 1916, when she cast her lot with the Entente Allies, only to find herself basely betrayed by Russia, and utterly deserted by France and England. She fell a swift victim to Bulgarian and German wrath.

The story of the operations in the Balkans is apt to be both dry and perplexing to the American reader. Our knowledge of those countries is slight, our material interest in and relations with them almost negligible. They do in fact lag behind in civilization, but American indifference ascribes to them a degree of backwardness not justified by conditions. We seldom think of Roumania as possessing in its capital, Bucharest, a city of more than 300,000 people and of almost Parisian gaiety, or of Bulgaria as having in Sofia a town of more than 100,000 inhabitants. The American idea of the Balkans is derived mainly from fragmentary reports of their incessant wars, and dismisses them as a turbulent group of mountain states, narrowly removed from anarchy and remote geographically and materially from civilization. In fact their wars have mostly been fomented by intrigue from the outside, while their people respond promptly to civilizing influences in their infrequent periods of peace.

In this war Serbia was first of the Balkan states to suffer as she furnished the pretext upon which Germany based her Pan-German march. But she bore herself with unexcelled valor in the attacks made upon her by vastly

British troops marching through the historic city of Bagdad

French artillery passing a Greek cavalry regiment. The French were the first of Allied troops to land at Saloniki for the assistance of Serbia when she was assailed by Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria

superior forces, beat back the Austrians twice, and only submitted to defeat when the seemingly illimitable resources of Germany were thrown into the conflict against her. In the first months of the war she utterly routed four Austrian army corps on the banks of the Jedar. Belgrade was bombarded and taken by the Austrians, but later retaken by the Serbs, who drove the Austrian defenders in frantic rout back across the frontier.

The first months of the war indeed were full of glory for Serbia. But her downfall was inevitable. She controlled the direct highway to the Dardanelles, and was the chief obstacle to the Pan-German programme which the Kaiser secretly cherished. But so effectively had she defended herself against the Austrians that for fully a year she was left in peace. During that twelve-month Germany and Great Britain matched their wits in the tortuous game of Balkan diplomacy—with the results decidedly in favor of the former.

This battery during the battle of Douze-cent-Douze was hitched up and on its way to a new position in 12 minutes

In this game the first reverse to be sustained by the Allies was in the case of Turkey, the action of whose government became so strongly pro-German as to leave them no choice but to declare war on November 5th. It was, however, admitted from the outset that at the moment the Kaiser so desired Turkey would be found allied with the Teutonic combination.

Early in August there had been a curious incident which intensified this conviction. Two German ships of war, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, the former a powerful modern battle cruiser, were apparently trapped by a superior British fleet in the harbor of Genoa. To the amazement of the naval world they steamed boldly out of that harbor and without attack from the British made their way around the

end of the Italian peninsula and into the Dardanelles. It was discovered later that they had in some way obtained possession of the secret code of British naval signals and had tricked the British commander, Admiral Troubridge, by its use. But even so, the British fleet pursuing them had every reason to believe that the blunder could be rectified. At the time the Germans took refuge in the Dardanelles Turkey was still at peace with all belligerent nations. Under international law it was the duty of Turkey to compel the belligerent ships taking sanctuary in her waters to leave them within twenty-four hours, but day followed day without action until on the 13th of August the German cruisers displayed the Turkish flag and announcement was made that they had been purchased by Turkey. Such a purchase was in itself a gross breach of neutrality and Great Britain made a determined protest. But the diplomatic correspondence on the subject prolonged by the proverbial procrastination of the Turks dragged on for weeks until it was forgotten in the declaration of war.

The fighting force brought into the field against the Allies by this conclusion was one not to be scorned. The world has looked contemptuously upon the Turk in industry, progress, and his relations to modern thought, but no one of general information ever questioned his fighting ability. At the moment that the European war broke out the Turks were all veterans. They had been fighting

French troops entering Monastir after defeating the Bulgarians

steadily in the Balkans for years. They are fatalists in character and heedless of life in their struggles against even superior forces. At this moment, moreover, they had been subjected as never before to the rigid discipline of a modern army under German leaders. They had always known how to fight, but had not known how to get the greatest advantages out of coöperation and how to care for themselves in camp and field. The Germans, too, had equipped them with the most modern arms and munitions. Accordingly the Turks brought to the Teutonic allies immediately an effective force of more than a million men, with the reserve power

British troops coming up to the front in the Balkans

THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR

After the capture of Erzerum the Russian forces pushed on in three columns, one toward Trebizond, the second toward Erzingan and Sivas, where the main Turkish army had its base, and the third column southward to Mush and Bitlis. The capture of Erzerum and the advance into Asia Minor enabled the Russians to capture Kermanshah, in Persia, and to turn westward toward Bagdad, with the aim of cooperating with the British in Mesopotamia.

which inheres in a nation of 17,000,000 people.

It became apparent immediately upon the declaration of war by Turkey that, at German incentive, the Suez Canal would be the immediate objective of the Turkish armies. Troops were instantly sent into Asia Minor, and the tribesmen of that territory under the suzerainty of the Sultan were encouraged to put their armies into the field and attack the infidels at every point. The prolonged and savage fighting in Asia Minor, in Persia, and the Sinai Peninsula cannot be described in any detail here. Only once was the canal put in serious jeopardy. The efforts of the Porte to have the tribesmen declare a holy war were futile, and the sanguinary horrors of that sort of conflict were happily averted. The story of the fighting in Syria, Palestine, and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean was curiously reminiscent of the Hebrew scriptures with the continual references to places and provinces mentioned in the Old Testament.

View of the landing camp pitched by the Allies at the Dardanelles

It was long before the menace to the Canal was entirely removed—not in fact until December, 1917, when the British clinched the situation by the capture of Jerusalem after having taken Aleppo and Damascus earlier.

What Turkey did in Asia had but little effect on the course of the war, though what her troops and vassals did in Armenia in the way of wholesale rape, torture and murder made humanity stand aghast. Not one protest was uttered by Germany whose connivance in and responsibility for the

awful crimes were emphasized by the presence of her officers at many of the most savage massacres.

What Turkey did in the war in the Balkans may be left for later telling. With Turkey lost, the next stake of diplomacy in the Balkan game was Bulgaria. The support of this state, with its army of about 600,000 men, was a mere matter of bargain and sale. When Ferdinand, himself a Hohenzollern, was made King of Bulgaria, he remarked cynically that if, as he had heard, assassins flourished in his new realm, he was going to be on the side of the assassins. A like cold and calculating spirit dominated his outlook upon the Great War. Although his people undoubtedly at the outset favored the Allies, and even threatened revolution, he stood doggedly for neutrality until October, 1915, and then went over to the Germans.

Roumanian troops, carrying barbed wire up the mountain

In all the history of the world's diplomacy there has been no more complicated or perplexing record than that of Greece during the Great War. At the end of its third year the Greek Government was still nominally at peace with all the belligerents. True, an army of French, English, and Italian troops numbering more than 600,000 was encamped on Greek soil in and about Saloniki, and was using that point as a base for operations against the Austrians and Bulgars in Serbia. Greek ports, even Athens, were open to the vessels of the Allies bringing troops and supplies to this land of dubious neutrality. Toward the end of the second year the Allies even made a successful de-

Bulgarian troops on the march to the front

French artillery which supported the Serbian infantry in smashing the Bulgarian lines

mand for the right to administer the Greek posts and telegraphs on the plea that they were being used to carry information of value to the Teutons. Greece yielded to this as to everything, though her pro-German King Constantine took to his bed in an illness that may well have been brought on by chagrin and pique. But the Greek Government blandly declared all this to be the part of perfect neutrality, though they confessed that it was a benevolent neutrality to the Allies. Some one with a taste for research in diplomatic history discovered that in 1832, after a war for independence in which she was aided by Great Britain and France, the nation of Greece was established *under the protection* of those two nations and Russia. The Convention of London, by which the Kingdom of Greece had been erected, had never been annulled, and was now in force. What more reasonable then than that the troops of the protecting nations should be hurried to Greek territory to guard it from invasion by the Bulgars and Austrians who were knocking at its northern barriers?

The plea served its purpose at any rate and saved the day for the Allies in the Balkan regions—so far at least as it had been saved to midsummer of 1916. For the situation had for a year been most menacing to the Allied interests, and only by the friendly or enforced coöperation of Greece could it have been met. That it was grave was due in part to the strong pro-German sympathies of King Constantine, and in part to the diplomatic and military mistakes of the Allies in their early dealings with the Balkan problem.

Against the strength of Constantine the king was arrayed that of Venizelos, a popular leader. Himself a Cretan, the son of a farm laborer, this man had so identified himself with the popular cause in Greece that as far back as 1906 he had been made Prime Minister at the demand of the people. The pressure of the Allies upon Greece continued to grow during 1916. Finally, by their insistence the king was forced to demobilize his army, the cost of maintaining which had brought Greece to the verge of bankruptcy. At this moment he sought to deliver over to the Bulgarians—led by German officers—three forts, Rupel, Spatovo, and Dragotin, facing the British position at Salonika. That proved to be an act of rashness that brought affairs to a culmination. The populace of Athens revolted. The king fled to Larissa. The British instantly blocked all Greek ports, and the Entente Powers demanded the dismissal of the existing cabinet and the appointment of one in sympathy with their cause. All this was acceded to and, though the third year of the war ended with Greece still nominally neutral, her territory and railways were at the absolute disposal of the Allies who also assumed authority over her posts, telegraphs, and harbor authorities. Her king, stripped of all power, was an exile from his capital, and in midsummer of 1917 abdicated in favor of his

son Alexander. The government was administered in the interest of the Allies, and the one thing lacking to the actual participation of Greece in the war was that her armies should take the field.

In the fall of 1915 the Teutonic authorities determined to crush Serbia. Austria had proved unequal to the task. The Serbs, comparatively few as they were, had whipped them at every point. But for Germany to throw her colossal power into the scale was another matter. The Germans rightly concluded that for them to undertake such a campaign would bring into their alliance Bulgaria, still maintaining a hesitating neutrality. Moreover, they wanted to clear the direct road to the Dardanelles that men and munitions might the more speedily be hurried to that region when theatened by the British.

The Entente Allies had ample warning of this purpose, but their efforts to meet it began in dissension, proceeded through slow stages of hesitation and delay and ended in disgraceful inaction. A large section of British political and military opinion was against entering upon the struggle in the Balkans at all. This section believed in the concentration of all force in France and winning the war there. On the other hand to neglect the Balkans would be to lose assuredly Bulgaria and Roumania to the Central Powers, open the way to India to Germany, and make the Germanized *Mittel Europa* an accomplished fact. France, which might have been expected to urge the concentration of military force within her invaded territory, urged instead action in the Balkans, and General Joffre visited England to urge such action. In the end, delay lost Bulgaria to the Allies, while belated action secured Roumania only to abandon her to the overpowering forces of the German and Bulgarian arms.

Accordingly in October, 1915, a joint British and French expedition was sent to Saloniki, a port in the northeastern corner of Greece, and about fifty miles south of the Serbian boundary line. A mere handful at first these troops were gradually reënforced until in 1916 they exceeded 300,000 and were put under the command of General Sarrail, who had initiated the defense at Verdun. Promptly upon landing they were rushed into Macedonia where they formed a juncture with the remnant of the Serbian army.

For by the time the Saloniki expedition had attained proportions sufficient to make it of importance in war the opportunity for its useful employment was past. Serbia had been overwhelmed by the German hordes under Mackensen, and by the Bulgarians who, as soon as they saw the German forces actually invading Serbia, made haste to join the Teutonic alliance, and to declare war upon their ancient enemy. Early in October Mackensen entered Serbian territory with a force for which the defenders were no match. Because of the nature of the country reliance

Serbian troops in the trenches holding their positions in spite of the bitter cold. This hastily constructed trench had just been captured from the Austrians

Peasants working on a military road near Monastir

was placed largely upon artillery and the wretched Serbs were literally blown out of their land. While the Teutons were advancing from the north, the Bulgars pushed in from the east. The Serbians, caught between two enemies and outnumbered at every point, had nothing for it but steady retreat. Belgrade, their capital, fell to the Teuton arms. Nish, their earlier capital, was taken by the Bulgars. Little Montenegro, with its army of 30,000 men, was drawn into the conflict on the Serbian side, but was quickly snuffed out like a candle by the blast of Von Mackensen's guns. By December 1st, practically all of Serbia had been subdued and her army driven to the seashore, through Albania, where it rested in hope of aid from the Allies. That aid came belatedly in the form of transports and men-of-war that ferried the fragments of the shattered Serbian army to the Island of Corfu, where they were rested and restored to efficiency.

The fighting in Serbia was peculiarly savage; the losses in proportion to numbers engaged very great. But the soldiers and the people of the ravaged district suffered cruelly from the plague that swept over the land after the armies of the Teutons and Bulgars had flooded it with blood. An American volunteer who served in the Serbian hospitals during the epidemic wrote:

> The conditions were appalling. The number of patients was beyond all hospital accommodation, and doctors and nurses were dying with their patients. In the Nish Hospital the patients were lying three and four in one bed, with one covering for the whole, while others lay on the floor, and even under the beds. At one time there were 700 patients to 200 beds, with only two doctors, one of them a young Swiss, who very shortly after fell ill. There were no sanitary arrangements. . . .
>
> And all the time the infection was being carried about by soldiers returning from the army, by peasants wandering at large, and, above all, by the travelers on the railways. The trains were crowded with all sorts of people—peasants in filthy clothes, rags, and goatskins, wandering aimlessly along corridors, looking in vain for accommodation, and all the carriages reeking of naphthalene.

In time it may be known, approximately, it can never be known certainly, whether weapons of war or disease claimed the more victims in Serbia. In July, 1915, it was estimated that more than 100,000 had perished of typhus and cholera. In this moment of dreadful agony the people of the United States responded nobly not only with offerings, but with personal service to the call of distress.

While Serbia was undergoing her martyrdom Roumania hung wavering between the rival applicants for her favor. The wonder is that when the time came for her to decide she should have cast in her lot with the Allies who had done her sister Balkan state so ill a turn. But Roumania had always stood with Russia and the Slav forces in the Balkans. Her people were strongly pro-Ally though her monarch's sympathies were with the House of Hohenzollern. None the less on August 27, 1916, Roumania declared war on Austria-Hungary. It was the same day Italy declared war on Germany and doubtless during the period of incertitude there had been diplomatic discussions between the two.

The entrance of Roumania upon the war at this precise moment had been discouraged

by all the Allies save Russia—who for her part made profuse promises of support and then callously broke them all. As a result Roumania, though embarking upon active hostilities with a dashing invasion of her enemy's territory, was almost immediately overwhelmed by the superior forces of her foes. Her army numbered about 600,000, but military critics declare it was badly led. None the less its appearance on the side of the Allies was hailed with an exultation that was doomed to be brief. Entering in August she was in a state of complete collapse in December. Her army that invaded Transylvania was driven out in shattered fragments. Mackensen and Falkenhayn cut through her troops in her own territory as the reaper cuts through the sighing grain. Bucharest fell, and the capital was moved to Jassy. For a time it seemed that the Roumanian army would be totally destroyed, but this calamity was averted. It was, however, broken in spirit and power, and after long pretence of resuming hostilities the government negotiated a separate peace in March, 1918.

The greatest disaster which befell the British arms in the southeast was the failure of the British expedition against the Dardanelles undertaken in March of 1915 and ending in failure in January of the year following. No single campaign of the war was the cause of more bitter recriminations, or wrecked more reputations. Its inception was denounced—after its failure—as a blunder, and almost every step in its prosecution aroused an outcry of criticism from both professional and amateur strategists. But there was more of desperate valor than of blundering in the campaign, more of gallant self-sacrifice than of self-seeking; more of British dogged tenacity than of the typical British tendency to "muddle through somehow."

The one great blunder was in under-estimating at the outset the proportions of the task. Against the passage of ships, the narrow and tortuous straits which open the way from the Ægean Sea to the Sea of Marmora and thence into the Black Sea were mined, and lined with batteries artfully concealed among the rolling hillocks on the shore. German engineers had directed the Turks in making the land impregnable to attack. What they had accomplished at the point selected is graphically described by the English writer, John Masefield:

> Those who wish to imagine the scenes must think of twenty miles of any rough and steep sea coast known to them, picturing it as roadless, waterless, much broken with gullies, covered with scrub, sandy, loose and difficult to walk on, and without more than two miles of accessible landing throughout its length.

Serbian prisoners under guard of their German captors in the Ibar Valley

Roumanian troops advancing over the Austrian border

Let them picture this familiar twenty miles as dominated at intervals by three hills bigger than the hills about them, the north hill a peak, the centre a ridge or plateau, and the south hill a lump. Then let them imagine the hills entrenched, the landing mined, the beaches tangled with barbed wire, ranged by howitzers and swept by machine guns, and themselves three thousand miles from home, going out before dawn, with rifles, packs, and water bottles, to pass the mines under shell fire, cut through the wire under machine gun fire, clamber up the hills under the fire of all arms, by the glare of shell-burst in the withering and crashing tumult of modern war, and then to dig themselves in in a waterless and burning hill while a more numerous enemy charge them with the bayonet. And let them imagine themselves enduring this night after night, day after day, without rest or solace, nor respite from the peril of death, seeing their friends killed, and their position imperilled, getting their food, their munitions, even their drink, from the jaws of death, and their breath from the taint of death, and their brief sleep upon the dust of death. Let them imagine themselves driven mad by heat and toil and thirst by day, shaken by frost at midnight, weakened by disease and broken by pestilence, yet rising on the word with a shout and going forward to die in exultation in a cause foredoomed and almost hopeless. Only then will they begin, even dimly, to understand what our seizing and holding of the landings meant.

The original British plan had been to limit the attack to the navy alone and, on the18th of February the vessels of the most powerful Allied fleet ever gathered together, headed by the great *Queen Elizabeth*, at that time the newest and most powerful of the British superdreadnoughts, delivered the attack at the Ægean end of the Dardanelles. The strait itself is about forty-two miles long, very tortuous in its course, and varying in width from one to four miles. The channel was of course blocked at the outset by Turkish mines. The defenses at the Ægean entrance were antiquated and quite readily silenced by the assailants. First among the attacking fleet was the *Queen Elizabeth*, carrying eight 15–inch guns in her primary battery with a range far exceeding that of any ordnance mounted in the Turkish batteries, so that she could easily lie at a point thoroughly safe from any fire from the enemy, sheltered by intervening hills, and drop her 15–inch shells into the enemy's works. One of these shells discharged 20,000 shrapnel bullets. Backed by such ships as the *Agamemnon*, *Irresistible*, and the French *Gaulois*, she began the bombardment at a range of from 11,000 to 12,000 yards, and in less than an hour the forts at Kum Kale and Sedd-el-Bahr were reduced to such a degree of impotence that the smaller vessels could run in and finish the work. In this engagement the success of the British was so complete that they felt confident that the conquest of the straits from end to end would be effected with equal ease. This hope, however, proved illusory. The Allied fleet entered the straits with the purpose of pressing through and silencing the forts on either side as they progressed. But they found that forts and batteries they supposed were silenced suddenly sprang into new life and poured upon them a savage and well-directed fire. Trawlers and destroyers had been sent ahead to sweep the strait of mines, but the battle had hardly been in progress two hours when the *Bouvet*, the largest of the French battleships on the scene, struck a

mine. Sinking by the stern as she rapidly began to do, she attracted the attention of the Turkish gunners who concentrated upon her a fierce fire. Badly cut to pieces and with the operation of her machinery abruptly stopped, the *Bouvet* sank while surrounded by torpedo boats and destroyers striving to save her crew. Only a few could be rescued. Shortly thereafter the *Irresistible*, a British pre-dreadnought and the *Ocean* of the same class, also went down, but swift action by destroyers saved most of their personnel. The British had thought the Turkish tiger was sleeping, but it had savagely used its teeth and claws.

The complete failure of the Allied fleet in the Dardanelles was a bitter disappointment to its champions, particularly to those in England where it had been believed that the British navy was equal to any task that might be set it. But it may be said that this war has demonstrated that a fleet alone can never be effective against land fortifications. Naval authorities of both allied nations insisted that the passage of the straits was not impossible, but coupled their insistence with the conclusion that such a passage would be valueless unless accompanied by a land force to take possession of the defenses which the ships would put out of action.

Accordingly while the allied fleets, anchoring out of danger, continued a desultory bombardment of the forts, a great military expedition was organized in Egypt under the command of Sir Ian Hamilton. Fifty thousand men, both French and British, reached the Gallipoli Peninsula late in April.

The first landing was made at a point, Gaba Tepe, a bay on the Ægean side of the peninsula away from the Dardanelles. The landing was begun about 3 A. M. while it was still dark, the men being placed in small boats which were towed by the battleships and destroyers as near to the shore as the draught of water would permit. About a half a mile from shore the boats cast off and made their way toward the beach. In that darkest hour that precedes the dawn the watchers on the ships could not tell whether their fellows were approaching a deserted coast or whether in that blackness there lurked a powerful force of the enemy ready to greet them with rifle shots and machine guns. Suddenly they saw an alarm

Map showing the Turks in Asia, also the opposing forces of British and Russians and the approximate strength of each

Australian ("Anzac") troops charge a Turkish trench near Gallipoli

light flash on the shore and signal for a moment or two, when there burst out a rapid fire of rifles that told to the men still on the ships that their comrades would have to fight their way to a foothold on the beach.

Landing was a desperate business. The Turks had not confined their obstructions to the dry land, but had mined and wired the few beaches at which landings were practicable under the water, so that the boats were blocked many yards from the shore and exposed to the murderous fire of the land batteries. A large tramp steamer, the *River Clyde* was packed with troops and beached at a strategic point. Several lighters also filled with men were attached to her protected side, the purpose being to swing them around so as to form a bridge between the ship and the shore. This done, great doors which had been cut in the side of the steamer would be thrown open and the troops would rush to the shore. How sadly the effort miscarried John Masefield tells picturesquely:

Five picket boats, each towing five boats or launches full of men, steamed alongside the *River Clyde* and went ahead when she grounded. She took the ground rather to the right of the little beach some four hundred yards from the ruins of Sedd-el-bahr Castle before the Turks had opened fire, but almost as she grounded, when the picket boats with their tows were ahead of her only twenty or thirty yards from the beach, every rifle and machine gun in the castle, the town above it, and in

Turkish infantry with fixed bayonets marching through the streets of Constantinople

French soldiers returning from a reconnoitring expedition. They have luckily escaped a shell which is seen bursting just behind them

the curved low strongly trenched hill along the bay began a murderous fire upon ship and boats. There was no question of their missing. They had their target on the front and both flanks at ranges between one hundred and three hundred yards in clear daylight, thirty boats bunched together and crammed with men, and a good big ship. The first outbreak of fire made the Bay as white as a rapid, for the Turks fired not less than 10,000 shots a minute for the first few minutes of that attack. Those not killed in the boats at the first discharge jumped overboard to wade or swim ashore, many were killed in the water, many who were wounded were swept away and drowned, others trying to swim in the fierce current were drowned by the weight of their equipment; but some reached the shore, and these instantly doubled out to cut the wire entanglements and were killed, or dashed for the cover of a bank of sand or raised beach which runs along the curve of the bay. Those very few who reached this cover were out of immediate danger, but they were only a handful. The boats were destroyed where they grounded. Meanwhile the men of the *River Clyde* tried to make their bridge of boats, by sweeping the lighters into position and mooring them between the ship and the shore. They were killed as they worked, but others took their places, the bridge was made, and some of the Munsters dashed along it from the ship and fell in heaps as they ran. As a second company followed, the moorings of the lighters broke or were shot, the men leaped into the water and were drowned or killed, or reached the beach and were killed, or fell wounded there, and lay under fire getting wound after wound till they died; very, very few reached the sand bank. More brave men jumped aboard the lighters to remake the bridge. They were swept away or shot to pieces; the average life on those boats was some three minutes long, but they remade the bridge, and the third company of the Munsters doubled down to death along it under a storm of shrapnel which scarcely a man survived. The big guns in Asia were now shelling the *River Clyde* and the hell of rapid fire never paused. More men tried to land, headed by Brigadier-General Napier, who was instantly killed with nearly all of his followers. Then for long hours the remainder stayed

A sector of the Allies spring drive on the Macedonian front. Serbian troops holding a temporary trench and breastwork made of field stone

Mohammedan volunteers leaving Jerusalem to join the Turkish army against the British

on board, down below in the grounded steamer while the shots beat on her plates with a rattling clang which never stopped. Her twelve machine guns fired back, killing any Turk who showed, but nothing could be done to support the few survivors of the landing who now lay under cover of the sand bank on the other side of the beach.

The situation was hopeless, but the British thought to reënforce such of their troops as had got ashore and fight on. A new expedition of 50,000 men was sent to the straits and put ashore without serious opposition at a point called Ari Burnu, but which the soldiers promptly named Anzac Bay, that name being derived from the initials of the words by which the troops engaged in the expedition were known—"Australia and New Zealand Army Corps." With this foothold it was hoped that the Turkish main force on the peninsula might be attacked simultaneously front and rear and thus overwhelmed. Admirable as the plan seemed it was destined to failure. There followed twelve days of uninterrupted fighting in which the losses were heavier than at any other period of the Dardanelles campaign. And yet nothing came of this at all except the definite check of the British. The offensive was dropped and all military minds in the general staff of the Allies were concentrated on the problem how to get the army, which by this time numbered 200,000 men or more, out of the peninsula. Here for the first time the Turks, notwithstanding their German leadership, showed inefficiency. They had been magnificent in defense. While it was true that they had the advantage of overwhelming numbers, they defended their country successfully against a powerful attacking force on land and a naval force of absolutely unprecedented strength. But now they let slip the game that was fairly within their grasp. For some reason they could not be led into any effective attack upon the British forces which were really at their mercy. Instead they kept up a merely desultory assault upon the British outposts, while with most admirable skill Sir Ian Hamilton gradually withdrew his forces until by the first week of January, 1916, all had left the peninsula. The French, who had held the Asiatic mainland, were withdrawn at about the same moment.

No single operation of the great war resulted so disastrously to the Allies as the Dardanelles expedition. The price paid was a loss reported officially up to December 11, 1915, of 112,921 men. Moreover, there were up to that time 96,683 men admitted to the Allies' hospitals. Six battleships, one of them French, were lost in the course of the naval operations. The conditions of fighting were such as to break down the constitutions of the men. The water supply was utterly inadequate. All water had to be brought by ship, landed in water bags, and carried on mule back to the various camps. General Hamilton reported that in the battle of August 10th he dared not order his reserves

PORTUGAL

Government:	Republic
President:	Dr. Bernardino Machado
Area:	36,000 square miles
Population.	6,000,000
Date of entering the war·	March 10, 1916
Army (peace basis):	400,000
Navy:	About: 3 dreadnoughts, 5 cruisers, 5 destroyers, 3 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $11,960,000; imports, $5,750,000 (1913)
Greatest export:	Food substances
Reason for entering the war:	To maintain her treaty with Great Britain
National Wealth:	$5,000,000,000
National Debt:	$1,100,000,000

RUMANIA

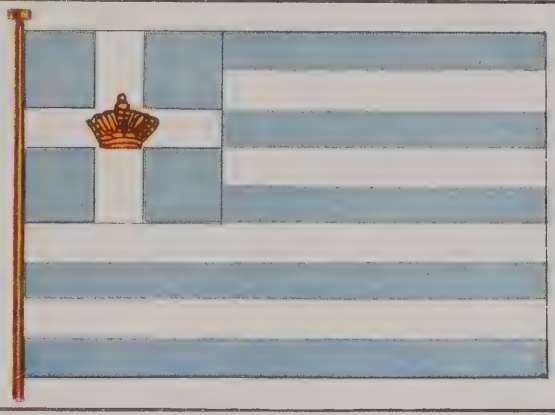
Government:	Constitutional monarchy since the year 1886
Ruler:	Ferdinand I.
Area:	54,000 square miles
Population:	7,500,000
Date of entering the war:	August 28, 1916
Army (war basis):	600,000
Navy:	1 cruiser, 4 destroyers
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $32,200,000; imports, $18,170,000 (1913)
Reason for entering the war:	To help Russia and thwart the designs of Turkey and Bulgaria Shortly after her entrance into the war Rumania was invaded by the Germans who now hold the greater part of the country. The capital was removed from Bucharest to Jassy

MONTENEGRO

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Nicholas I.
Area:	6,000 square miles
Population:	516,000
Date of entering the war:	August 7, 1914
Army (field strength):	40,000
Navy:	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	None
Greatest exports:	Fine woods and wines
Reason for entering the war:	The Montenegrins are close kin to the Serbs and entered the war to aid Serbia In 1915 the Germans invaded and captured the kingdom. King Nicholas and the Government are now established in France at Neuilly-sur-Seine

GREECE

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Alexander
Area:	41,933 square miles
Population:	4,821,000
Date of entering the war:	June 29, 1917
Army (peace basis).	60,000
Navy:	7 pre-dreadnoughts, 14 destroyers, 2 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war·	Exports, $5,520,000; imports, 5,980,000
Greatest exports:	Raw foods, raw minerals, and wine
Reason for entering the war:	To aid the Allies to restore the Balkan status quo. Through the efforts of the former ruler Constantine I., Greece maintained her neutrality until June, 1917, when he was exiled



into action because of their sufferings from thirst.

"At Anzac," he said, "when the mules with water bags arrived at the front, the men would rush up to them in swarms just to lick the moisture that exuded through the canvas bags." At other points lighters carrying the water from the ships to the shore grounded some distance out and the men had to swim to them to fill their water bottles.

There has seldom been so extraordinary an achievement as the withdrawal of the British force from Suvla and Anzac with practically no loss whatsoever. General Hamilton in advance estimated his probable casualties at 50 per cent.; they were in fact three killed and five wounded out of more than 70,000 men withdrawn. The withdrawal was effected in two nights and conducted so quietly and with such astute measures for the deception of the Turks that the latter were lulled to security and hardly awakened to the fact that their enemy was stealing away before the entire British expedition was again on its ships.

Meantime south of the Dardanelles the empire of the Turk was threatened from the east, the west and the south. The invaders from the east were the Russians and we may give our first attention to their progress.

The primary object of the Russians was the capture of the town of Erzerum, in Armenia, just southeast of the Russian border. This ancient fortress on the Turkish road to India, and on the Russian road through Asia Minor to Constantinople, has long been a strategic point for which the Russians and Turks have struggled. Since the beginning of the last century this warfare has taken the shape of endless riot, massacre, and border warfare between the Christian Armenians and the Kurds who yield allegiance to the Crescent. But never have the unspeakable barbarities inflicted upon the Armenians by the Turks been so cruel, so revolting and so monstrous in the numbers slain, starved, ravished and enslaved as during this war. It ceased to be a story of the raiding of villages and became a bloody record of the annihiliation of whole provinces. The Turks—allies of the Hohenzollern who proclaims himself divinely appointed of God—slaughtered Armenians by the tens of thousands, made women by the hundreds march naked in the broiling sun, drove whole communities into the desert to perish of exposure, hunger and thirst, and practically annihilated a nation by methods of unspeakable barbarity with no word of protest from their Christian ally!

Scarcely had war between Russia and Turkey been declared when the Russian army crossed the border, overran northern Persia, and though railroads were unavailable and the country most difficult to cover, penetrated far into the interior. The Russian Grand Duke Nicholas who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from around Galicia, where he had been in command of the Russian armies during their first advance into that country, appeared in the Caucasus in the middle of February, 1915. Erzerum, a Turkish stronghold, was speedily taken, and in the summer of 1915 about a third of the Grand Duke's army at Erzerum was dispatched to take Trebizond, the chief port on the Black Sea, while the remainder turned to the southward pursuing the Turks and fighting for control of the roads leading up to the Bagdad Railway. It was on the 16th of February that the chief Armenian city had been taken; March 2d they took the fortified city of Bitlis; and on the 18th of April, with the Black Sea fleet coöperating with them, the Russian land forces actually entered Trebizond.

Meanwhile the British forces were fighting their way up the Tigris toward Bagdad and toward Jerusalem and Aleppo from Suez and the Mediterranean coast. These were the most important operations undertaken in Asia Minor and were still in successful progress at the opening of 1918 with both Bagdad and Jerusalem fallen to the British arms. The Euphrates and Tigris rivers, uniting in the Shatt-el-Arab, flow through important oil fields belonging to an English company. The war had hardly begun before the importance of oil as a munition of war became apparent, and the British, having taken the port of Basra some distance up the river, undertook an expedition partly for the protection of these oil fields and partly to begin an advance upon Bagdad which was destined to be the terminus of the German railroad south from Constantinople. They were opposed by the Turks from the very first, but for eight months their successes were uninterrupted. By July of 1915 the expedition then under command of General Sir John Nixon was within striking distance of Bagdad,

and a detachment under command of Sir Charles Townshend, of about 12,000 men, was sent ahead to capture that capital. But thereupon misfortune fell heavily upon them. The British had evidently erred as they did at Antwerp, and again at the Dardanelles. They had sent a boy to do a man's job. Attacked at Ctesiphon by an overwhelming Turkish force the expedition was badly beaten and forced to retreat some sixty miles to a point called Kut-el-Amara. Here for five months it was held so closely invested that it could be reached only by aeroplanes. Early in January, 1916, a strong relief column was sent out to its aid. But its path was blocked by superior forces. In the end the beleaguered British were forced by starvation and the exhaustion of all supplies to surrender on April 29, 1916.

But the British nation does not take easily to defeat. At home there was the usual clamor in the press and serious discussion in Parliament. But at the front there was merely a setting of jaws, tightening of belts and a determination to get the city of the Arabian Nights yet. General Sir F. Stanley Maude was sent out to command in place of Sir John Nixon. Reënforcements and fresh munitions poured in. Once again the ascent of the river toward Bagdad was begun. It had taken Townshend two months to reach Assizeh in 1915; in 1916 General Maude accomplished the distance in three months. March 11, 1917 the traditional home of Haroun al Raschid fell to the British invader. In December of the same year Jerusalem was taken by the British under General Sir Edmund Allenby. The year thus closed with the British in full control in Syria, Palestine and Mesopotamia. But the Russians, whose coöperation in Asia Minor was so essential to complete Allied success, held in check by the conditions of anarchy prevailing in Petrograd, rested on their arms and the campaign in their section was virtually abandoned.

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Staff of Turkish officers with General Von der Goltz, who directed operations in Turkey. The Turks are under the thumb of the Germans

A United States destroyer starting a smoke screen as she plows at top speed through a choppy sea

CHAPTER V

THE NAVIES IN THE WAR—ZEAL OF THE GERMANS—BRITISH CONTROL THE SEAS—THE END OF THE COMMERCE DESTROYERS—BATTLE OFF FALKLAND ISLANDS—BATTLE OFF THE BIGHT OF HELIGOLAND—WEDDIGEN'S EXPLOIT—BATTLE OF CORONEL—BATTLE OFF DOGGER BANK—BOMBARDMENT OF BRITISH COASTWISE TOWNS—BATTLE OF JUTLAND

TO the astonishment of the world the naval operations of the Great War were characterized by a deadlock almost as complete, and continuous as that of the armies dug-in in France and Belgium. All men had thought that the superiority of the British navy was so great that it would sweep the German fleet from the face of the waters, while those who had observed the dash and spirit of the German naval personnel never anticipated the adoption of a policy that has left the High Seas Fleet practically intact after almost four years of war.

Few factors in the international situation prior to 1914 had more to do with bringing on the war than the feverish activity of Germany in building a fleet which could only be designed to operate against that of Great Britain. Indeed the preamble to the German navy act of 1900 frankly expressed the purpose of that nation to build a fleet which could meet on no uncertain terms that of their neighbor beyond the North Sea. It seemed at the moment a futile ambition. England was committed to the "two power standard." That is to say her successive governments were pledged to maintain a navy equal in fighting force to that which any two powers of Europe, acting in alliance, could could bring against her. This standard which had been maintained for years Germany frankly challenged. Von Tirpitz, admiral of the German Navy, and a great man in vision and power even if he did commit the blunder of establishing the policy of ruthless submarine warfare, by which the United States was brought into the war as Germany's foe, led the fight for naval development which began about 1900. Germany had never been a seafaring nation, but a systematic agitation turned the thoughts of its people toward marine expansion both in the naval and merchant marine fields. Liberal governmental aid developed the enormous merchant fleets of the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd corporations. A Navy League was formed for pushing naval expansion and soon numbered over 3,000,000 members. The Kaiser's powerful influence was enlisted and, although the army always was first in his thoughts, he left nothing undone to stimulate national enthusiasm and pride in the sea service.

Great Britain was far and away first in naval power, and it might have been long before Germany could have hoped to rival her except for a change in naval standards which the British themselves effected. The relative strength of navies is always estimated in terms of their heaviest fighting ships—the first line of battle. Prior to the twentieth century these had been first-class battleships, and the British lead was not to be overcome. But with the building of the first dreadnought the rivals started on even terms, and when in 1906–'08 Great Britain discovered that while she had laid down the keels of eight dreadnoughts, Germany had laid down nine, the Admiralty gasped, then squared their shoulders and began the work of navy building at a pace never before dreamed of. Efforts made by prudent statesmen to get both governments to limit construction were unavailing. Day and night the ship yards resounded with the clangor of the steam riveters. Battleships were described as old when

Sinking of the *Falaba*. The South African liner, *Falaba*, was torpedoed without warning and sank so rapidly that many passengers had no time to take to the boats

they had been in commission four years. Nothing smaller than the dreadnought with ten of the largest rifles was considered worth while, and the type soon developed into the superdreadnought class of 25,000 tons with ten 13-inch and twelve 6-inch guns and with an armor belt a foot thick at its point of greatest weight. Such a ship would carry more than a thousand officers and men and cost about $10,000,000. Of vessels of this type Great Britain had eleven complete and three nearly so in 1914; Germany had none, though three were under construction. Of the next type, the dreadnought battleship, Germany and England had each eighteen.

At the outset of the war Germany had to face the combined navies of Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan. Her one ally was Austria-Hungary.

As naval powers in the war Japan and Russia may be dismissed as negligible. The navy of the former, indeed, is a very considerable fighting force but was mainly employed in guard duty in the Pacific, except for a number of destroyers that operated against German submarines in the Mediterranean. The Russian navy had not in 1914 recovered from its losses in the disastrous war with Japan. Such fighting force as it still retained was cooped up in the Baltic and the Black Seas.

Contemporary estimates of the strength of the British navy at the opening of the

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H. M. S. *Queen Elizabeth* perhaps the most famous warship in the world, bombarding Cape Helles (Gallipoli) to cover the landing of the Allied forces. She was the first battleship to carry fifteen-inch guns

war, including two destroyers purchased from Chile, and two battleships building for Turkey which were commandeered, gives the following figures for the principal classes:—

BATTLESHIPS AND BATTLE CRUISERS

Super-dreadnought type	14
Dreadnought type	18
Pre-dreadnought types (1895–1908)	38
Super-dreadnoughts completing	3
Total	73
Armored cruisers (1901–1908)	34
Cruisers (1890–1914)	87
Destroyers (1893–1914)	227
Torpedo boats (1885–1908)	109
Submarines (1904–1913)	75

Auxiliary to these were innumerable lesser vessels such as mother ships for destroyers and submarines, mine layers, oil ships, repair and hospital ships.

The navy with which Germany prepared to meet this prodigious fighting force was believed to be the next most powerful fleet in the world, although it was the creation of only fifteen years of effort. Its High Sea Fleet, of whose operations we shall have much to say, consisted of twenty-one battleships, thirteen of them of the dreadnought type. Germany had no super-dreadnought—a serious weakness. In this fleet there were furthermore four battle cruisers, eight light cruisers and eighty torpedo boats. The total German naval strength was:—

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Another victory for Kultur. This Atlantic liner was torpedoed and sunk without warning. This is Germany's method of carrying on naval warfare.

H M S *Iron Duke* firing her big guns somewhere in English waters. The location of English ships is a matter which the censor prefers to keep to himself

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British battleship plowing at high speed through a rough sea

BATTLESHIPS AND BATTLE CRUISERS

Dreadnought type	13
Dreadnought type (completing)	3
Pre-dreadnought (1891–1908)	22
Old types (1889–1893)	8
Total	46
Armored cruisers (1892–1913)	40
Cruisers (1893–1910)	12
Destroyers (1889–1913)	152
Torpedo boats (1887–1898)	45
Submarines	40

Coöperating with the British navy, and assuming entire responsibility for guarding the Mediterranean, was the navy of France. It possessed at the opening of the war twenty-four battleships, including ten dreadnought, an equal number of heavy cruisers, eight light cruisers, eighty destroyers, 140 torpedo boats and about fifty submarines. This force alone would have assured control of the Mediterranean, but before the war had continued for a year, Italy came into the struggle, bringing her very considerable fleet to the Allies' aid. Germany was no factor in the Mediterranean situation. None of her ships, except the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, the story of which is told elsewhere, ever entered that sea unless it were a few wandering submarines. The Teutonic strength in those waters was the navy of Austria-Hungary, which at the outbreak of the war numbered 15 battleships, three of them being dreadnoughts, two armored cruisers, nine light cruisers, fifteen destroyers, 58 torpedo boats and six submarines. This fleet was practically confined to the Adriatic and its services—except for its submarines, which were very active—were neither prominent nor glorious during the war.

Everything possible had been done to instil into the minds of the German officers the conviction that ship for ship their fleet was superior to that of Great Britain, and that when the time came for them to meet in battle the Teutons would not come out without a lavish share of glory. Professional opinion in Germany could not have been ignorant of the fact that the British navy outclassed their own in number of ships and in weight of metal by almost three to one. Nevertheless every German officer was eager for war, hoping that its chances might get him at least into a battle in which the opposing fleets would be nearly enough equal to give him a chance of victory. Night after night in German wardrooms and at naval banquets at

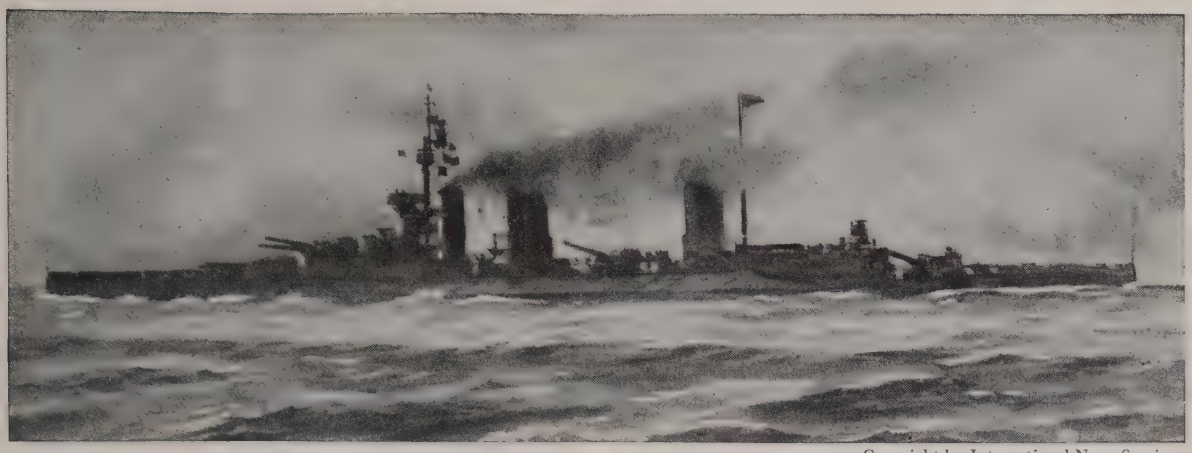
Australians embarking at Sydney off to the war

French hydroaeroplane assisting the gunners to bombard the Dardanelles

which there were no foreign guests, was drunk the cryptic toast "Der Tag"—meaning The Day when Great Britain and Germany should try conclusions on the sea. Always it brought the younger officers to their feet with cheers and brimming glasses, for whatever may have been the real attitude of the German nation in the five years before the war, the navy was fairly spoiling for a fight.

However bellicose and confident the attitude of the younger officers, the High Command of the German navy had no illusions about the power of their navy to withstand that of Great Britain. On the instant of the declaration of war they accepted the position of the inferior power and swept all their fighting ships that were within range of protected naval bases into these places of refuge—those that were far from Germany in foreign seas became mere commerce destroyers going to and fro on the face of the waters sinking unarmed ships, and avoiding,with one or two exceptions, any adversaries worthy of their metal. The North Sea was swept clean and

German battleship squadron with its guardian Zeppelin



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H. M. S. *Lion* racing into action

the High Sea Fleet, under command of Admiral von Igenohl, scurried to Wilhelmshaven and Kiel as chickens skurry for safety under the wings of the hen when the shadow of a hawk falls athwart the poultry yard. It was not glorious strategy, but it was wise strategy. It admitted the inferiority of the German fleet and indicated a purpose to use it prudently as fortunate chances might arise, to prune down the enemy's overwhelming power, meantime adhering to the sage but inglorious twentieth century maxim, "Safety First." No naval authority questions the wisdom of the German tactics, nor can one feel more than an amused toleration of the perpetual German boast that they were ready enough to fight if the "British would only come out of their holes."

That was pure brag for home consumption. But perhaps it was no more so than the assurance of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty, to Parliament apropos of

British submarines in Gosport Harbor

the elusive German fleet that "we will soon dig the rats out of their holes." That was in 1914 and 1918 saw the German naval bases still undisturbed. However, the British fleet was ever in the North Sea patrolling before the closed, mined and guarded seagates behind which lay the vessels of the Kaiser. Moreover German merchant ships vanished from the seas while the ocean commerce of Great Britain fed her people and munitioned her armies and those of her allies unvexed by interference other than that of the sinister submarines, and a few commerce destroyers, the latter being disposed of in the first six months of the war. In every neutral port of the world German merchant shipping was tied up for refuge from British cruisers—and as neutral after neutral entered the war on the Allied side the ships fell an easy prey to the new belligerents. In New York alone more than $100,000,000 worth of ships were thus lost to Germany. More than a million tons of German shipping were taken by British cruisers in the first two months of the war.

A German Zeppelin over London is spotted by a searchlight

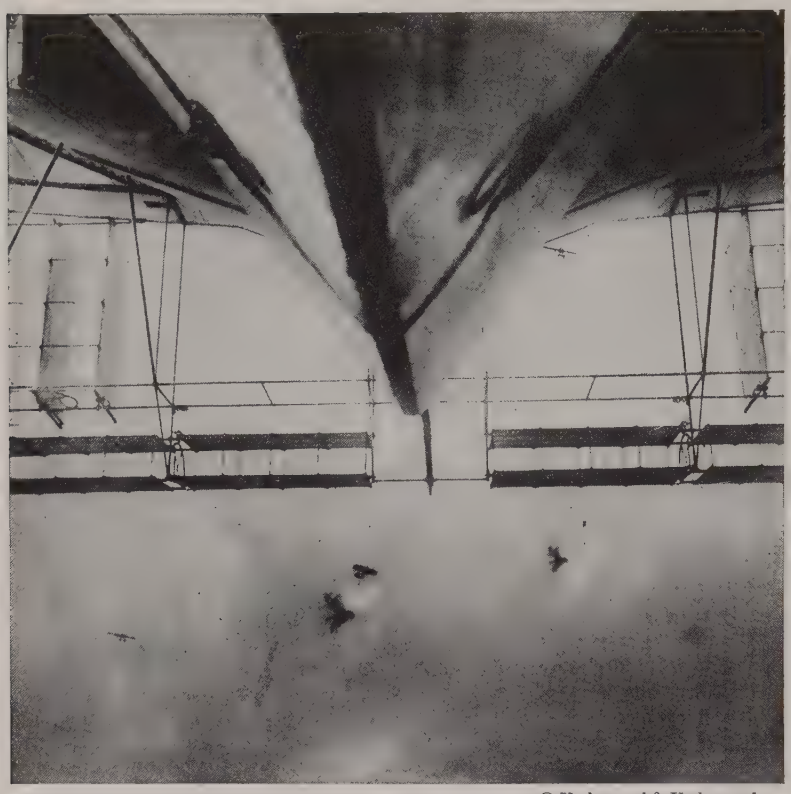
The story of the German commerce destroyers which escaped to the high seas on the outbreak of war is full of dashing incident. The devices by which the German naval office was able to keep track of these widely separated ships, and to arrange with precision the rendezvous far from the lanes of commerce at which neutral ships would meet them with coal, food and provisions, would make a story of engrossing interest. But all details are not yet obtainable. Elsewhere the story of the *Emden*, most dashing of all the raiders, is told in some elaboration. Enough here to chronicle the ends of the others, to show how brief was the shrift allowed them, and how wide the net the British navy flung forth to enmesh its foes. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, a converted "ocean greyhound," went first, sunk off the Cape Verde islands, August 30, 1914. In the far-off South Atlantic the *Cap Trafalgar* met her fate after a fight with the *Carmania*, a liner many Americans will remember, September 14th. The *Spreewald* was captured by the *Berwick* later in the same month. The *Dresden* went under in March, 1915, off the Island of Juan Fernandez. The *Koenigsberg* hotly pursued by enemy ships hid in an African river and was pounded to pieces by monitors. The *Karlsruhe* simply vanished—probably the victim of a tropical typhoon. *Prince Eitel Friedrich* found the pace too hot and slipped into Newport News for shelter. There she lay until, at our entrance upon the war, the United States seized her and made of her the transport *De Kalb*. Under the new flag she took to France the first detachment of United States troops. The single

The naval battle off Jutland, on May 31, 1916, was the first great test of the battle cruiser. Several of the British ships were lost but the battle was a German defeat, for their fleet returned to Kiel, and has not since come out in force

raiders had all disappeared by July, 1915.

Off the impregnable fortress of Heligoland, possession of which Germany owes to the narrow vision of Lord Salisbury, a sharp little action was fought August 28th in which the German cruisers *Mainz* and *Köln* were sunk, and according to British report another cruiser destroyed—the latter being denied by the Germans. The *Arethusa*, a British cruiser, suffered severely. The fight was brisk but without notable qualities, for its issue was certain because of the overpowering British force, not all of which ever went into the action. The battle was invited by the British who sent a flotilla of submarines backed by two squadrons of destroyers into the Bight of Heligoland. They were quickly detected by German airplanes and destroyers and cruisers came out to cut them off. The day was hazy—marked by what naval men call "low visibility." Nevertheless a lively little battle occurred. Both sides brought up cruisers to support their smaller craft and in the end Admiral Beatty brought into action his squadron of battle cruisers whose presence definitely settled the action. Behind Heligoland Von Igenohl had battle cruisers of his own, but for some reason forbore to send them into action with the result that his light cruisers were fairly crushed by the weight of British metal. One of the British officers described the battle succinctly in a letter—"There really was nothing for us to do except to shoot the enemy as Pa shoots pheasants.' But as the first naval battle of the war it aroused the wildest excitement in London.

The Germans, however, quickly had their revenge. On the morning of September 22d three British cruisers, the *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue*, were patrolling the North Sea not far from the Hook of Holland. They were all three cruisers of the same class; 12,000 tons each, with a 6-inch armor belt amidships,



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One of the most remarkable of photographs, taken from the bridge of a Zeppelin during a battle in the skies in a German air raid on England

with a main battery of two 9.2 inch guns and twelve 6-inch, and a complement of 755 men each. Well within the range of action of the German submarine and torpedo boats, their officers may well be supposed to have been all vigilance. At such a time a warship is all eyes.

Nevertheless, from none of these ships was a warning cry raised until a German submarine had slipped up to within a mile, fired her torpedo, and sent the *Aboukir* to her destruction. Gallantly, but as the event showed, rashly, her sister cruisers rushed to the aid of the stricken ship, but were themselves torpedoed by the same unseen enemy and sent to the bottom. Its deadly work completed, itself too small to be of aid in rescuing any of the survivors, the German submarine *U-9*, Cap-

The wreck of the famous cruiser *Emden* which, before her destruction off Cocos Island by the Australian cruiser *Sydney*, had destroyed 2 warships and 25 merchant ships

tain Otto Weddigen, with 26 men aboard, slipped away as secretly as it had stolen up and reached its base at Wilhelmshaven in safety.

At the moment this was the most notable achievement in the history of submarine warfare. Only the vaguest details of the exploit were permitted to leak out, the German War Office not being anxious for any intelligence to be made public that might interfere with the success of subsequent raids of the same sort, while the British Admiralty was not desirous of giving any additional publicity to so disquieting an illustration of the helplessness of even armored ships before the sinister submarine. An American newspaper, the New York *World*, secured some time later and published the following description of the exploit from Captain Weddigen himself. After telling of his voyage, the duration of which he conceals, he says that when eighteen miles northwest of the Hook of Holland he sighted through his periscope three British cruisers.

I submerged completely and laid my course so as to bring up in the centre of the trio, which held a sort of triangular formation. I could see their gray-black sides riding high over the water.

When I first sighted them they were near enough for torpedo work, but I wanted to make my aim sure, so I went down and in on them. I had taken the position of the three ships before submerging and I succeeded in getting another flash through my periscope before I began action. I soon reached what I regarded as a good shooting point.

Then I loosed one of my torpedoes at the middle ship. I was then about twelve feet under water and got the shot off in good shape, my men handling the

French hospital made a mark for the attacking German planes. Smoke is seen arising from the ashes of ten barracks. This hospital is only fifteen miles from the front lines, and serves for men too badly injured to be transported to the interior

Sir John Jellicoe's flagship, the *Iron Duke*

boat as if she had been a skiff. I climbed to the surface to get a sight through my tube of the effect, and discovered that the shot had gone straight and true, striking the ship, which I learned later was the *Aboukir*, under one of her magazines, which in exploding helped the torpedo's work of destruction.

There was a fountain of water, a burst of smoke, a flash of fire, and part of the cruiser rose in the air. Then I heard a roar and felt reverberations sent through the water by the detonation. She had been broken apart and sank in a few minutes. The *Aboukir* had been stricken in a vital spot by an unseen force that made the blow all the greater.

Her crew were brave, and even with death staring them in the face kept to their posts, ready to handle their useless guns, for I submerged at once. But I stayed on top long enough to see the other cruisers, which I learned were the *Cressy* and *Hogue*, turn and steam full speed to their dying sister, whose plight they could not understand, unless it had been due to an accident.

The ships came on a mission of inquiry and rescue, for many of the *Aboukir's* crew were now in the water, the order having been given, "Each man for himself."

But soon the other two English cruisers learned what had brought about the destruction so suddenly.

Great Britain arrays her war strength. The naval review at Spithead, just before the outbreak of the war, was probably the greatest display of armed sea power ever made

This wonderful picture shows a German plane darting through clouds to escape after being bombed by a French flier overhead

As I reached my torpedo depth I sent a second at the nearer of the oncoming vessels, which charge was for the *Hogue*. The English were playing my game, for I had scarcely to move out of my position, which was a great aid, since it helped to keep me from detection.

On board my little boat the spirit of the German navy was to be seen in its best form. With enthusiasm every man held himself in check and gave attention to the work in hand.

The attack on the *Hogue* went true. But this time I did not have the advantageous aid of having the torpedo detonate under the magazine, so for twenty minutes the *Hogue* lay wounded and helpless on the surface before she heaved, half turned over, and sank.

By this time, the third cruiser knew, of course, that the enemy was upon her and she sought as best she could to defend herself. She loosed her torpedo defense batteries of both starboard and port, and stood her ground as if more anxious to help the many sailors who were in the water than to save herself. In common with the method of defending herself against a submarine attack, she steamed in a zigzag course, and this made it necessary for me to hold my torpedoes until I could lay a true course for them, which also made it necessary for me to get nearer to the *Cressy*. I had come to the surface for a view and saw how wildly the fire was being sent from the ship. Small wonder that was when they did not know where to shoot, although one shot went unpleasantly near us.

When I got within suitable range I sent away my third attack. This time I sent a second torpedo after the first to make the strike doubly certain. My crew were aiming like sharpshooters and both torpedoes went to their bull's eye. My luck was with me again, for the enemy was made useless and at once began sinking by her head. Then she careened far over, but all the while her men stayed at the guns looking for their invisible foe. They were brave and true to their country's sea traditions. Then she eventually suffered a boiler explosion and completely turned turtle. With her keel uppermost she floated until the air got out from under her and then she sank with a loud sound, as if from a creature in pain.

The whole affair had taken less than one hour from the time of shooting off the first torpedo until the *Cressy* went to the bottom. Not one of the three had been able to use any of its big guns. I knew the wireless of the three cruisers had been calling for aid. I was still quite able to defend myself, but I knew that news of the disaster would call many English submarines and torpedo-boat destroyers, so having done my appointed work I set my course for home.

More than 1,200 men went down with the three cruisers—done to their death by a handful of but 26. Thirty-six thousand tons of modern steel warships, packed with heavy guns and equipped with all the latest devices for maritime warfare, were destroyed in an hour by a pigmy craft of 450 tons. What

Every conceivable sort of a cave or underground passageway is utilized to protect the helpless from the ruthless air raids of the Germans

wonder that men the world over began to predict the abandonment even of the dreadnoughts, for all their weight of armor on their sides will avail them not a whit against attack from below. As the ironclad sides of the *Merrimac*, and the revolving turret of the little *Monitor* relegated to the scrapheap the "wooden walls of England," so the submarine, and its scarcely less sinister coadjutor, the airship, may put an end to the $12,000,000 floating forts of steel which the Powers have been building.

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In a recent raid over England, these two German Gothas were destroyed and their six occupants made prisoners

But no success of like extent and dramatic quality was won again by the German underwater-boats. After this bitter experience the British materially altered their naval tactics in water frequented by submarines. Vessels of the size of the three slaughtered cruisers were no longer employed as patrols in such waters. Trawlers, converted yachts and small swift motor boats called "chasers" were used instead, exposing the minimum number of men to peril. And out of this disaster sprang a new naval regulation that jarred sadly upon the gallantry of the service, for it was ordered that whenever one of a squadron was sunk the others instead of coming to the succor of the survivors should seek safety in flight—scattering far and wide to every point of the compass. It was a prudent rule but one most repugnant to the chivalrous instincts of navy men.

Because of these new regulations and of growing skill in the detection of submarines the operations of submarines against warships were not of great importance after the first ten weeks of war. Yet in that period seven British cruisers with a tonnage of 48,370 were sunk by the "vipers of the sea" with a loss of 2,298 men. The losses were mainly on the British side because British ships only were at sea—the Germans were locked up in their mined and fortified harbors. In such service as was open to them British submarine commanders gave a good account of themselves. In 1915 one of them took his boat from an English port, the whole length of the Mediterranean, through the Dardanelles, dived under five rows of mines and sunk the Turkish battleship *Mesudieh*. After the early months of the war German submarine activity took the form of a campaign against merchant ships of every nation, including the neutrals, in a vain effort to shut off the supplies of food and munitions that were pouring into England from every quarter. As it was this campaign that brought Germany into collision with the

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The result of a German air raid on England. In this case two schoolboys were killed

United States, ultimately forcing the latter nation into the war, its details will be considered in the chapters dealing with that subject.

When the outbreak of the war was announced by cables and wireless to the world there were scattered about Pacific waters seven German warships of considerable power—*Aeolus*, *Dresden*, *Leipzig*, *Nürnberg*, *Scharnhorst*, *Emden* and *Gneisenau*. At the moment they were widely dispersed, perhaps no two being within 2,000 miles of each other, and the way in which Vice Admiral Graf von Spee gathered them into a squadron was the admiration of naval men of the time. The *Aeolus* he was unable to get. She ran across a Japanese man-of-war at Honolulu and was sunk. The *Emden* joined the rest at the appointed rendezvous but was at once detached for work as a commerce destroyer. The other five cruised southward in the Pacific.

It was Britain's task to overhaul and demolish this squadron as speedily as possible. It had in waters near Cape Horn a fleet of three cruisers under Admiral Cradock—a force which proved utterly inadequate to cope with Von Spee's squadron. But it appears that there was some doubt as to whether Von Spee had the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*—new heavily armored ships—with him. Hoping that they might not be, Cradock was ordered to seek out the enemy and destroy

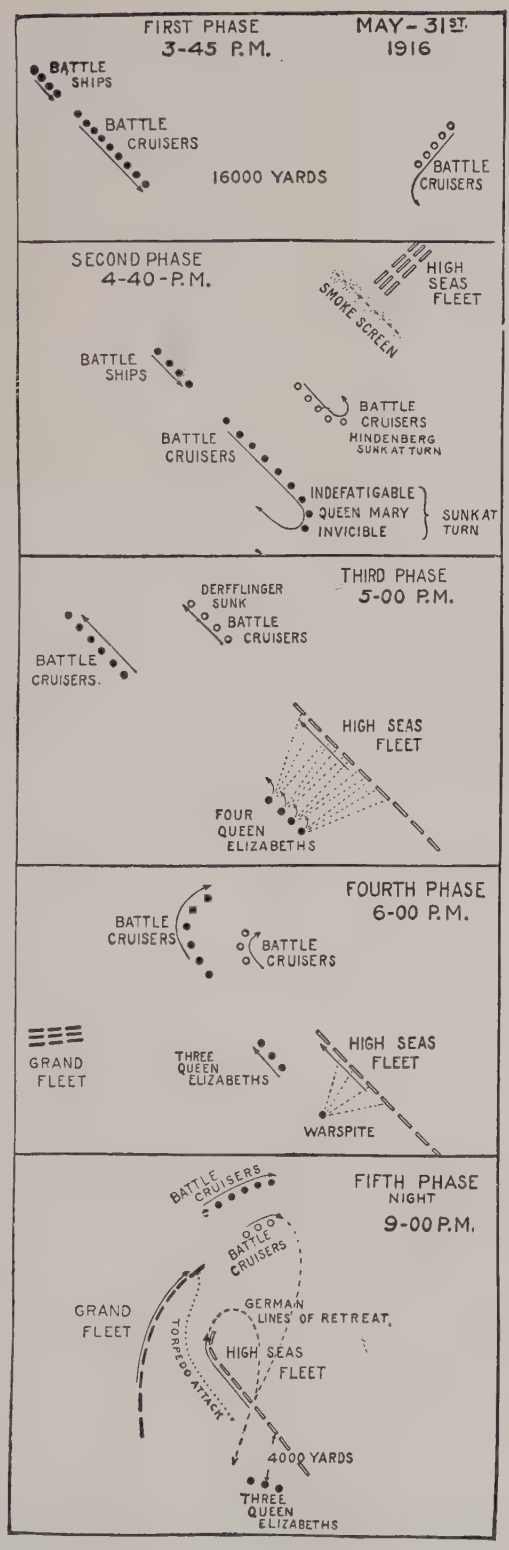


Diagram showing fleet formation in battle off Jutland

him. By way of safeguard the Admiralty ordered the *Canopus*, which was in Pacific waters, to his aid, but it proved a slow ship and arrived too late to take part in the battle.

The two squadrons met November 1st off Coronel, on the coast of Chile. The British admiral must have seen at a glance that his case was hopeless, for the two new German ships were in the van, while his belated reënforcement, the *Canopus*, was barely within reach of the wireless. Nevertheless he flung out his battle flags to the gale that was blowing and went gallantly into action. The fleets as they went into the fight compared thus:

GERMAN

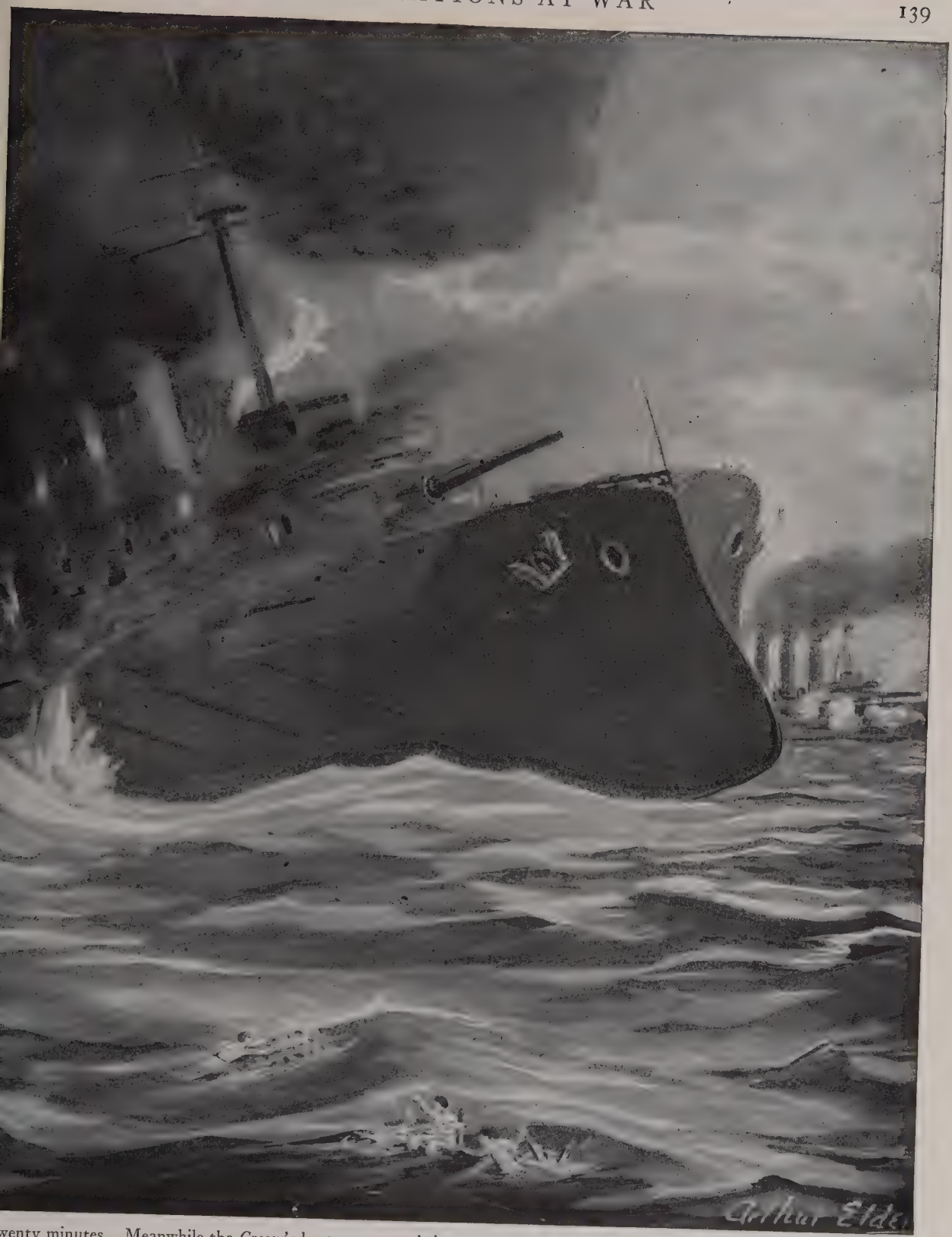
Scharnhorst, *Gneisenau*	Eight 8.2-inch; six 6-inch guns
Leipzig, *Nürnberg*	Ten 4-inch guns
Dresden	Twelve 4-inch guns

BRITISH

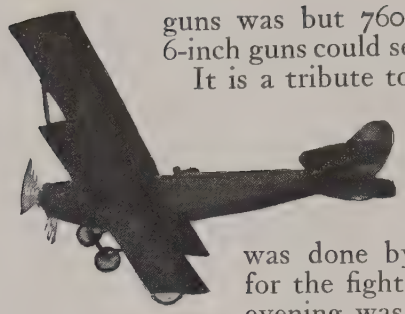
Monmouth	Fourteen 6-inch guns
Good Hope	Two 9.2-inch; sixteen 6-inch guns
Glasgow	Two 6-inch; ten 4-inch guns
Otranto	Merely an armed transport

The discrepancy in force was even greater than the table shows, for the 6-inch guns of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* being mounted on the lower deck were of practically no use in the wild storm in which the battle was fought. The broadside from the *Gneisenau* was of 3,300 lbs., the answering fire from *Good Hope's* two 9-inch

The *Aboukir* (at the left) was hit first, after which the *Hogue* (in foreground) was torpedoed so fatally as to sink within
ing the submarine, when he saw the havoc wrought in the two sinking ships, was so appalled that he almost retired without
four navies fighting us," whereupon



wenty minutes. Meanwhile the *Cressy's* boats were on their way to rescue the *Aboukir's* crew. Lt. Weddigen, command-
ttempting the destruction of the *Cressy*. His second in command is said to have reminded Weddigen, "You know we have
ne third fatal torpedo was launched



guns was but 760 lbs., and her 6-inch guns could seldom be used.

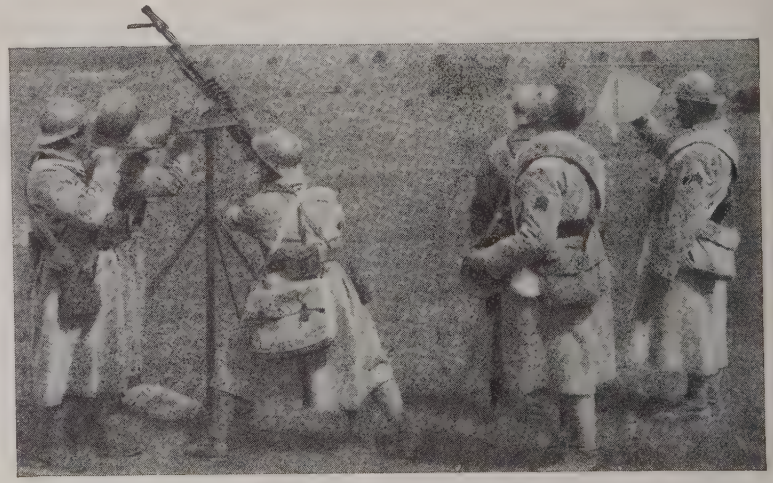
It is a tribute to the amazing accuracy of modern naval gunnery that serious execution was done by either side, for the fight began just as evening was closing down upon a wildly tempestuous sea. The Germans had the advantage of position, for the land behind them obscured the silhouette of their ships, while the British were sharply outlined against the dying sunset. But the waves were mountainous, the ships pitching like corks with the seas breaking over their topmost works. Nevertheless the German gunnery was such that in ten minutes the *Monmouth*, a mass of flames, was reeling out of the line, helpless and sinking. *Good Hope* was soon in like distress and in less than an hour blew up. On the two ships 1,600 men, including the Admiral, perished. The little unarmored *Glasgow*, sorely wounded, limped away, joined the *Canopus*, and ultimately found safety. The German squadron was uninjured, six wounded on the *Gneisenau* being the measure of the casualties.

This overwhelming defeat in the first considerable action of the war was a cruel blow to British naval pride. Twenty ships in all had now been lost to the Germans with no commensurate loss inflicted upon them. Berlin was exultant and London depressed, but not for long.

Von Spee's squadron must be exterminated. That was the determination of the Admiralty and they did not intend to make the mistake of again sending a boy upon a man's errand. Vice Admiral Sturdee with seven vessels, including two battle cruisers, *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, were sent to the Falkland Islands to coal and proceed thence on the search for the German fleet. By a stroke of good luck for the British, Von Spee determined also to go to the Falklands for coal. The two fleets met at the harbor's mouth December 7, 1914. The full strength of the British fleet was not at first evident to the German commander and he made preparations for battle with his usual gallantry. But when the two great battle cruisers, at first concealed by the configuration of the land, came into action the German admiral very properly turned and fled. Only so could he hope to save even a fragment of his fleet. He was outclassed in metal, range, and speed. Not less than twenty 12-inch guns (for which he had no match whatsoever) opposed him. The British had, moreover, four 7½ and thirty-eight 6-inch rifles. They could, and did, keep out of range of the Germans and batter them to pieces in entire safety.

Hoping to save his lighter cruisers Von Spee signalled them to drop out of line and make off, each for itself. But a faster and more powerful British ship was sent in pursuit of each fugitive. *Leipzig* sank under the fire of *Glasgow*. *Nürnberg*, though a knot faster on paper than her adversary *Kent*, was kept under fire by the superhuman efforts of the men in the latter's stokehold. She too was sunk. "The enemy continued firing their guns," writes the English commander, "until the ship was sinking, and as she sunk beneath the surface some brave men on her quarter deck were waving the German ensign." *Dresden* and *Prince Eitel Friedrich* escaped and became commerce raiders. We have already told of their later fate.

But the two chief German ships put up a magnificent running fight. *Scharnhorst* fell to the guns of *Inflexible; Gneisenau* to those of Sturdee's flagship *Invincible*. The fight



These machine gunners are learning to hit airplanes. Machine guns as well as anti-aircraft cannon can be counted among the active enemies of the aviator. In low-altitude work, particularly infantry control and balloon attacks, the aviators are in far more danger from machine-gun bullets than from anti-aircraft shells. If French aviators cross the German lines at less than 2,000 feet they expect to bring back some bullet holes

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The destruction of a French sausage balloon by a German plane. It is seen falling in flames to earth

lasted from one to four of a midsummer's afternoon, December in that sub-equatorial region being the middle of the heated term. It was for the British a battle of little loss. Their great guns outranged the enemy and their superior speed enabled them to maintain their position at any distance they chose. Through their glasses the officers could see the shells tear great holes in the sides of the fleeing ships showing the interiors glowing with ruddy flames. *Scharnhorst* went first, vanishing in a cloud of flame, smoke and steam. *Gneisenau* followed an hour later, turning over on her side and sinking with her dead, wounded, and many unhurt men. About two hundred were saved by the victors. The British losses were trifling—on the *Inflexible*, one killed; on the *Kent*, four; the *Glasgow*, nine. The German losses were heavy but not yet officially reported. Admiral Von Spee went down with four of his sons.

January 24, 1915, the Germans suffered another disaster afloat, this time in that part of the North Sea off the Dogger Bank. Though all the records were against them they persisted for years in denying that the battle was a reverse for their fleet. Not until

The destruction of the cruiser *Mainz*. This photograph was taken by a sailor on one of the British ships engaged in the fight off Heligoland. At the moment this picture was taken the two funnels of the *Mainz* had been shot away and flames were bursting through her deck. A few minutes later the doomed vessel sank, still defiantly firing to the last

The British Home Fleet steaming through the Solent. From left to right: the *King George*, *Thunderer*, *Monarch* and *Conqueror*

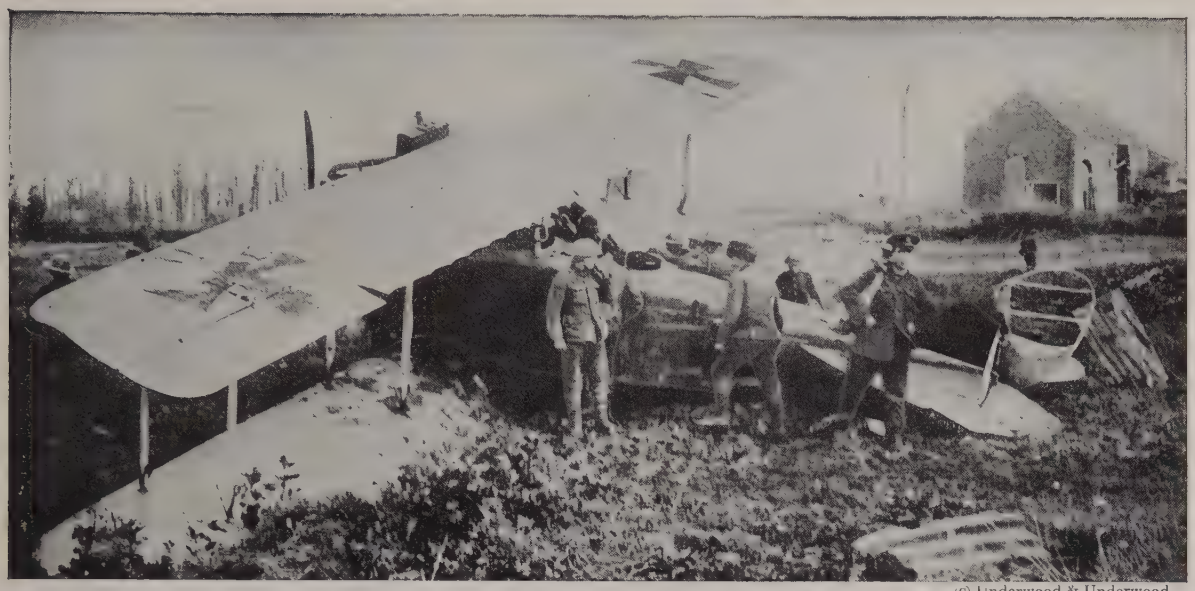
peace brings to the historian access to all official reports can the truth be ascertained with precision.

On that day a German squadron of four battle cruisers, the *Blücher*, *Moltke*, *Seydlitz*, and *Derflinger*, under command of Admiral Hipper, was steaming west, not far from the coast of England. Why the ships had left the snug refuge of Heligoland to brave the British guard is not explained. Probably it was hoped that they might elude British vigilance, round the northern end of Scotland, and get out into the open sea, there to prey on the shipping of the Allies as had the *Emden* and the *Karlsruhe*. If this had been the plan, the German authorities bungled it badly by attaching to the three fast ships of the squadron, which were capable of a speed of 26 to 28 knots, the *Blücher*, which was barely able to turn off 24 knots.

Whatever the purpose of this expedition may have been, it was clearly not to fight, for, encountering a British squadron of five battle cruisers near the English coast the Germans instantly turned to flee.

In Admiral Beatty's squadron were the *Lion*, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, *New Zealand*, and *Indomitable*. The *Lion* had thirteen 5-inch guns; the main battery of the others was of 12-inch guns. In the German fleet only the *Derflinger* mounted guns of 12-inch calibre. According to statistics the gunfire of the British was to that of the German squadron as 23 to 13—a heavy disparity which justified Admiral Hipper in taking to flight. Unfortunately for him the disparity in speed was quite as much in favor of the British; and this fact, added to the longer range of their guns, put the whole German fleet at the pursuer's mercy, should the chase last long enough. When the battle opened the Germans were about 100 miles from Heligoland, with the

This plane is known as the Caudron type and is especially designed for running down enemy planes



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This big German biplane is one that was brought down by the British in the great Cambrai drive

leading British ship, the *Lion*, about 9.6 miles astern of her principal target, the *Blücher*.

At a distance of nine and a half miles the British gunners, themselves on a ship tossing on the turbulent waters of the North Sea, were aiming their shots at a mark not more than 90 feet wide, barely discernible on the horizon and rushing through the water at the rate of more than 25 knots an hour. It seems incredible that under such conditions great damage could be done, but the accounts of survivors tell how deadly was the marksmanship. One German bluejacket, saved from the waves after his ship had gone down, told to his captors this story of the fight as seen from the *Blücher:*

We saw the big English ships steadily overhauling us. We knew that as we had more than a hundred miles to sail we would never get away. The first British ship opened fire at something like ten miles' range, and the carnage on the *Blücher* began.

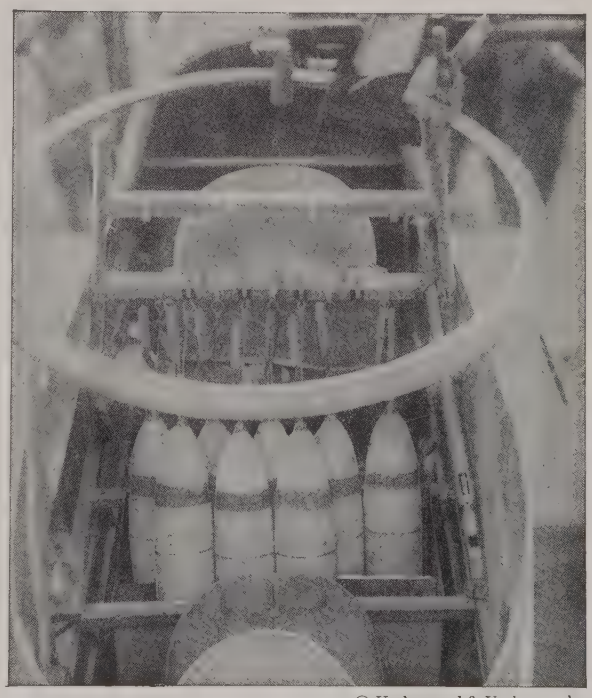
We were under fire first in the action and last. Practically every English ship poured projectile shell upon us. It was awful. I have never seen such gunnery and hope that as long as I live I never shall again. We could not fight such guns as the English ships had, and soon we had no guns with which to fight anything. Our decks were swept by shot, guns were smashed and lying in all directions, their crews wiped out.

One terrible shell from a big gun—I cannot forget it—burst right in the heart of the ship and killed scores of men. It fell where many men had collected, killing practically every man.

We all had our floating equipment. We soon needed it. One shell killed five men quite close to me, and it was only a matter of time when nothing living would have been left upon the ship.

When we knew we were beaten and that our flag was not to come down many of us were praying that the ship would go down, in order that no more men might be killed.

We would rather trust to the English picking us



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Bomb compartment on a French plane looking forward to the driver's seat

up after our ship had sunk than to missing us with those terrible guns.

I do not know what it was that finished the *Blücher*. She was battered to pieces above decks and had many holes. I heard she was struck by a torpedo and went down after that. If that is true, we have to thank the ship that torpedoed us for saving hundreds of lives.

When the ship was going down, I jumped clear and tried to swim off. When she turned over some caught hold of some part of her, but she sank from under us. It was terribly cold in the water. There were wounded men and dead men. Terribly shattered swimmers shouting for help were all around me.

My mind is confused after that. I was picked up by a small English warship, as I hoped. The men were very kind. We were warmed, fed and clothed.

Here are two of the most remarkable photographs of an air raid ever reproduced. An Italian aviator flying over the water front at Trieste has just released three bombs, seen near the centre of the picture a moment after they began to fall

The final stroke to the *Blücher* was delivered by a torpedo, though she had been put out of action before that *coup de grace*. Of her crew of 835, more than 700 were lost, and it is a striking evidence of the inadequacy of the German gunfire that the loss on the *Lion*, which led the British pursuers, was only eleven wounded. None were killed in the British fleet. In this disparity of losses the action was somewhat reminiscent of the battle of Santiago in the Spanish-American War. But any comparison of the two battles redounds very greatly to the superior credit of the American navy. For at Santiago the pursuit was not checked nor the fires slackened until the last Spanish ship lay a helpless, smoking wreck on the coast of Cuba. But in this North Sea battle three of the German ships escaped, despite the superior strength and speed of their British pursuers.

The long stretch of British coast separated from the Belgian territory held by the Germans only by a narrow strip of tossing water was a continuous temptation and irritation to the Kaiser's naval chiefs. Invasion seemed so easy and was in fact so hard. Often and bitterly would they advert to the tactical error which sent Von Kluck's divisions roaring down upon Paris to no avail, when Calais —England's front door—lay helpless within his grasp. The dream of the invasion of England has been a pleasing one to many a Continental conqueror prior to Wilhelm II. Spain's "Invincible Armada" strewed the shores of the Channel with its shattered wrecks. Napoleon's flat-bottomed fleet of transports rotted in inaction. And Wilhelm's lust for entering upon his British cousin's territory has consumed itself in nearly four years of fruitless waiting. Some raids on unprotected Channel towns—fishing hamlets or watering places mainly—are all that have helped to satisfy it. Paul Jones, in our revolutionary days, at least led a landing party and put the torch to British ships lying in their berths. But no German, since war was declared, has set foot on British soil except as a captive.

The easy exploit of bombarding Channel

The airman has photographed the explosion of the bombs seen in the picture at the left. While the speed of his plane has carried him well beyond the point at which the first picture was taken, the scenes are virtually the same

ports from the sea was, however, performed thrice by the German navy. In the first raid a very considerable force was engaged—three battle cruisers, among them the *Blücher* which afterwards met her end in the Bight of Heligoland, two armored and three light cruisers. Yarmouth, a mere watering place, was made the target for a lively but ineffective bombardment, after which the assailants went home. They had strewn mines in the waters they traversed, one of which sunk a British submarine. But the German cruiser *Yorck* struck another and went to the bottom with all on board, so that in the end the weight of disaster bore the more heavily upon the Germans.

A month later, on the 16th of December, 1914, the Germans returned to British waters with a fleet the precise composition of which has never been determined. It was under command of Admiral Funke. Splitting into two squadrons the vessels opened fire on Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool—all mere watering places. Scarborough possessed one gun—a Russian sixty-pounder muzzle loader preserved in a museum as a relic of the Crimean War. Whitby had nothing more dangerous than sporting rifles. Hartlepool had a small battery of ancient ordnance. Later when Germany thought it expedient to excuse these raids in which she at first exulted, she declared that two of the towns were naval wireless stations, and the third a fortified point. It is not probable, however, that such considerations caused the raids, but rather that they were part of that policy of "frightfulness" which had characterized German warfare from the outset.

A raid upon Dover, which came off in February, 1918, had more excuse as that town was in fact a military camp.

Possibly the raiders thought that England might be terrorized by an enemy's shells dropping in her seaports, and insist upon a larger proportion of her troops being kept from the battle fields of Flanders for home defense. But the raids had precisely the opposite effect. They aroused the British fighting spirit and prodigiously increased voluntary enlistments. The losses sustained by the peaceful citizens were of a sort to enrage their fellows. Schools and hospitals were struck. Children, women, babies in their mothers' arms were killed or maimed. In Hartlepool 119 were killed and over 300 wounded; at Scarborough eighteen killed—mostly women and children—and seventy wounded. At Whitby the dead were three; the wounded, two.

More than a year elapsed after the clash of the two great North Sea fleets off the Dogger Bank before they met again in battle. The fight that took place on the 31st of May,

H. M. S. *Canopus* bombarding the Turkish batteries with her 12-inch guns in the Dardanelles

1916, known as the Battle of Jutland, though the severest and costliest of the actions in the North Sea, presented the familiar features of the other two. The lighter vessels of the British fleet cruising in advance of its main body encountered the German fleet. The latter, tempted by the opportunity to cut them off, gave battle with fair prospect of victory. The heavier vessels of the British coming up later so outmatched the Germans in weight of metal and range of guns that the latter were compelled to seek safety in flight. In the end both belligerents claimed the victory.

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British submarine E-17 on coast patrol duty in a rough sea off Jutland

It was at that period of the war the practice of the German fleet to make short cruises from their protected bases weekly. The practice was needed by officers and men. The spectacle of the fleet sweeping grandly out to sea was calculated to fire the German imagination even though it returned next day with nothing to report. And the excursions into the open sea were necessary to keep up the pet fiction that Germany was

London with her powerful searchlights on the watch for aerial foes by night

continuously offering combat while the British would not come out and fight. On this last day of May the German High Sea Fleet, Admiral von Hipper's cruisers in the van, with Admiral von Scheer's battle fleet following, was cruising about one hundred miles off Jutland. The day was clear, save for a slight haze, hot and calm. It is probable that the German admiral was aware that the British fleet was patrolling those waters and hoped to meet it under conditions which would enable him to cut off some of its lighter vessels. This wish was not wholly without fulfilment.

Hoisting ammunition aboard a British battleship before a cruise

The British fleet was indeed in the neighborhood—using that word in the broad sense which the colossal proportions of modern naval tactics compel. For though operating as a unit, obeying in all fleet manœuvres the orders of one central authority conveyed by wireless, the British fleet was in fact extended over an area of 300

The German torpedo boat destroyer U-69, one of a number which encountered a squadron of light British craft in the North Sea off the coast of Belgium, and was towed into Ymuiden, Holland, badly damaged

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British 15-inch guns ready for action

square miles when Admiral Beatty's squadron came first in touch with the enemy.

The situation which Beatty confronted was not dissimilar to that which had presented itself at the opening of the Battle of Dogger Bank. He found himself superior to the foe in his immediate front, but markedly inferior to the entire German force. If by swift attack he could crush Von Hipper's squadron before Von Scheer with his battle fleet came up, well and good. But if Von Scheer got into action before Sir John Jellicoe, who at the time of opening action was sixty miles away, could come up with his battleships, the outcome might be disastrous. But as in earlier actions Beatty took the chance.

Observed from the British side the battle took on three characteristic forms—pursuit, retreat, pursuit again. When Beatty first overtook Von Hipper that commander, recognizing the presence of a superior enemy force, was steaming away to the southeast for dear life, in the effort to make a juncture with Von Scheer who was coming up with the battle fleet. Beatty opened fire shortly before four P. M. at a range of 14,000 yards. This was the moment for him to make his greatest gains. He had not only two battle cruiser squadrons—six ships against Von Hipper's five—but a battle squadron of four ships of the colossal *Queen Elizabeth* class for which his immediate adversary had no match. But curiously enough the period during which he enjoyed the greatest superiority in force was the time of his greatest losses. His fleet had been in action only about twenty minutes when a German shot struck the *Indefatigable* in a vital spot and she blew up. Not long after *Queen Mary*, battle cruiser, met a like fate. The British reports declare that the German gunnery was particularly effective in the early stages of the battle, but went to pieces as the German ships themselves began to suffer. The explanation, however, does not explain the apparently light damage inflicted on the enemy by the superior British guns in this period. But it is true that we have no precise information as to the extent of the German losses. The British could only guess at the names and fate of vessels they observed to take fire and drop out of line, while the German admiralty sedulously suppressed anything like a detailed story of the action.

Another reason for the seeming ill-luck of the British in the earlier period of combat is the fact that they were fighting a pursuing battle. On seeing Beatty's approach Von Hipper had promptly and properly run away. It was his proper course to fall back upon the support of the battle fleet and to lure the British foe after him. For a little more than an hour Beatty fought a pursuing action, and in a running fight of that nature

First picture of the newest British monitors with single 15-inch guns bombarding the Belgian coast

the pursuer is always at a disadvantage. The chase can drop mines in her wake and use torpedoes and submarines effectively, neither of which weapons are available to the pursuer. It is interesting, however, to note that no capital ship on either side is definitely known to have suffered material injury from either mine or torpedo—though some believe that *Indefatigable* was destroyed by the former weapon rather than by a lucky shot. But the host of destroyers, small cruisers, and torpedo boats that kept up a running fire between the lines of the capital ships suffered severely from both torpedoes and mines.

At about five o'clock Beatty, seeing that he was about to run into the grasp of Von Scheer's approaching battle fleet, turned and fled in his turn towards Sir John Jellicoe's advancing dreadnoughts. Now Von Hipper was confronted by the precise problem which the Englishmen met at the beginning of the battle. How long could he pursue without falling into the clutch of the superior enemy. He answered precisely as had Beatty and took up the pursuit. His pluck was rewarded, for, after fighting a running battle for about an hour without material results so far as capital ships were concerned, he managed to concentrate the fire of several ships on Admiral Hood's flag ship, *Invincible*, which had scarcely entered upon the action when she blew up and sank, carrying the Admiral with her.

German Zeppelin L-15 brought down by anti-aircraft guns off the coast of Kent

Jellicoe's fleet of battleships was now fairly up, and the Germans, heavily outnumbered, turned to flee. It was then after six o'clock and under more favorable conditions in that latitude should have been bright. But a heavy mist, almost a fog, had fallen upon the waters. It was with difficulty ships could be seen at any considerable distance, and there was the gravest danger of mistaking a friend for a foe. The retreating enemy made skillful use of smoke screens from his destroyers to mask the positions of his fleeing ships. Once in a while the setting sun, breaking through the clouds, would reveal some German ship en silhouette and on such occasion the great guns of Jellicoe's battleships spoke decisively. The British reported three enemy battleships driven out of the line in flames, and declared that a heavy explosion shortly afterwards told of the end of one. German reports concealed this.

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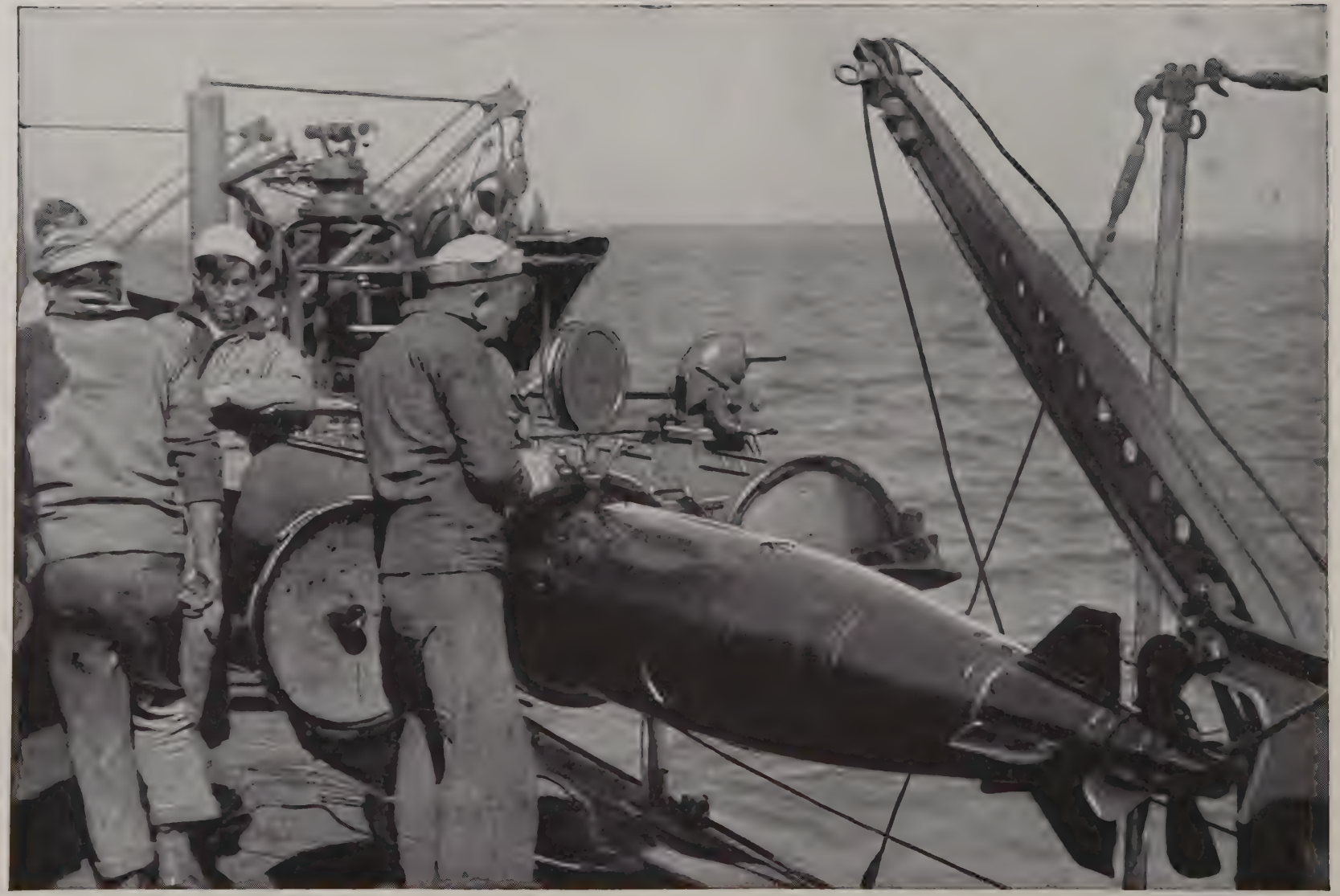
A squadron of torpedo-boat destroyers of the French navy in battle formation

With darkness the German fleet disappeared. There was desultory fighting between destroyers throughout the night and now and then the roar and flash of big guns in the blackness told that two cruisers had encountered each other only to drift out of touch again. In the olden days of Paul Jones or Lord Nelson ships, locked yard-arm to yard-arm, might fight savagely all night. Not so in this age when four miles is considered a close range. Moreover it was the strategy of the German admiral to get away from that expanse of sea and into the shelter of his base before dawn. He was heavily outclassed by his enemy's fleet and annihilation would probably have been his fate had he been discovered when day broke. Accordingly throughout the night British destroyers reported by wireless seeing enemy ships slipping away through the blackness to the southeast and safety. Until after noon the next day the British fleet cruised about the battle area picking up survivors and awaiting the return of the German fleet should it desire to renew the conflict. But it did not come back. The British held the battlefield.

The heavy loss of life in this battle is a matter that deserves attention. In the subjoined table it will be noticed that practically the entire personnel of many British ships is reported as lost, while on the German ships many were saved. This is partly due to the fact that the British ships went down during action, whereas many of the German ships, when crippled, were able to pull out of the zone of fire and save many of their people. Some were even in friendly home waters before actually going down. In modern naval warfare the loss on a sunken vessel is apt to be complete. One reason for this is that a ship seldom pulls out of action until she is actually sinking. Their structure is so complicated that her commander may not know that she is about to sink until she is just on the verge of taking the plunge. As long as she is afloat at all she is a factor in the battle. A single happily placed shot from a sinking ship might be the blow to turn the tide of battle and to settle the destinies of the nations at war. As long as a ship floats it fights, its men remain in the turrets, the fire rooms, and at the guns —all hard places to get out of when the vessel begins to careen. She can carry no boats or rafts on her deck for the blast of the guns would blow them to flinders. The men in action are provided with life belts, and between decks there are pneumatic rafts, but there is scant time to put on a belt or launch

Powerful anti-aircraft gun, pointed ready to send a shell at an enemy aircraft, aboard a British battleship



© E. Muller, Jr.

The torpedo which strikes a deathblow from below. The camera caught this torpedo just as it was being loaded into the torpedo tube. The sailor in the foreground is filling the compressed air tank

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Loading mammoth torpedoes aboard a British submarine

a raft when the steel vessel loaded with guns and armor begins to go down. Practically every man goes down with the ship, and this fact was demonstrated at the Battle of Jutland.

Germany claimed the victory noisily—still claims it in fact. The Kaiser rose to flights of oratory: "The gigantic fleet of Albion," he told his sailors, "ruler of the seas, which since Trafalgar for a hundred years has imposed on the whole world a bond of sea tyranny, and has surrounded itself with a nimbus of invincibleness, came into the field. That gigantic Armada approached and our fleet engaged it. The British fleet was beaten."

The British contested the German claim, denying heavier losses and pointing out that their enemies were forced to seek the shelter of their naval bases while Jellicoe's ships continued their ceaseless patrol of the North Sea. There was justification for both claims. But the real, vital, essential point is that after the engagement the British naval power was still overwhelming, its command of the seas still unshattered, and its blockade of German ports so unrelenting as to arouse bitter complaints from the blockaded nation which denounced the British for trying to starve the women and children of an entire people. It was a foolish and puerile complaint of course for the blockade is a legitimate weapon of war, and was never more ruthlessly or effectively employed than by the North in our own War between the States.

The following table, compiled from official sources both German and British, gives the relative losses so far as they have been admitted at the present time:

LOSSES IN NORTH SEA BATTLE OFF JUTLAND

BRITISH

Name	Tonnage	Personnel, [Few Survivors]
Queen Mary (battlecruiser)	27,000	1000
Indefatigable (battle cruiser)	18,750	800
Invincible (battle cruiser)	17,250	750
Defense (armored cruiser)	14,600	755
Warrior (armored cruiser)	13,550	704
Black Prince (armored cruiser)	13,550	704
Tipperary (destroyer)	1,850	150
Turbulent (destroyer)	1,850	150
Shark (destroyer)	950	100
Sparrowhawk (destroyer)	950	100
Ardent (destroyer)	950	100
Fortune (destroyer)	950	100
Normad (destroyer)	*950	100
Nestor (destroyer)	*950	100

*Not listed in last British register

TOTALS

Battle cruisers	63,000	2,550
Armored cruisers	41,700	2,163
Destroyers	9,400	900
Fourteen ships	114,100	5,613

British battleship bombarding a German position on the Belgian coast

GERMAN

Name	Tonnage		Personnel [Of whom many were saved]
Pommern (battleship)	13,200		729
Wiesbaden (cruiser)	5,600	...(estimated)	450
Frauenlob (cruiser)	2,715		264
Elbing (cruiser)	5,000	...(estimated)	450
Six destroyers (reported)	6,000	...(estimated)	600
[REPORTED BY BRITISH, BUT NOT ADMITTED BY GERMANS]			
Westfalen (dreadnought)	18,900		963
Derflinger (battle cruiser)	26,600	...(estimated)	1,200
One submarine	1,000	...(estimated)	40
TOTALS (ADMITTED)			
Battleship	13,200		729
Cruisers	13,315		1,164
Destroyers	6,000		600
Ten ships	32,515		2,493
[INCLUDING GERMAN LOSSES REPORTED BY THE BRITISH]			
Two battleships	32,100		1,692
Four cruisers	39,915		2,364
Six destroyers	6,000		600
One submarine	1,000		40
Thirteen ships	79,015		4,696

After the battle of Jutland months passed into years without the rival North Sea fleets coming again into collision. Each side accused the other of evading the combat. The whole twelvemonth of 1917 passed away without the exchange of shots by the capital ships of the warring nations. The United States entered the war with its navy which, at the opening of the conflict, had been commonly looked upon as about a match for the German navy in power. In this country there was hope that our entrance upon the war might result in the adoption of methods expressed in our service by Farragut's famous phrase "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead." But months passed before the Yankee bluejackets saw more exciting or glorious service than convoying transports or hunting submarines.

A portion of the French fleet. The battleship *Justice* in the foreground

A bird's-eye view of the whole western front. It shows plainly the two gates from Germany into France.

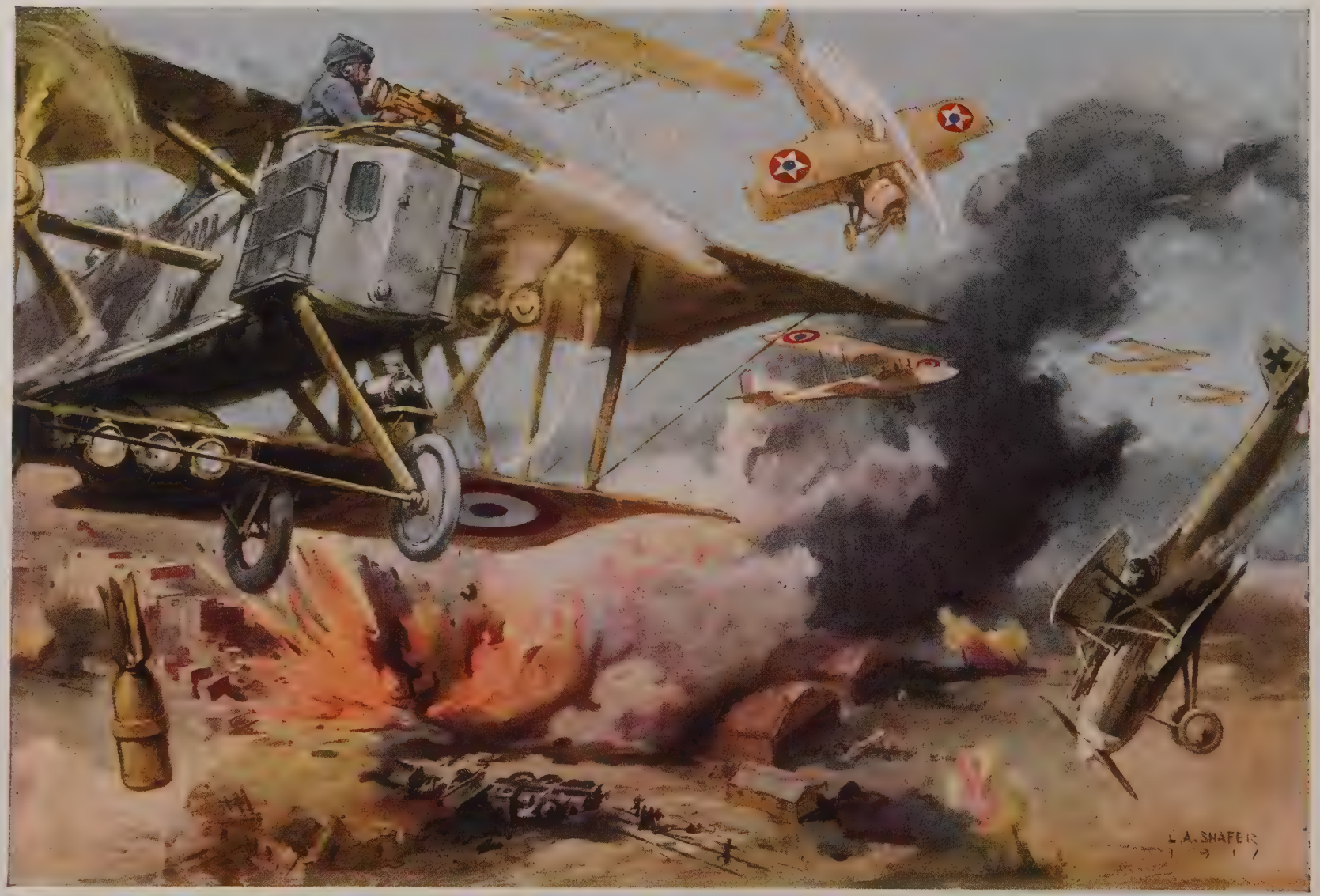
THE END O

This picture was taken from the British ship *Arethusa*, shows the *Blücher* afire and sinking with about 800 men clustered to her

© International News Service

'CHER"

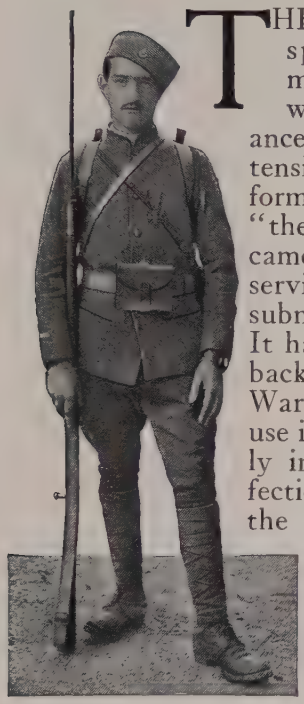
om. Smoke to the right shows where the last torpedo struck. She floated about ten minutes after the picture was taken



The destruction of a German supply base and aviation encampment by the Lafayette Squadron, composed of American aviators. Each bombing plane was protected on either side by fast scouting planes. In all one hundred and eleven machines took part

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR IN THE AIR—DUELS IN THE SKIES—RAIDS ON ENGLAND—UNITED STATES ENTER AERONAUTICS—THE BRIEF BOER REVOLT—WAR IN ASIA AND AFRICA—FATE OF GERMAN COLONIES—THE REBELLION IN IRELAND—THE CAREER OF THE "EMDEN"—MUCKE'S AMAZING RETREAT



THE most novel and spectacular development of the Great War was the sudden appearance and prodigious extension of an entirely new form of armed service—"the Fourth Arm" as it came to be called—the service in the air. The submarine was not new. It had been tested as far back as our Revolutionary War, and put to practical use in our Civil War. Only in the increasing perfection of the ships, and the extent of their employment was the under seas service a new development. But the air service was all new. For the first time in history men met in deadly duels thousands of feet in air, crossed wide stretches of territory or grey expanses of tossing sea to rain explosives on some enemy stronghold, or hovered over the lines of the foe to spy out his movements, or fix the location of his carefully concealed great guns. From the first days of the war the airmen proved their worth and the embattled nations feverishly pushed the construction of newer and greater fleets. Control of the sea was conceded to Great Britain but control of the air was still within any belligerent's grasp. When the United States came in the first task of her government was to provide for the construction of a monster fleet of aircraft. The talk was confident of "blinding the Kaiser's armies," and of "driving Germany from the air," but Germany showed no lack of her accustomed efficiency in meeting the menace.

When the war opened there was little difference between the air power of the belligerents. All had been experimenting with aircraft but none had actually acquired a coherent and serviceable fleet. Germany, thanks to the genius and persistence of their inventor, had a considerable fleet of Zeppelins—thirteen fit for service out of the twenty-five that the indomitable Count had constructed. They proved a disappointment and their construction was abandoned in the fourth year of the war. In airplanes the Germans had made but little progress. France indeed led in the number of these when war came, having about 1,200 military planes, to which by commandeering private machines some 500 were added. This considerable advantage over the enemy—who had not more than half as many—the French sacrificed temporarily by rejecting all but three makes in order that by standardizing patterns new machines might be more rapidly built, and repairs more expeditiously effected. Of dirigibles France had thirty-one. England had 800 airplanes at the outset and 15 dirigibles; Austria 350 planes and 8 small dirigibles.

While specific figures were naturally not given out by the belligerent countries, the common estimate was that in 1917, with the exception of Austria, each of these countries had from 8,000 to 10,000 airplanes in service. In April of that year the United States entered the war. Its people and statesmen in power had observed for three and a half years the value of aircraft in war, and their rapid multiplication in Europe. Yet we entered upon the conflict equipped with one dirigible and perhaps six effective airplanes. The situation was the more discreditable for that from the earliest days of the war a score or more of young Americans had fought in the French Flying Corps, winning laurels for themselves and their indifferent country.

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One of the huge Caproni triplanes that is now in this country

In the earlier days of the war the strategy of the air was largely a matter of individual initiative. Single flyers went up to spy out the enemy's lines, to locate his batteries, or to direct the fire of their own. They encountered the savage fire of the anti-aircraft guns from below, but all through the war this was strangely ineffective. It is curious indeed what a number of wounds an airplane can survive. One exhibited in the Invalides showed over 400 hits and was still serviceable. With his ground guns thus largely ineffective the enemy would send up his own airmen to drive off the intruder. Out of this grew up a system of single combats, of duels in the air which in time took on something of the form and ceremony of knightly combats in the days of chivalry.

Airmen of the various armies came to have personal reputations for skill and daring. After downing five of their enemies they were known as "aces" and became marked characters. Some attained the distinction of bringing down as many as fifty of their foes before themselves falling before one of greater luck or skill. These champions fell into the habit of challenging each other to combat. One famous instance may be described as typical.

The parties to this duel were Captain Immelman of the German Army with a record of 51 British planes downed, and Captain Ball of the British Army. The latter flying over the German lines dropped this letter:

CAPTAIN IMMELMAN:

I challenge you to a man-to-man fight to take place this afternoon at two o'clock. I will meet you over the German lines. Have your anti-aircraft guns withhold their fire, while we decide which is the better man. The British guns will be silent. BALL.

Presently thereafter this answer was dropped from a German airplane:

CAPTAIN BALL:

Your challenge is accepted. The guns will not interfere. I will meet you promptly at two.

IMMELMAN.

A Senegalese battalion going into action in the great Somme offensive

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A great German Zeppelin captured by the French on its return from a raid over London

The word spread far and wide along the trenches on both sides. Tacitly all firing stopped as though the bugles had sung truce. Men left cover and clambered up on the top to watch the duel. Punctually both flyers rose from their lines and made their way down No-man's Land. Let an eye witness tell the story:

From our trenches there were wild cheers for Ball. The Germans yelled just as vigorously for Immelman.

The cheers from the trenches continued; the Germans increased in volume; ours changed into cries of alarm.

Ball, thousands of feet above us and only a speck in the sky, was doing the craziest things imaginable. He was below Immelman and was apparently making no effort to get above him, thus gaining the advantage of position. Rather he was swinging around, this way and that, attempting, it seemed, to postpone the inevitable.

We saw the German's machine dip over preparatory to starting the nose dive.

"He's gone now," sobbed a young soldier at my side, for he knew Immelman's gun would start its raking fire once it was being driven straight down.

Then in a fraction of a second the tables were turned. Before Immelman's plane could get into firing position, Ball drove his machine into a loop, getting above his adversary and cutting loose with his gun and smashing Immelman by a hail of bullets as he swept by.

Immelman's airplane burst into flames and dropped. Ball, from above, followed for a few hundred feet and then straightened out and raced for home. He settled down, rose again, hurried back, and released a huge wreath of flowers, almost directly over the spot where Immelman's charred body was being lifted from a tangled mass of metal.

Four days later Ball too was killed.

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This tumbling mass of ruins is but one of many such mementoes of German air raids on England

But this sort of fighting soon went out of vogue. Gallant, chivalric, romantic it may have been but it led to no military advantage. The airmen began operating in squadrons, each side striving to prevent the other from passing the battle lines. Heavier machines appeared, and increased in numbers until, toward the end of the third year, planes carrying tons of explosives and crews of eight men were not unusual. Raids were made in force. The French dropped bombs on Stuttgart, Treves and Saarbruck. The British attacked from the air the Zeppelin works at Lake Con-

Escadrille No. 1, or as it is generally known, "the Squadron of the Storks," is the most famous of the French *escadrilles de chasse*

the difficulties of telling the story of the war in the air prior to the restoration of peace. The damage done by the Allies' planes was done at points far within the enemy's lines whence the truth could by no possibility escape to the outside world. Germany systematically suppressed or falsified the facts concerning these raids, no less in order to avoid depressing her own people, than in unwillingness that the Allies should know the extent of their successes. The policy was not peculiar to the Teutons. London tried with equal zeal, but less success, to conceal the facts as to German raids on that city.

stance, and Krupps' great cannon factories at Essen. In the spring of 1916 British, French and Belgian bomb-droppers raided the German submarine bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge. The assailants declared that they could see that heavy damage was done. The Germans ridiculed the claim, and by the exercise of the powers of the censor prevented any precise information from leaking to the world outside. That is one of

These raids, begun in 1915, were continued systematically throughout the war. Undertaken at first by Zeppelins they were later pursued by airplanes, as many as 23 having participated in one in 1917. From a military point of view they were singularly barren of results, for while London was full of barracks, warehouses, munition works, docks, ships, railway junctions and other targets of military importance, it was the rarest thing for a bomb to fall on any of these. As a rule they dropped into crowded residence districts, or among theatres, hotels and schools. The sum total of damage done to property and life was impressive. Forty-one raids were recorded up to March, 1917, with total casualties of more than 500 civilians slain. But the individual raid, in the face of the daily losses at the front was not terrifying. It was, however, enraging to the British because the victims were in such numbers women or children and the method of inflicting the injuries seemed not war but barbarism. Undoubtedly the raids greatly stimulated enlistments while the British were still raising their armies by the voluntary system, and thereafter kept the British blood very

British tank among the palm trees. Somehow it doesn't seem to fit in with tropic ideas of warfare, nevertheless it is proving its usefulness with the British forces operating in the East.

much up to fighting heat.

In a rapid sketch of this titanic conflict there is not adequate space for a complete story of the War in the Air. Nor indeed is the moment propitious when all the belligerents are stealthily concealing alike their achievements and losses in that hitherto uninvaded element. But enough has been made known to stir the fighting blood of all peoples. Every nation to-day is struggling for preëminence aloft. The youth of the United States have flocked to the call of the country for aviators until the government is fairly swamped with enlistments. Congress appropriated $640,000,000 for aeronautics in its first war bill, and the sum has been raised to above a billion since. The Yankee boys who enlisted in the French flying corps while the United States was still a neutral, have come back under their own flag and are flying over the fields of Flanders, or teaching novices on the flying fields scattered over our own land.

Sopwith plane, used by the French and English for reconnaissance work, mounted with a machine gun forward which fires through the propeller. It makes between 90 and 100 miles an hour

The navy of the air, like the older navy of the sea, has become a favorite service for the young American, and it will breed its Paul Jones, its Farragut and its Dewey as opportunity offers. It is apparent that the earlier stages of individual initiative in the air are past. We are coming to have squadrons and fleets with general commanders. The craft are getting heavier, mounting more guns, carrying larger crews. The parallel to the destroyers, cruisers and battleships of the sea service is already furnished by the varying grades of air service. But much as it has done, the Fourth Arm of the Service is still in its infancy.

It was a roaring chorus that was touched off when the first guns opened at Liège. Its echoes rumbled and reverberated from Tsing-Tau to the kopjes of German East Africa. Peoples that scarcely knew whether Serbia was in Europe or Asia rushed to arms as the result of the assassination of Austria's Archduke, and men to whom Belgium meant no more than Oonalaska tore at each other's throats on the banks of the Yellow Sea or in the depths of the Kamerunian forests. Guns roared at Kiaou Chau because politicians at Westminster or Wilhelmstrasse pulled the strings.

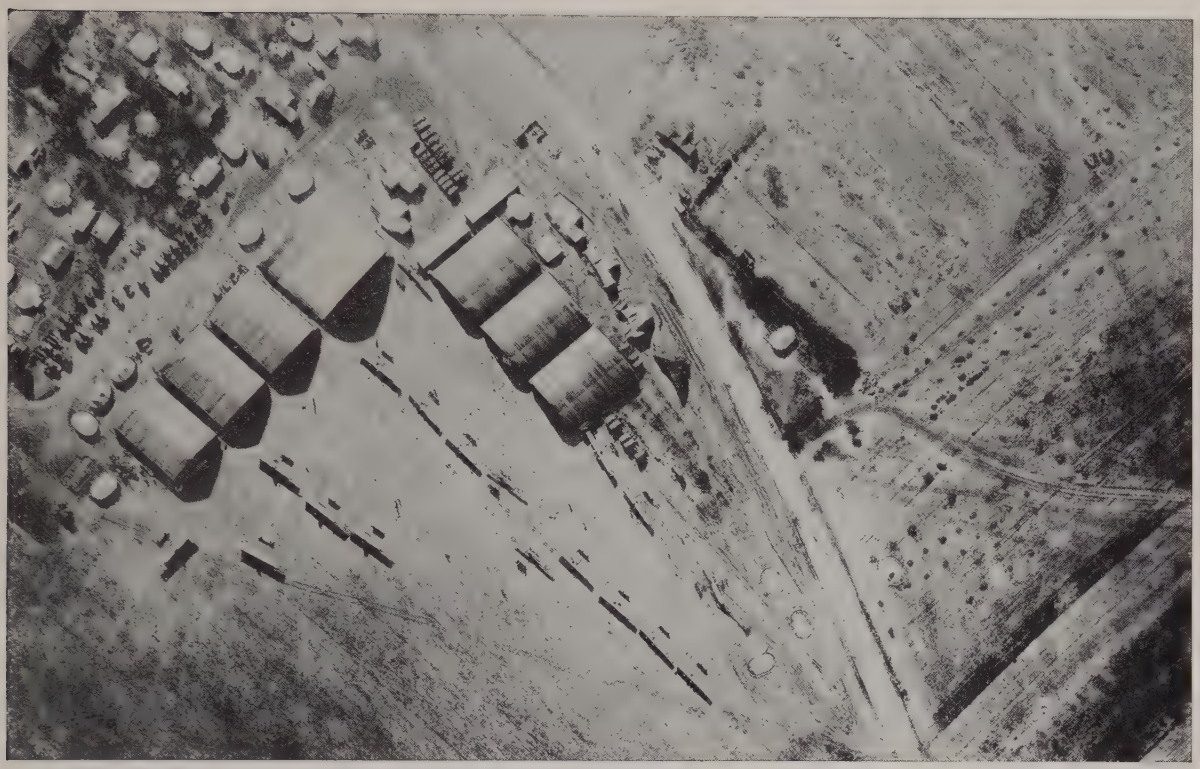
Effect of Japanese heavy guns on the German fortress of Kiaou Chau

War is a Pandora's box. Open it and none can tell the number of the deadly ills that will fly out. When the United States went to war with Spain the first act accomplished was the occupation of a group of islands in far-off Asiatic waters—the Philippines. We went to war to end the pretensions of Spain to being an American power, and the first thing we did was to make ourselves an Asiatic power. Europe went to war over Belgium and fought it out in Mesopotamia, Armenia, China and the dark forests of Africa.

Germany had widespread colonies. Mostly they had been obtained after the other powers which took the lead in colonizing had glutted their appetites and as a result the German outposts were rather of speculative than actual value. But such as they were the parent country was speedily shorn of them. With the German navy cooped up in its impregnable refuges no aid could be sent to these outlying colonies. They easily fell a prey to neighboring members of the Entente.

It is needless to describe the campaigns by which the Germans were utterly stripped of their colonial possessions. The blows of the Allies fell fast, and were of irresistible force. The colonies to go first were the insular possessions in the Pacific which were speedily taken by the colonial troops of Australia and New Zealand—destined later, in connection with the Canadians, to win fame for their prowess at Gallipoli and in Flanders under the nickname of "The Anzacs." Japan aided in stripping Germany of her Asiatic insular possessions, most of which were turned over to Australia, though some naval bases, like Tsing-Tau, were held by the subjects of the Mikado. British and French troops together took Togoland on the north shore of the Gulf of Guinea. Southwest Africa was overrun by the Boers under General Botha, who sixteen years before had headed the Boer rebellion against British suzerainty. Kamerun —larger than France and Germany combined —and German East Africa were better prepared for defense than any other outlying German Imperial power. They were heavily garrisoned by both German and native troops amply equipped, and were in communication with Germany by many wireless stations. In

Indian troops on their way to France



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A Verdun aviation camp as seen from a French aeroplane

Kamerun the campaign for subjection was conducted by the British and French in unison. Complete success was attained by the surrender of the last German post, Mora, February 18, 1916. In German East Africa the defenders had established fortified posts all over the country defended by about 50,000 native troops with German officers. The rugged character of the terrain, the dense jungles, the narrow trails through the impermeable undergrowth held easily by a single machine gun against all comers, gave the defense a notable advantage. The attack was left to Boer troops, led by General Smuts, who, like General Botha, had been a revolutionist during the Boer War. Late in the struggle Belgian and Portuguese colonists joined in the invasion from their neighboring territories. Before 1917 had far advanced the last vestige of German power had vanished from South Africa.

The London *Tablet* gives a convenient summary of Germany's lost colonies, with their areas and dates of capture, in the following table:

1914		*Colony*	*Area sq. m.*
August	25	Togoland	33,700
August	29	Samoa	1,000
September	11	Bismarck Islands	22,640
September	24	New Guinea	70,000
November	9	Kiaochow	200
1915			
July	9	S. W. Africa	322,450
1916			
February	18	Kamerun	191,130
1917			
December	1	East Africa	384,180

The loyalty of the South African Boers to the Great Britain they had so recently fought with desperation was a sorry blow to the Germans, who had confidently looked for the rapid dissolution of the British Empire as a result of the war. But indeed one of the most important facts of that great conflict was the convincing demonstration it gave of the great power and cohesiveness of the British Empire and the loyalty of even the most distant colonies to the mother country. Prior to this war not only did Britain's enemies hope, but her friends gravely feared, that any serious danger to her far-flung empire would be at once attended by the revolt of some of its colonies seeking independence. Such an event was confidently looked for by the Teutonic powers, and they employed every possible method of intrigue to arouse rebellion in such colonies as seemed promising for that end. A brief rebellion was indeed stirred up in British South Africa among a few of the

Boers still nursing the grievance of their defeat sixteen years earlier. But it enlisted the support of but few, even of that people, and was in fact put down by Boer troops and Boer generals. Like efforts to incite rebellion in Egypt proved utterly futile. While it is known that the Teutons relied greatly upon arousing revolution in India, and indeed planned their southern drive in Asia Minor with this end in view, no serious outbreak ever became known to the world. It is a curious fact that the one case of insurrection in India was "made in America." It was the uprising of a number of returned emigrants who had been "seen" by German consuls at various ports and encouraged to foment riots. It will be recalled, too, that the revolution in Russia was largely spurred on by returning Russians from New York who had been schooled and subsidized by German agents. At the height of the German advance southward there was apparent a certain degree of nervousness in British comments on the Indian situation. But this wholly disappeared as the year wore on.

The record of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada in the war was one of unqualified loyalty, enthusiasm, and sacrifice. The Anzacs, as the soldiers of these colonies were called, set the high-water mark for bravery and efficiency in the British lines. Volunteers all—for the conscription in England did not extend to the colonies—they came in ever-increasing numbers and won the highest plaudits for their soldierly qualities.

The most serious break in the record of British loyalty occurred in Ireland. The Irish question is one that Great Britain has ever with her and that many hold will not be settled except by granting complete independence to the Irish, a majority of whom are intolerant of British dominion. At the

Flight Sub-Lieutenant N. A. J. Warneford, R.N., is pictured here destroying a Zeppelin near Ghent by dropping a bomb from his plane above. Warneford was killed a few days later

The capture of Mafia Island, East Africa. Troops are seen landing at Kissimani Beach

moment war broke out Parliament had passed an Irish home rule bill; the Protestants of Ulster had armed themselves and threatened to resist its enforcement by arms; some British officers in high command had laid down their swords rather than coerce the Ulsterites, and many others had threatened to do likewise should the moment of action arrive. The homerulers outside of Ulster, taking the cue of their adversaries, also armed and drilled for action. The outbreak of war stopped for the moment this threatened civil war.

The discontent of Ireland, however, was not allayed. Though a great majority of the Irish people sympathized with the Allies the irreconcilable faction led by the Sinn Fein Society, who believe that Ireland should be free and independent, seized upon the moment to plot a secession from Britain. Undoubtedly both moral and material aid was given by Germany. A picturesque figure in the revolutionary movement was Sir Roger Casement, an Irishman who had achieved prominence in the British consular service, and had been rewarded for his especial efficiency by a pension and a title. Despite these honors Casement held himself an Irishman rather than an Englishman. The war had hardly begun before he visited the United States trying to raise funds for an Irish revolutionary movement. Thence he went to Germany, worked without success trying to get Irish recruits for the Ger-

East African troops forming a hollow square at the capture of Mafia Island

man arms in the prison camps—narrowly escaping lynching at the hands of the prisoners—and ended by getting the Germans to finance an expedition to stir up rebellion in Ireland. In a submarine accompanied by a cruiser laden with arms, Casement appeared off the coast of Ireland. In some way his enterprise had become known to the British government and he was trapped while landing. The cruiser was sunk. The news of his capture set off the revolutionary fires he had laid, and for days Dublin was in the hands of the rioters. But the outbreak was ruthlessly suppressed. Its immediate leaders—fourteen in all—were summarily executed, and Casement, after a suitable trial, was hanged in Pentonville yard. Among radical Irish patriots much sympathy was manifested for Casement and even for Germany. A meeting of that element in New York—of course before the United States had entered the war—adopted curious resolutions thanking "the government of Germany for extending to Ireland as fast as the present military situation will permit the same kind of aid as was rendered to the infant American republic by France."

An aerial duel within sight of Ypres. A German aeroplane, flying high over Ypres, was attacked by four British biplanes, and in spite of the heavy shrapnel fire from German guns the British machines closed around their quarry and forced it to the ground

Sharply upon the outbreak of the war, and before the Japanese could blockade her harbor, the German cruiser *Emden*, Captain Müller, slipped out of the port of Tsingtau and made for the open Pacific. There followed a record of achievement and adventure for the ship and for a considerable detachment of her men which merits a more detailed telling than could be given it in the chapter on the naval operations of the war.

The *Emden* mounted ten 4½-inch guns for a primary battery and had a speed of twenty-three knots. She was one of the few powerful German ships out of the immediate grasp of the British navy at the

South African field artillery embarking on the auxiliary cruiser *Armadale Castle*

outbreak of the war, and was undoubtedly in constant communication with the German admiralty during the parlous days that preceded the declaration. Her orders when she slipped out of the German naval station in China that August morning were to make all speed to join the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Nurnberg* in the South Pacific, but somewhere in that waste of waters the wireless messengers overhauled her and ordered her to the Indian Ocean there to sink, burn and destroy such ships of Germany's enemies as could be discovered.

In this engrossing and helpful occupation business was brisk at first. There was no warning out of the presence of the raider in those seas. There was no fighting of course. The victims were all unarmed and hove to at the first summons. Usually they were sunk until the *Emden* would get so full of prisoners that they would have to liberate a prize to take them to land. Coal, food, all necessaries they obtained from their prizes. "The ships seemed to come of themselves to us," said Lieutenant Mucke later in telling of his voyage.

But the men of the *Emden* were not a bit averse to fighting. They speedily picked up 23 ships, many of which were sunk, while a few were held to carry the hosts of prisoners.

A small portion of the British army in Egypt. They are Australians

Capt. von Muller who commanded the raider —and who later perished with her—was not the type of German that the war, and particularly the submarine war, later developed. He was punctilious about caring for his prisoners, and the ships he captured were not "*spurlos versenkt*" (sunk without traces) as a German envoy to Argentina later recommended should be done with the ships of that friendly nation. When taking prizes became monotonous the *Emden* turned shoreward and raided Madras, where her shots set fire to the great oil tanks that for days after illuminated with their blaze the whole city.

Shortly after this the officers of the *Emden* heard that a French cruiser and several enemy vessels were in harbor at Penang, a considerable port of 250,000 inhabitants. The report was inaccurate, the cruiser being Russian, but the adventurers determined to run into the port and try what game might be bagged by a surprise. A London *Times* correspondent, in Penang at the time, gives an eye-witness account of the adventure. It is notable that the correspondent, though an Englishman, bears abundant testimony to the chivalry and humanity of the German commander. But the war was then young.

It was early on Wednesday morning that the *Emden*, with a dummy fourth funnel and flying the British ensign, in some inexplicable fashion sneaked past the French torpedo boat *Mosquet*, which was on patrol duty outside, and entered the outer harbor of Penang. Across the channel leading to the inner harbor lay the Russian cruiser *Jemtchug*. Inside were the French torpedo boats *Fronde* and *Pistolet* and the torpedo boat destroyer *D'Iberville*. The torpedo boats lay beside the long Government wharf, while the *D'Iberville* rode at anchor between two tramp steamers.

A closeup of a fatal accident of one of the Allied planes. This was due to the motor stopping before the machine was well clear of the ground

At full speed the *Emden* steamed straight for the *Jemtchug* and the inner harbor. In the semi-darkness of the early morning the Russian took her for the British cruiser *Yarmouth*, which had been in and out two or three times during the previous week, and did not even "query" her. Suddenly, when less than 400 yards away, the *Emden* emptied her bow guns into the *Jemtchug* and came on at a terrific pace, with all the guns she could bring to bear in action. When she had come within 250 yards she changed her course slightly, and as she passed the *Jemtchug* poured two broadsides into her, as well as a torpedo, which entered the engine room but did comparatively little damage.

The Russian cruiser was taken completely by surprise and was badly crippled before she realized what

was happening. The fact that her Captain was spending the night ashore and that there was no one on board who seemed capable of acting energetically completed the demoralization. She was defeated before the battle began. However, her men finally manned the light guns and brought them into action.

In the meantime the *Emden* was well inside the inner harbor and among the shipping. She saw the French torpedo boats there, and apparently realized at once that unless she could get out before they joined in the action her fate was sealed. At such close quarters (the range was never more than 450 yards) their torpedoes would have proved deadly. Accordingly, she turned sharply and made for the *Jemtchug* once more.

South African volunteers arriving at Cape Town

All the time she had been in the harbor the Russian had been bombarding her with shrapnel, but, owing to the notoriously bad marksmanship prevalent in the Czar's navy, had succeeded for the most part only in peppering every merchant ship within range. As the *Emden* neared the *Jemtchug* again both ships were actually spitting fire. The range was practically point blank. Less than 150 yards away the *Emden* passed the Russian, and as she did so, torpedoed her amidships striking the magazine. There was a tremendous detonation, paling into insignificance by its volume all the previous din; a heavy black column of smoke arose and the *Jemtchug* sank in less than ten seconds, while the *Emden* steamed behind the point to safety.

No sooner had she done so, however, than she sighted the torpedo boat *Mosquet*, which had heard the firing and was coming in at top speed. The *Emden* immediately opened up on her, thereby causing her to turn around in an endeavor to escape. It was too late. After a running fight of twenty minutes the *Mosquet* seemed to be hit by three shells simultaneously and sank very rapidly. The German had got a second victim.

It was here that the chivalrous bravery of the *Emden's* captain which has been many times in evidence throughout her meteoric career was again shown. If the French boats were coming out, every moment was of priceless value to him. Nevertheless, utterly disregarding this he stopped, lowered boats and picked up the survivors from the *Mosquet* before steaming on his way. The English here now say of him admiringly, "He played the game."

The *Emden* should not have been able to escape as she did unharmed from this adventurous raid. In the harbor were lying a French destroyer, *D'Iberville* and two French torpedo boats, besides the small one which she demolished. From none of the three former ships was a shot fired. The conditions were ideal for them to have used their torpedoes as the raider was at all times within close and easy range—at one time within two hundred yards. It would appear that they could have overwhelmed her by

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Bringing up a heavy gun for action in German East Africa

a concerted use of their torpedoes, which eye-witnesses declare could have been launched without moving the ships a foot.

After Penang the raider resumed her cruising in the adjacent waters. The hue and cry was out for her, and English, French and Japanese warships were hot upon her trail. But luck was with her for about two weeks, when her end came suddenly. November 9th she was in the offing of the Cocos Islands, an outlying dependency of Great Britain. Here was a wireless station which Capt. Müller determined to destroy, lest it betray his presence in those waters. Accordingly Lieut. Mucke was sent ashore for that purpose. Let us tell the subsequent events in his own language.

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Supplies being brought up by the British in British East Africa, thirty oxen being used here to draw the wagon

On November 9th I left the *Emden* in order to destroy the wireless plant on the Cocos Island. I had fifty men, four machine guns, about thirty rifles. Just as we were about to destroy the apparatus it reported, "Careful, *Emden* near." The work of destruction went smoothly. The wireless operators said: "Thank God! It's been like being under arrest day and night lately." Presently the *Emden* signalled to us, "Hurry up." I pack up, but simultaneously wails the *Emden's* siren. I hurry up to the bridge, see the flag "Anna" go up. That means "Weigh anchor." We ran like mad into our boat, but already the *Emden's* pennant goes up, the battle flag is raised, they fire from starboard.

The enemy is concealed by the island and therefore not to be seen. But I see the shells strike the water. To follow and catch the *Emden* is out of the question; she's going twenty knots, I only four with my steam pinnace. Therefore I turn back to land, raise the flag, declare German laws of war in force, seize all arms, set up my machine guns on shore in order to guard against a hostile landing. Then I run again in order to observe the fight. From the splash of the shells it looked as if the enemy had fifteen centimetre guns, bigger therefore than the *Emden's*. He fired rapidly but poorly. It was the Australian cruiser *Sydney*.

The *Sydney* was in fact a heavier and speedier vessel than the *Emden* and the battle was emphatically one-sided. Nevertheless

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An artillery engagement in British East Africa. Naval guns on field mountings are being used

the German ship fought well. Three times in the early part of the action she hulled the Britisher, shot to pieces her foremast range finder, wrecked her after-control platform, and started a fire between her decks. Apparently this swift execution was done because the German gunners were more skillful at long range. Because of her superior speed the *Sydney* soon came to close quarters and when she was able to turn on her full weight of metal she made short work of the enemy. In a little more than an hour and forty minutes, after racing over 56 miles of sea, the German was driven ashore on the North Keeling and there lay with the flames pouring from every port, with more than 120 of her crew slain and the rest wounded or dazed with the shock of conflict. The vessel was hopelessly wrecked but her survivors were tenderly cared for on the English ship and taken into the harbor of Colombo.

Lieutenant Mucke being marooned on shore could not see the end of the conflict. He was in doubt whether the *Emden* had triumphed, had escaped or had been sunk. He was ashore in a British possession, though the settlers were so few that his landing party of a few more than forty men was quite sufficient to control the situation. Nor was there any great hostility manifested by the inhabitants. One Englishman who stood on the roof of a house with Mucke and saw the two fighting ships disappear below the horizon turned to the German with a smile and said: "Now, Captain, won't you have a game of tennis with us?"

Upon Mucke, however, the responsibilities of the situation weighed heavily. He had no desire to stay on the Cocos Islands until possibly the *Sydney* might return and make him and all his men prisoners. Accordingly seeing a three-masted schooner, the *Ayesha*

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General Smuts, commander of the British forces in East Africa, making observations from the top of an armored car

An armored French plane, which will make well over 120 miles an hour, just about to start on a flight

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Algerians in street fighting

lying at anchor he commandeered it and demanded eight weeks' supplies, which were cheerfully furnished by the English residents. In this craft, armed with the four machine guns he had taken ashore, he set forth on an adventurous voyage which finally brought him to Hodeida on the shores of the Red Sea. The populace were Arabs, under the rule of the Turk, and therefore allies of the Germans. By their aid the wanderers reached the Bagdad Railway and were ultimately carried in triumph to Europe. At the Oasis of Maan, nearly 600 miles south of Damascus, the party was met by a correspondent of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, to whom Mucke recounted some of the adventures of their voyage through Asiatic straits and seas. Some extracts from his statement will be of interest. His study of course had been to avoid waters likely to be frequented by Allied warships and to seek only neutral ports for refuge. But what ports were neutral? He and his fellows, as they drifted along through dead calms, or were battered by savage monsoons, cruised almost at random for three months before he learned that Tsing-Tao, which he had first chosen, had fallen into English hands. Then he went to Padang, a dependency of Holland. By this time they were beginning to suffer for lack of water and clothing. "With

Few realize that there were troops of the Mongolian race on the battlefields of Europe. Here is a column of Japanese soldiers from French Cochin-China marching to their camp at Versailles

Belgian native troops (Askaris) operating in German East Africa are recruited from the various Congo tribes

water," said Mucke, "we had to go sparingly; each man received three glasses daily. When it rained all possible receptacles were placed and the main sail was spread over the cabin roof to catch the rain. The whole crew went about naked in order to spare our clothing which was already in rags. Toothbrushes were long ago out of sight. One razor made the rounds of the crew. The entire ship had one precious comb."

The authorities at Padang though neutral were not overfriendly. At first they wanted to intern the *Ayesha* for the period of the war, but Mucke insisted on his right to supplies needful to take him to the next neutral port, and a period of sanctuary in which to refit. He declared the *Ayesha* a warship and pointed to his four machine guns to prove it. The authorities were oversqueamish as to the amount of supplies that might be taken. They refused clothes or even toothbrushes on the ground that to permit them to be taken would be a breach of neutrality. Accordingly after twenty-four hours the raiders put out to sea little better accoutred than when they entered the port. They had been out only 24 hours when they encountered a German freighter, the *Choising*.

"Great was our joy now," said Mucke later. "I had all my men come on deck and line up for review. The fellows hadn't a rag on. Thus in nature's garb we gave three cheers for the German flag on the *Choising*. The men on the *Choising* told us afterwards, "We couldn't make out what that meant, those stark naked fellows all cheering."

Mucke thereupon took over the *Choising*, sinking the *Ayesha*, which had borne them through so many perils. He turned his new ship's prow toward Aden and the Red Sea, believing that in this way he could get into Arabia and thence to Turkey and home. On the voyage he had innumerable narrow escapes from detection by Allied cruisers, but finally made his way to land at Hodeida, a small Arabian port north of Aden. Here he made friends with the Arabs and with officials of the Turkish government, who welcomed him and his men. On the Kaiser's birthday the Germans paraded together with the Turkish troops and international rejoicings were held.

But this was by no means the goal of the German force. They hesitated long whether to make their way northward over the burning sands of the Arabian desert, or to put to sea in lighter craft than their steamer and evade detection by making their way through waters close to the coast. They finally determined upon the latter course and on March 14, 1915, two months after landing at Hodeida, they put to sea again in two large sambuks. Three days later one of the boats, holding twenty-eight men, capsized. The water was full of sharks and of reefs. The men were afraid of the former and as they climbed on the bottom of the upturned boat it pounded on the latter so that it bade fair to go to pieces. To add to their perplexities a band of Arabs appeared upon the shore and for a moment the men doubted whether they were friends or foes. They proved to be friends and the day following, after all the Germans had safely been brought ashore,

they rendered signal aid in diving for the lost property. These men of the desert, curiously enough, were men of the sea as well, and they dived so skilfully that they even brought up between four of them the machine guns which had gone to the bottom. Mucke had now but one boat and for a time it looked as though he must take to the hard pathway through the desert. Luckily a sub-official of the Turkish government turned up after a time and succeeded in getting a boat of fifty-four tons. With this the adventurers sailed north for three days to Lith. Here they heard that the British had word of their presence in the Red Sea and had sent three cruisers to intercept them. Accordingly they left the sea and took to the desert.

Across burning sands, and more than once in peril from hostile tribesmen, Mucke and his fellows trudged on northward by easy marches until they reached Damascus. All was for them bright and cheerful after their prolonged hardships. At every town they were greeted and feasted by partisans of the Kaiser. The further north they went the more enthusiastic the greeting. At Haidar-Pasha, the last point on the Asiatic soil, they were warmly greeted by representatives of the Turkish and German governments and military and naval forces. In the forefront of the welcomers stood Admiral Souchon of the German navy. To him advanced Lieutenant von Mucke, followed by his forty-nine men now in fresh trim sailor's uniforms. He lowered his sword to the Admiral.

"Beg to report most obediently, Herr Admiral, landing corps of the Emden forty-four men, four officers, one surgeon."

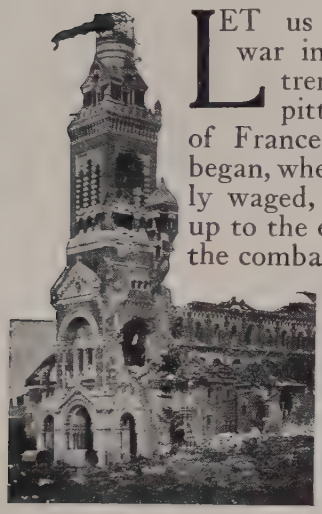
That was all! A mere report as though it was all in the day's business!

French Colonial troops from Indo-China preparing a meal. Note they are wearing steel helmets

A British drive against a town occupied by the Germans on the western front. Heavy artillery fire has been directed against the German lines for days and shells are seen breaking well ahead of the advancing waves

CHAPTER VII

AGAIN THE WEST—THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE IN CHAMPAGNE—THE BRITISH OPERATIONS ABOUT LOOS AND LENS—THE HISTORIC BATTLE OF VERDUN—NATURE OF THE FORTRESS—BOASTS OF THE GERMANS—"THEY SHALL NOT PASS"—THE ROAD TO VERDUN—FRENCH VICTORY—HEAVY LOSSES OF GERMANS—BATTLE OF THE SOMME—FIGHTING AT PERONNE—THE BRITISH TANKS—BATTLE OF ARRAS



LET us turn again to the war in the west; to those trench-scarred and shell-pitted fields and forests of France where the struggle began, where it was most fiercely waged, and where, at least up to the early months of 1918, the combatants were so closely matched that the shift of a few hundred yards in position was celebrated as a notable victory or defeat. In telling the story of the operations in this section we are virtually restricted to descriptions of the striking or picturesque features of a series of battles which at the end of months and even years had resulted merely in a continuous deadlock. The enemies facing each other in the trenches of France had spent months of futile watching and sniping, with occasional volcanic outbursts of artillery or sudden raids from one side or the other. The principal fighting in that summer of 1915 was in the East, and the Russians and Italians were giving the Austrians so serious a time that the Kaiser felt the need of turning all his force and energy to his Ally's aid. So things lagged in the West until Sir John French and General Joffre determined that it was time to stir up the sleeping dogs in the boche trenches and make the Kaiser recall some of his fighting men from the East. Accordingly offensives were begun simultaneously by the French in Champagne and the British about Loos and Lens.

These operations present a state of affairs not uncommon in this war. In them were engaged more than half a million men on each side. The losses were reckoned by the hundreds of thousands. The gains both of British and French were considerable—a true contribution to the work of slowly driving the invaders out of France. But neither offensive was completely successful. It neither destroyed the German army, nor did it pierce the German lines, though undoubtedly it pushed the foe back very materially. As a result these operations have been overshadowed by others taking place synchronously, and particularly by the Battle of Verdun which began shortly after the Allied offensive had spent its strength.

Eye-witnesses declare that there was never a scene so fit to set man's pulses leaping as that on September 25, 1915, when along a fifteen mile front Castlenau's poilus in the Champagne district, singing and praying, laughing and swearing, shouting the Marseillaise or the Camagnole went over the top. It was a magnificent charge and at once the Germans were pushed out of their first rank of trenches. What the strength of these positions was may be indicated by a description written to the London *Times* by one of the conquerors:

> One striking sign of their confidence was the number and size of the underground refuges, more than 20 feet deep, which they had laboriously carved out of the solid chalk all along the line. In one small sector there were 150 of them, strongly buttressed with stout timber props, and fitted with double rows of berths for a large number of men. This solidity is typical of the whole scheme of the defenses. In that twenty miles of front there are hundreds and hundreds of miles of trenches and light railways. The line is so irregular, and so broken up by salients, big and little, that almost everywhere it could be defended by lateral as well as by direct frontal fire."

Powerful as the position had been it was carried by the assailants who pushed on with cheers beyond the trenches to the German field guns in the rear. Whole batteries were taken, and in many instances turned on the

French infantry going over the top through their own wire entanglements into No Man's Land in an attack on a German trench on the Champagne front

shattered ranks of their former owners. By night along the 15 mile front the advance had been carried at least 2½ miles. Nine guns, it was said, had been taken for every mile of front and for each yard an unwounded prisoner. Later the enemy's lines were actually pierced but with a gap too narrow for use. For a moment it looked as though de Castlenau had accomplished the great object of the year of cruel fighting and had broken the iron wall that the Germans had thrown across France, but fate was against him and the slight breach was impracticable.

While the French were thus pressing the offensive in Champagne, the French and British together under the joint command of General Foch were fighting to the northward along Vimy Ridge—where more savage battles were to be fought eighteen months later' and on the La Bassée-Loos line with a view to taking the railway center at Lens, and entering upon the plain of the Scheldt. Notable advances were attained though not the full purpose of the movement. There was a new bombardment of the hapless city of Ypres. The heaviest fighting was in the neighborhood of the village of Loos which was taken by a division of Highlanders. The story is told that just as these Kilties were about to leave their trenches they were attacked with gas and hesitated briefly. Piper Laidlaw sprang to the top of the parapet and under full fire marched up and down playing "All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border," piping his comrades over the top until all were in the charge and he fell desperately wounded.

The attacking party is seen in the middle of No Man's Land exposed to the German fire. The enemy's line was about 90 yards from the French trench heavily protected by barbed wire. They made the trip in less than 4 minutes, killed several Germans and returned with 4 prisoners.

Here the troops are seen entering the German trenches, having carried their coup de main through to the vital moment. In the foreground a wounded French soldier is making his way back to the French lines

There was seeming incapacity in the British leadership at Loos. All the earlier stages went against the Germans. They fell back before the Highlanders, abandoning the village and their supporting trenches, and retreating until it seemed that Lens itself might fall—that Lens for the possession of which the Allies were still fighting two years later. But where were the British reserves? None came to the support of the Highlanders who had to be slowly and precariously withdrawn from the advanced positions they had won. Five days the battle raged but the success of the first day was not paralleled, nor were its fruits wholly retained. None the less the battle of Loos was in its entirety a British victory. Sir John French, addressing his troops, declared that they had broken the enemy's lines along a front of 6,500 yards, had carried his reserve lines, and at one point pierced his last position. They had captured fifty officers and 3,000 men together with 26 field guns and 40 machine guns. However the victory fell so far short of what might have been expected from the initial successes that keen disappointment was felt in the country when full knowledge of the affair became general. Sir John French was recalled, made a peer and honored with a high command at home—but none the less disciplined. The losses had been heavy—for French and British both in the neighborhood of 165,000, in both the Champagne and Loos battles, and for the Germans about 200,000. After this clash the armies in that immediate section settled down to inactivity for nearly twelve months.

Early in the following year, 1916, the scene

French troops that participated in the attack shown above before they went over the top. At the right, in the German trench with a German prisoner who was hustled back to the French line to be questioned at the Commandant's Headquarters

of active fighting shifted eastward and the historic battle of Verdun was begun.

Verdun was a magnificent, a stimulating victory for the French, won at the cost of more than a year's steady fighting. But the triumph, once attained, only meant that the French had held what they started out with, while the Germans still held the lines by which the fortress was beleaguered. So with the later battle of the Somme—a British success, in which the enemy had been outmanœuvred and outfought, their lines pierced to clinging to their trenches, and boasting of the number and strength of the lines of prepared defense behind them to which they might retreat in the event of defeat.

Verdun, by the fierceness of the attack led by the Crown Prince, and the stubbornness and desperation of its defense under Generals Pétain and Nivelle came to symbolize the French determination to yield not another inch to the invader. When the gray-green flood of German soldiers was pouring into France over every railroad and highway,

German defenses taken by the British at Beaucourt. Barbed wire is used on all fronts

and their defenses broken down. But the actual loss of ground was but slight in proportion to the amount of French territory held by the Germans. Only maps drawn to the very largest scale could show any distinction in the battle lines before and after the victory.

Nevertheless the two years and more of fighting on the western front of which I purpose to tell in this chapter was distinctly encouraging to the Allies. It demonstrated that the Germans had lost the offensive and were unable to resume it. Those vainglorious legions that had swept irresistibly over Belgium and France in the fall of 1914 with cries of "Paris in three weeks!" were reduced through violated neutral lands as well as by more legitimate routes, all Paris, dazed by the sudden collapse of such fortresses as Liège and Namur, said hopefully, "Look at Verdun. She will hold out!"

Well. She did hold out. With the fourth year of the war more than half gone she is still holding out, drenched with blood of heroes on both sides; the ground for miles around plowed deep with shell pits and planted with the bodies of tens of thousands of the gallant dead. She holds out in grim defiance though she never really barred the way to Paris, for in those dark days of August the German army ignored the grim gray fortress hewn in the solid rock and,

From a drawing by George Mc Evoy

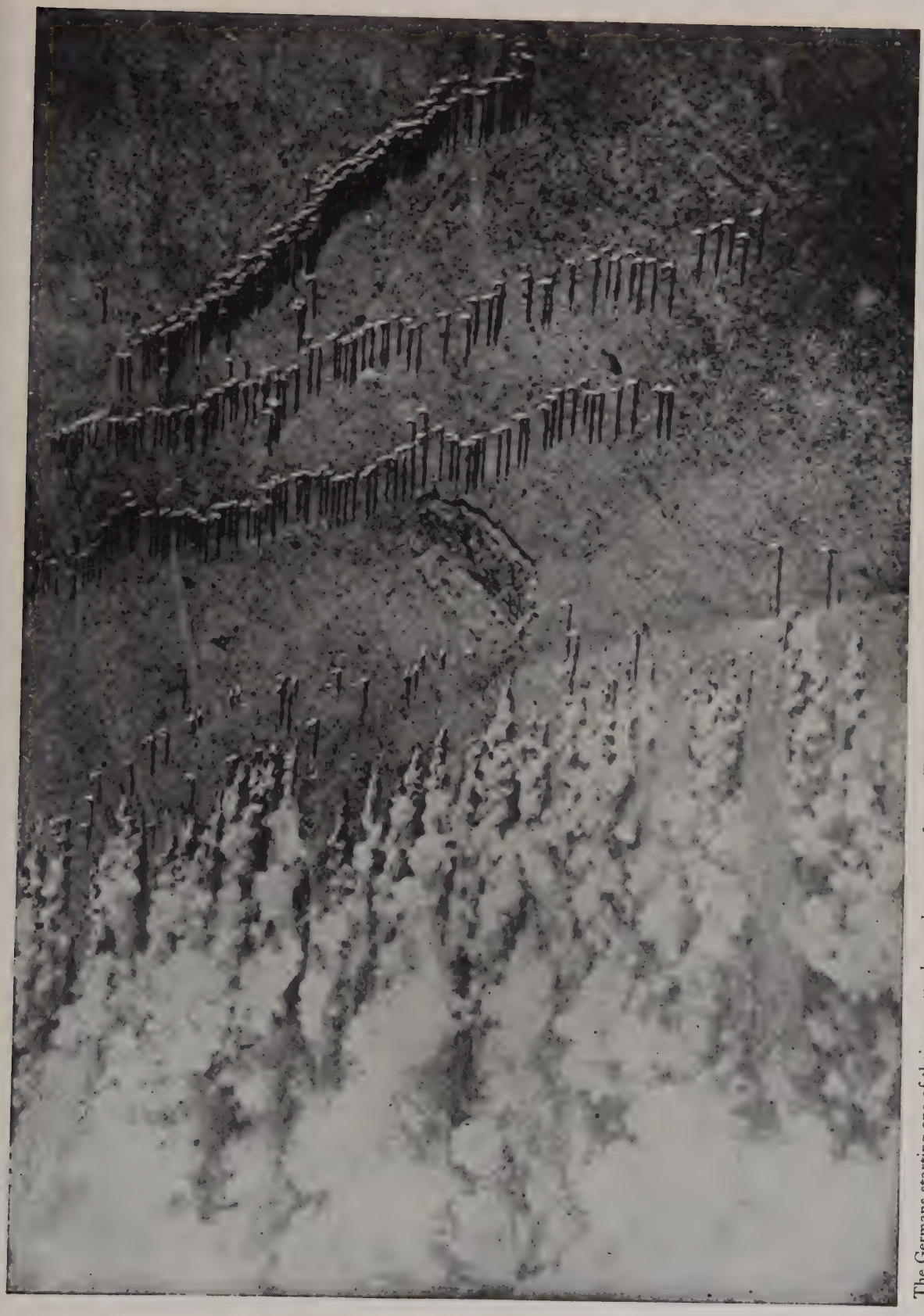
In this scene, so graphically portrayed by the artist, is shown the charging Canadian artillery as it passed ahead, taking trench line after trench line protected by the barrage of the great guns. This battery of field artillery plunged forward to new positions right behind the first lines and poured a devastating fire on the flying enemy. Messines Ridge will stand out in history as one of the greatest military achievements of all times

leaving it to one side, marched on its errand doomed to disappointment. The Battle of the Marne sent the invaders flying back, but what they had done proved the worthlessness of Verdun as a fortress. As a name, however, to designate the fifty miles or more of trenches which stretch out right and left from the ancient town and fortress in the rock, it has become symbolical of the most persistent assault and the most dogged resistance known to military history. Fate plays curious pranks with cities as well as with men. Verdun, until the German Crown Prince gave it immortality by dashing his magnificent legions to pieces against its flame-tipped barriers, was famed chiefly for its manufacture of sugared almonds and other confections much esteemed at French weddings. Long after the war began and German shells were now and then dropping in the streets of the quiet town the confectioners went peacefully on with the manufacture of their "dragees," and even invented a bonbonnière, like the shell of a "French 75," which on occasion would vociferously explode with a scattering hail of sugared almonds.

First Aid station just back of the firing line; bringing in the wounded for immediate attention

The old fortress of Verdun, its citadel, was built in the days before engineers understood that soft earth is a more stubborn resistant than solid rock. It was built by Vauban, most famous of military engineers, whose works have been relegated to oblivion by modern high explosives. The citadel of Verdun he hewed out of a beetling cliff, blasting out redoubts and battlements, long corridors, barracks, and assembly halls. Even an elevator was added by later engineers. But if that seemed something of an oddity in a fort its presence was atoned for by the fact that when war really befel Verdun all the guns were taken out of the old citadel. Their place was not there but far off in the trenches miles away from the city. The triumph of Vauban's engineering skill, in face of the German "Jack Johnsons," was condemned to more peaceful uses. Its impregnable galleries sheltered the wounded brought in from the real front. Its casements bricked up formed excellent ovens where bread by the thousand loaves was baked for the army. Its corridors served for offices for the administration of the town and as storage places for the munitions of war to be employed elsewhere.

Fame was thrust upon Verdun. It was not a point of great strategic importance, nor was it peculiarly advantageous as a point about which to rally a defense. Its railroads were commanded from the very first by the German artillery, with the result that during the prolonged siege the supply of the French army had to be by motor truck



The Germans starting one of their gas attacks on the western front. The German lines of advance can be seen plainly. This photo was taken from a French aeroplane

Allied infantry advancing behind a heavy barrage charging across "No Man's Land"

along a road constructed especially for that purpose, and maintained by constant and unremitting attention. That transport service was one of the marvels of the war. But while many considerations seemed to justify the belief of the French High Command that Verdun might more profitably be left undefended to the German attack the Germans themselves put an end to any such programme. Their boasts of what they were going to do at Verdun roused in the French mind the determination that they should not do it. For home consumption Germany needed the prestige of having taken some great fortress in France. The enterprise was committed to the Crown Prince, the idol of the extreme militarists, a bit of a swashbuckler who had yet to show his military mettle. So his father, the Kaiser, gave him a few hundred thousand German lives to play with—a fair proportion of which he squandered fruitlessly. There was no doubt, however, in the mind of either father or son as to the outcome. In the center of Verdun—as in most cities of France—is a public square, or Place d'Armes. As a rule such spots with their historic buildings have been the favorite targets of the German guns. At Verdun, however, the artillery was especially instructed to spare the Place, for there the

The signal corps follows close behind carrying signal fuses attached to their guns. They are thrown in the air to inform the artillery in the rear how far the charging infantry have advanced

Crown Prince was to receive the surrender of the city from its Mayor, and there later, the Kaiser himself was to reward his victorious son with an order of high merit. Neither ceremony has yet come off. For as a result of the braggart announcements of what was to be done the French determined that it should not be done. Verdun became the symbol of French defiance. "*They shall not pass!*" was the watchword of its defenders, and they made it good.

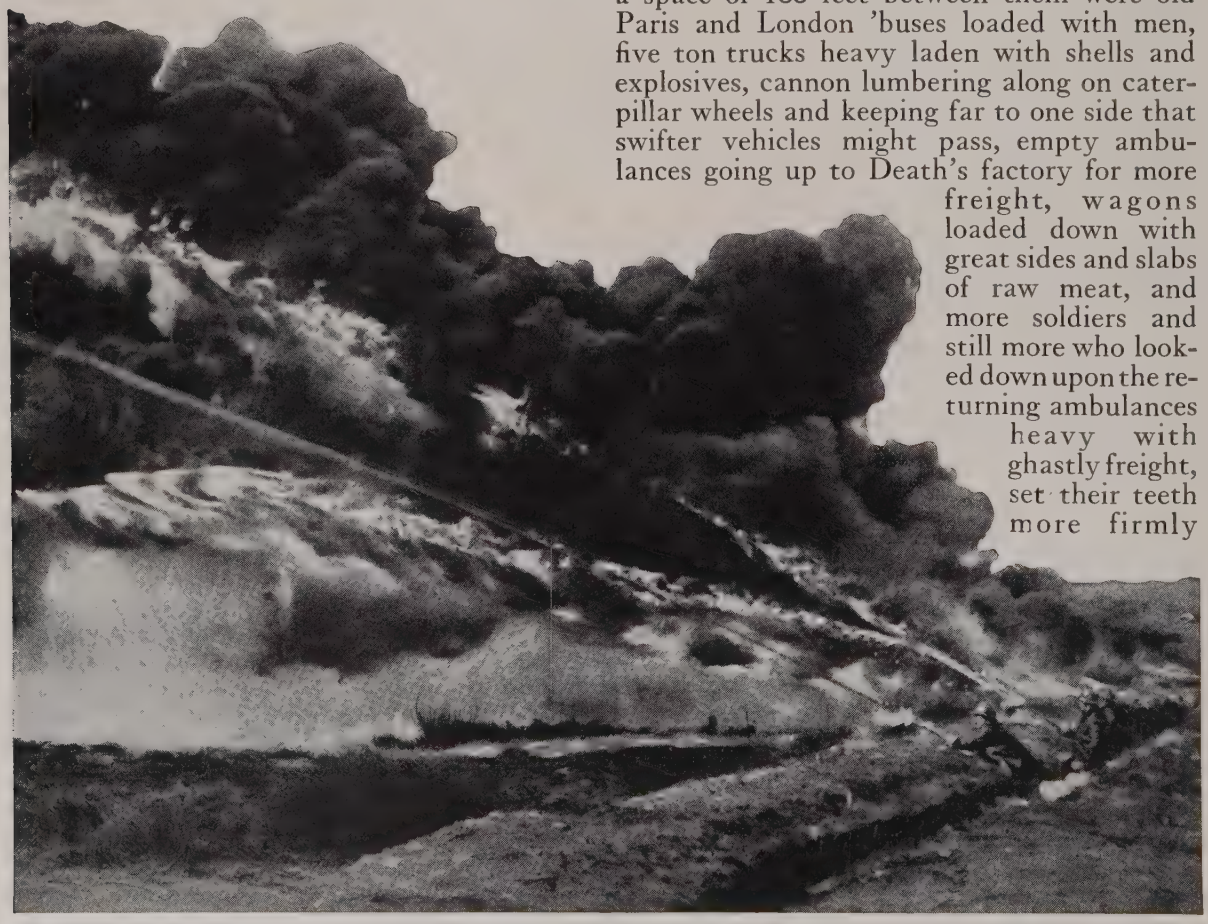
There was fighting in the Argonne in the neighborhood of Verdun during the fall months of 1915, but the direct frontal attack was begun by the Germans in February, 1916. The Crown Prince was in nominal command. Though there was growing doubt as to the military capacity of this eldest son of the Kaiser, political considerations made it imperative that to him should fall the honor of some great victory—and no German then doubted that Verdun was to be the scene of a famous national triumph. There was every reason for Germany to anticipate success. The winter had checked operations in the Russian and Balkan theatres of war, and the veteran troops from those regions were hurriedly brought to join with troops from Ypres, the Somme, and the Aisne. Great guns in tremendous numbers, more than 3,000 according to report, and of appalling calibres had been concentrated as early as December, and prodigious piles of shells and bombs were stored at every place along the point where they would be needed. The concentration of the men began in January and for a month or more they were held out of action, abundantly fed and equipped in every way for the triumphant attack which their general confidently expected. An order of the day issued by General von Daimling, found on a German prisoner, announced to his men that the decisive moment had come at last, and that their irresistible attack on Verdun would put an immediate end to the war. The plan for the attack which was to produce this tremendous result was that which has become typical in this war—a racking and crushing artillery fire, followed by an assault by infantry. With the French front once broken the Germans expected to close in on Verdun from behind, cutting off the French retreat and annihilating the French army. Had

Intense barrage fire set up by Allied artillery after infantry has reached its objective to prevent the enemy from making a counter charge. At the extreme left is seen a French machine gunner in action

the latter end been attained it would indeed have been a great step toward the conclusion of the war.

Perhaps the French gave no thought to retreat. Nevertheless, the question of how to get their army away should disaster befall, and how to feed it and furnish it with fresh munitions and reënforcements was one of the utmost importance. At the outset there were about 550,000 men in the French army about Verdun, this number rising at times to as many as 750,000. To supply this enormous force there was but one railroad available, and that one at points exposed to the fire of the enemy. The Germans anticipated that the defenders would be severely handicapped by this inadequacy of railroad transportation. So they would have been had not the French General Staff recognized the situation and met it by using the marvelous French highways, level and solid as a floor, for the organization of a system of transportation by motor trucks that, by its perfection and efficiency, aroused the admiration of all military critics. The transport service of an army is as important as its strategy or its spirit. In fact, neither can be maintained if there is failure or delay in bringing up reënforcements or munitions.

The road the French built from St. Dizier to Verdun to keep their force of 750,000 men in food and munitions, to reënforce them and to carry away their wounded was a broad highway fifty miles long and every foot of it as crowded as Fifth Avenue at the matinée hour, or State Street, Chicago, within the loop, at the time for going home. The operation of the road was marvelous. Even the London traffic officer might have learned something from it. Breaks and blockades could not be tolerated. For this highway was a great artery any damming of which would have given Verdun an apoplexy. Speeding eastward in single file with seldom a space of 100 feet between them were old Paris and London 'buses loaded with men, five ton trucks heavy laden with shells and explosives, cannon lumbering along on caterpillar wheels and keeping far to one side that swifter vehicles might pass, empty ambulances going up to Death's factory for more freight, wagons loaded down with great sides and slabs of raw meat, and more soldiers and still more who looked down upon the returning ambulances heavy with ghastly freight, set their teeth more firmly



With this wall of liquid fire the Germans believed they would annihilate entire brigades of French and English. While the sufferings of those caught in the stream have been terrible, the general military results are negligible

and muttered, "*They shall not pass.*" Day and night rolled on the endless procession. Of course the road wore away, but along its side sat thousands of soldiers endlessly cracking stone to repair its bed as soon as it showed signs of rutting. If a piece became particularly bad a detour was built and traffic diverted until the worn spot was thoroughly renewed. If one could imagine a city the size of Omaha, peopled only by men, and those men engaged in ceaseless destruction of everything brought into the town, producing nothing and saving nothing, one would have an idea of the situation of Verdun, and of the one narrow road along which every pound of material needed by the population had to be carried. The strain of driving along that crowded highway was savage. Chauffeurs were on duty uninterruptedly for twenty-four to thirty hours at a stretch, making from 125 to 175 miles with hardly a stop.

"Can you imagine," asked one, "what it means to drive one of these lorries, weighing five tons, and carrying an equal weight of shells, either during a descent of 12 or 14 in the 100 and with a lorry just in front and one just behind, or driving during a frosty night, or without lights for short intervals when nearing the front? Can you see the driver alone on his lorry, whose eyes are shutting, when a shock wakes him up suddenly, who is obliged to sing, to sit very upright, to swear at himself so as not to sleep, or throw his lorry into a ravine, or get it stuck in the mud, or knock the one in front to pieces? And then the hundreds and hundreds of cars coming in the contrary direction whose lights blind him!"

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The principal needs of infantry in the trenches are as follows: rifle, grenade-throwing gun, pistol, package of powder against gas, grenades in a basket, bag of sand, pick-axe, gun-grenades, signal lantern, alarm bell for gun attacks, barbed wire, rocket, corrugated iron scoop, hatchgrate, shovel, sissors, broom, periscope, gun carrier with periscope and a gabron

Let us consider the fortress for the defense of which such mighty efforts were needed.

Verdun, built on a hill on the bank of the River Meuse, which at this point flows nearly north and south, was surrounded by a circle of higher hills. On the crests of these are perched twenty-four permanent forts, making a circle with a five-mile radius and the city for the centre. But it was not about these forts, with one or two exceptions, that the battle raged. By this period of the war it had been too thoroughly demonstrated that fixed fortifications were of but little value and that a defense only five or six miles from the citadel was no defense whatsoever. Accordingly the true French defense was in three lines of earthworks, with the usual wire entanglements, thrown out eight or ten miles beyond the ring of fixed forts and forming a bow nearly seventy-five miles long from Bourelles, west of Verdun, to Combres far to the southeast. A multitude of little villages were included in this line, and back of it were the twenty-four forts so that the detailed story of the battle, which at the end of two years was still in progress, is filled with confusing names of localities, most of which may well be omitted here. Indeed no de-

tailed nor technical report of that titanic contest is possible. It was a war rather than a battle. In it were involved from first to last not less than 2,000,000 soldiers with such an equipment for war as the world had never before known. When the Battle of the Aisne was fought steadily for twenty-two days in 1914 the world wondered, and pointed to it as the longest sustained conflict of modern history—Mukden, which determined the issue of the Russo-Japanese War, having lasted twenty days, and Gettysburg, which saved the Union, but three.

American officers as observers on the western front. Note that they are wearing steel helmets

The Battle of Verdun may justly be said to have lasted more than two years, for while the fighting was not at its fiercest during all that period, there was no moment during all those months that it was not in progress somewhere along the Verdun sector.

Early in February the defenders of Verdun were convinced of the imminence of an attack in force. Deserters brought news of the sinister preparations of the enemy. Aircraft reconnoissances showed great activity in the Hun lines. Bombardments began February 16th and the governor of the city cleared it of its civilian inhabitants. But the Germans did not give warning of their attack by the customary two days' artillery fire to cut wire and reduce parapets. Instead they opened the battle on the 21st with a savage but brief fire of all their guns from the 4-inch up to the Austrian 13-inch. Following this their troops advanced in solid waves. More than 250,000 bayonets were aligned and they expected to be in Verdun in four days.

The first attack was directed against the sector dominated by Fort Douaumont. That work, though giving its name to the seven and a half miles of front of which it was the centre, had been dismantled and its guns mounted in the neighboring trenches. The attack began soon after sunrise of a bitter winter's morning with a furious fire from the closely packed German batteries. French aviators flying over the enemy's lines declared that it was impossible to note the position of the different batteries as the cannon stood almost wheel to wheel in one continuous line. The shells flying up into the air looked like a salvo of thousands of

This pile of ruins was once the stately chateau of M. de Kergelary. It was within the German lines along the Somme and was battered to pieces by French artillery and afterwards captured. This is typical of thousands of homes in the war zone

British Red Cross in the battle of Flanders bringing in a wounded Frenchman

rockets in some great celebration. But their explosion set loose stifling gases or the fumes that brought temporary blindness with scalding tears, or liquid fire that burned and seared every object within reach and refused to be extinguished by any ordinary means. Only the more commonplace shells scattered shrapnel by the thousand or jagged pieces of metal to rend and slay their victims. Over the line of batteries floated a number of captive balloons from which observers telephoned to gunners below directions for the rectification of their aim. No safe post this, for the French gunners and the French aircraft made the balloons their target with frequent fatal effects. "Our first lines were almost levelled by this avalanche of steel," writes one of the French officers. "Trenches, parapets, shelters, no matter how well made, were utterly destroyed."

This end attained, the infantry attack followed. First reconnoitering groups of about fifteen men each, then larger detachments armed with hand grenades, and after them the solid masses of the unapproachable German infantry. In the face of this assault the defenders stood firm. In the crushed and shattered remnants of their trenches, in the craters made by the great shells, they crouched low, working their rifles and their machine guns. Death stalked through both lines. A French soldier in the trenches at Douaumont wrote for the Paris *Figaro* a description of the fighting that smells of the very explosives and the blood itself. It is violently French, of course, and full of defiance and contempt for the enemy, but as a battle picture it has life and undoubtedly truth:

Despite the horror of it, despite the ceaseless flow of blood, one wants to see. One's soul wants to feed on the sight of the brute Boches falling. I stopped on the ground for hours, and when I closed my eyes I saw the whole picture again. The guns are firing

A really gruesome sight is this showing an entire regiment of French infantry which was surprised in the Forest of Mosnel near Porcno and completely annihilated by the Germans

A French regiment resting on its march to the first line in the Somme battle

at 200 and 300 yards, and shrapnel is exploding with a crash, scything them down. Our men hold their ground; our machine guns keep to their work, and yet they advance.

Near me, as I lie in the mud, there is a giant wrapped in one of our uniforms with a steel helmet on his head. He seems to be dead, he is so absolutely still. At a given moment the Boches are quite close to us. Despite the noise of the guns one can hear their oaths and their shouts as they strike. Then the giant next to me jumps up, and with a voice like a stentor shouts, "Hier da! Hier da!" Mechanically some of us get up. (My wound, which had been dressed, left me free and I had forgotten.) I was unarmed, and so I struck him with my steel helmet and he dropped, with his head broken. An officer who was passing sees the incident and takes off the man's coat. Below is a German uniform. Where had the spy come from and how had he got there?

Early in the battle the French were driven from their first line of defense. Their own writers insist that this was the plan of strategy previously determined upon. They compare it to the retreat from Mons and the ultimate halt to win a victory upon the Marne. The theory sounds like an afterthought, and it is vastly more probable that the first four days at Verdun were in fact a series of well-earned victories for the Germans. At any rate, in that period they had driven the defenders from their first line, had taken the villages of Haumont, Brabant, and La Wavrille. Every foot of their advance was savagely contested, for the French were fighting to hold the foe back until their own reserves could come up.

Douaumont, the immediate German objective—village and fort both—had been pounded out of any semblance of form. It was no longer a fortress, but a mass of shattered masonry. It was no longer a little typical French village, with its streets of closely built stone houses, its church, public square, and cheerful cafés. It was a wilderness, a ghastly skeleton of a town peopled only by corpses. Yet such as it was the Germans coveted it—or rather were impelled with a fierce purpose to make that the point of piercing the French lines. Saturday and Sunday, the 25th and 26th, the struggle around this point became more violent and sanguinary. "The enemy no longer count their sacrifices," said one of the French reports of the day, chronicling a commonplace, for at no time during the war did the Germans count the price in human life they paid for a position they were determined to take. And as a result a party of Brandenburghers did cut their way into the ruins of the old fort and the word went out from the General Staff to all the world that "the armored fort of Douaumont, the cornerstone of the French defense of Verdun, has been carried by a Brandenburg regiment." But the triumph was for but a little while. Sweeping back into action the French captured the village and enveloped the Bavar-

A startling new situation confronted the Allies in their recent advance against the Germans. They are fortifying in a concealed way chains of shell craters due to intensive artillery firing of months

ians helplessly imprisoned in a useless fort. For the next week the tide of battle swept back and forth with now the Germans, then the French, in possession of the group of ruins called Douaumont.

Early in April the vigor of the German attack lessened gradually until comparative peace ruled along the Verdun front. Modern battles seldom come to a sudden and satisfactory end, but rather taper off into inaction with occasional outbursts of new violence. So it was in this instance, and among some writers the 7th of April is taken as the date of the conclusion of the First Battle of Verdun, which had begun on the 21st of February. At any rate it is a convenient point at which to stop and take account of results for this portion of a battle which was in fact destined to last for more than a year longer.

The German fortunes in the Battle of Verdun curiously parallel their experience in their drive for Paris. The record would seem to challenge that popular psychology which ascribes to the French character great initial dash and gallantry, while denying it the capacity for dogged and stubborn resistance. That theory has met its death in the present war and nowhere were its wounds more grievous than at Verdun. For there the Germans attacked with such dash and vigor that for four days they carried everything before them. The indifference of the men to death, and more still the callous disregard of human life of the Crown Prince, who sent his troops to hopeless and fruitless slaughter, amazed the French, who have left countless records of the way their assailants came on in solid lines, four or more deep, elbow to elbow and offering a target that no machine gunner could miss. The French generals had always been sparing of the lives of their men and none more so than General Pétain, at this time in command at Verdun. But while husbanding his own men he was a glutton for slaughter of the enemy. He made the advantages of his defensive position tell. To him a hilltop or a hollow had no particular sanctity unless it were of distinct strategic value. The Huns could have it if they were willing to pay the price in life he exacted for surrendering it. So in examining the maps of this first continued action we find that the Germans had indeed gained considerable territory before Verdun. Their lines had advanced materially. But they had sacrificed probably 250,000 men in the six weeks' fighting, as against French losses of about 100,000. They were nearer the abandoned citadel of Verdun, but they did not have Fort Vaux, though they had a foothold in Fort Douaumont. They did not have Dead Man's Hill, Hill 304, or the Wood

A night scene on the Flanders front shows a huge British gun about to hurl its message of death

of the Crows—they had none of the points of chief strategic value. And indeed they were farther from Verdun, and the victory its capture implied, than ever, as subsequent history showed.

Indeed the Battle of Verdun was definitely and finally won by the French in this first six weeks though the Germans saw fit to prolong it at tremendous sacrifice of human life. It had been taken from the realm of military strategy into that of politics. The little ruined town had no value to either of the battling foes, but so extravagant had been the boasts of the German military party at the moment its capture had been undertaken that its leaders absolutely dared not admit defeat. Accordingly early in May the attack was resumed.

In this second battle the fighting was even more sanguinary than in the first. General Nivelle had now succeeded General Pétain in command of the French, while the Crown Prince still directed the German attack. The battle shaped itself into three parts. First was the effort of the Germans to carry Hill 304 and L'Homme Mort (or Dead Man's Hill), the ghastly yet fitting name of the scene of some of the most sanguinary fighting. Second, the French counter attack on Douaumont, where as we have seen the Germans had established themselves in the first fighting. Third, a German assault from Douaumont against the French lines in which they ultimately won the Fort of Vaux and came within four miles of the town of Verdun itself.

The first assault was delivered May 4th and was preceded by a heavy bombardment in which numbers of the French troops were buried or otherwise put out of action. One of the defenders of Hill 304 wrote: "The dugout in which I was was hewn out of solid rock, but it swayed like a boat on a stormy sea and you could not keep a candle alight in it. The Canard Wood that morning had had the appearance of a wood, though all tattered and broken; but by evening it had lost all semblance of anything but a patch of earth."

Correspondents and soldiers alike have commented on the seeming loneliness of this gigantic battlefield on which hundreds of thousands of men were locked in murderous strife. Except for the aircraft hovering overhead, and the jets of smoke from hidden guns nothing was to be seen that indicated human activity. A writer from the German front described the scene before Hill 304 as he witnessed it thus:

The important village of Esnes, lying south of Hill 304, is already suffering under the hail of German shells. There is something awe-inspiring, even stupefying, about this battle, raging from Fort de Belleville to Hill 304, particularly when one remembers that this is only one of three sectors of the battle for Verdun.

The unequivocal emptiness and loneliness of vast battlefields give you a creepy sensation as of phantom armies fighting. Their presence, as I gazed to-day, was betrayed only by frequent fitful flashes of flame like fireflies on a summer night. One could see miles of these fireflies, despite the bright sunlight, each marking the mouth of a gun. They made one realize more vividly than figures possibly could how thickly the iron girdle tightening about Verdun is studded with German batteries. Not a man, horse, wagon, or motor

could be seen moving about that fire-swept zone bounded by the rival artilleries.

The only human touch was a giant yellow Cyclop's eye, blinking at us—a German heliograph in action. Turning about, we saw its mate winking back, but the theme of its luminous dialogue was not for publication.

Even more fascinating than the unique bird's-eye view of the Verdun panorama was the grandeur of the battle symphony, surpassing anything ever heard before on any front. A deep, low, and unchanging basic leitmotif was played by the distant guns from as far away as the Argonne at the right and from Douaumont and the east and south fronts of Verdun to the left. Varying melodies, rising and falling in pitch, intensity and volume, were played by the nearby guns.

A writer from the French lines was more fortunate in that he witnessed an actual attack. He writes of it:

The searchlights throw patch after patch of trees into bright relief, like the swiftly changing scenes of a cinematograph. Through binoculars one has a frightful vision. Not a yard of ground fails to receive the shock of a projectile. The solid earth bubbles before my eyes. Trees split and spring into the air. It is a surface earthquake with nothing spared, nothing stable. The Germans have abandoned the outlying brushwood and are huddled in the inmost recesses of the woods, but the French artillery pursues them pitilessly.

Nearly 300 yards from the rim of brushwood the defenders—Prussians and Bavarians—have constructed a kind of redoubt which they expect to be the rock on which all attacks will break. The searchlights reveal their fortress; it is a wall of earth and tree trunks and seems half buried in the ground. Now and again in the patches of brightness one sees tiny shadows running, falling, rolling over or flitting from trunk to trunk, like frightened night creatures surprised by sudden daylight. It is the soldiers of the Kaiser trying vainly to escape from the rain of death.

Dawn breaks, and the searchlight beams vanish as the first grayness of morning rolls away night's curtain from the battlefield. We shiver in our blockhouse; is it cold, or nervousness? The officers around me say the moment has come. It is an agony of expectation; the attack is about to break.

A shrill ringing startles every one. The Captain springs to the telephone, listens for an instant, and then cries: "All goes well!" in a firm voice. He hangs up the receiver, murmuring, "They're off."

Our guns still thunder, but they have lengthened their range, and the line of smoke blobs opposite leaps forward toward the horizon. Suddenly the mitrailleuses set up a rattle right in front of us. They are firing from our front line trenches in a concave around the eastern corner of Avocourt Wood.

Some one grabs my arms and points northward. Down the slopes of Hill 304 a multitude of nimble figures are rushing westward. Their numbers increase; armed warriors spring from the ground, as in the old Greek legend. "Our men," says the officer beside me. It is the soldiers of France at the charge.

For a while they are sheltered from the German fire by a swelling billow of ground. They mount its crest and pour headlong downward. Now the pace is slower; they advance singly or in scattered groups—crawling, leaping, running, each man taking advantage of every atom of cover. The leaders have reached the first trench that lies across the path; but see! they pass it without hesitating, as though it were a tiny brook.

I learned afterward that a hundred tree trunks had been arranged like bridges all along the trench.

Now the whole mass is across, and we can see what cunning brain has planned the attack, for the charging men go straight forward like runners between strings, leaving open lanes along which their comrades can still fire upon the defenders.

British Tommies cheer as they go forward to their positions on the Flanders front

French troops cautiously entering their trenches on the western front

At last the edge of the woods is reached, and the rattle of the mitrailleuses ceases. It is hand to hand now in that chaos of storm-tossed earth and tortured trees. Rifles are useless there; it is work for bayonet or revolver, for butt and club, or even for fists and teeth. Corpses are everywhere; the men fall over them at each step—some to rise no more—until the bodies form veritable heaps among which the living fight and wrestle.

After more than three weeks of persistent attack the Germans gained the crests of both Hill 304 and the Dead Man. The price paid was prodigious. An eye witness says that there were slopes on the two hills "where the ground was raised several metres by mounds of German corpses." The net gain for which this sacrifice had been made was an advance of the German lines perhaps half a mile nearer Verdun.

But if the French had lost ground on the two hills they had retaken Fort Douaumont. The attack on this work was begun May 21st, under the command of General Mangin, a famous African fighter. The troops were heartened at the very outset by the spectacle of a notable victory in the air won by French aviators before their very eyes. A long line of German kite balloons was aloft vigilantly reporting the preparations for attack when a French airplane squadron bore down upon them. The men in the trenches, themselves on the verge of what all knew must be a murderous attack, cheered their comrades in the air wildly as they sailed by to give battle to the Boches. The assailants had a new anti-balloon bomb, then first to be tested, which on bursting threw out a number of lesser bombs each of which spat out bits of a flaming chemical. In a few minutes six of the "sausages" were in flames and with this cheering spectacle in the air above their heads Mangin's men went over the top on their mission of death.

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A monster British tank going into action somewhere on the western front

Of the fighting on the Douaumont sector a French captain has left this graphic account:

Verdun has become a battle of madmen in the midst of a volcano. Whole regiments melt in a few minutes, and others take their places only to perish in the same way. Between Saturday morning (May 20) and noon Tuesday (May 23) we estimate that the Germans used up 100,000 men on the west Meuse front alone. That is the price they paid for the recapture of our recent gains and the seizure of our outlying positions. The

valley separating Le Mort Homme from Hill 287 is choked with bodies. A full brigade was mowed down in a quarter hour's holocaust by our machine guns. Le Mort Homme itself passed from our possession, but the crescent Bourrus position to the south prevents the enemy from utilizing it.

legs, were amputated without a groan, and even afterward the men seemed not to have felt the shock. They asked for a cigarette or inquired how the battle was going.

Our losses in retaking the fort were less heavy than was expected, as the enemy was demoralized by the

Anti-aircraft gun attacking a Zeppelin at night. The flash from the gun lights up the whole surroundings

The scene there is appalling, but is dwarfed in comparison with the fighting around Douaumont. West of the Meuse, at least, one dies in the open air, but at Douaumont is the horror of darkness, where the men fight in tunnels, screaming with the lust of butchery, deafened by shells and grenades, stifled by smoke.

Even the wounded refuse to abandon the struggle. As though possessed by devils, they fight on until they fall senseless from loss of blood. A surgeon in a front-line post told me that, in a redoubt at the south part of the fort, of 200 French dead fully half had more than two wounds. Those he was able to treat seemed utterly insane. They kept shouting war cries and their eyes blazed, and, strangest of all, they appeared indifferent to pain. At one moment anesthetics ran out owing to the impossibility of bringing forward fresh supplies through the bombardment. Arms, even

cannonade—by far the most furious I have ever seen from French guns—and also was taken by surprise. But the subsequent action took a terrible toll. Cover was all blown to pieces. Every German rush was preceded by two or three hours of hell-storm, and then wave after wave of attack in numbers that seemed unceasing. Again and again the defenders' ranks were renewed.

Never have attacks been pushed home so continuously. The fight for Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg was no child's play, nor for Hougoumont at Waterloo, but here men have been flung 5,000 at a time at brief intervals for the last forty-eight hours. Practically the whole sector has been covered by a cannonade, compared to which Gettysburg was a hailstorm and Waterloo mere fireworks. Some shell holes were thirty feet across, the explosion killing fifty men simultaneously.

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A night barrage set up by the Germans following an alarm. The pyrotechnic display over No Man's Land is caused by a barrage of incendiary bombs, thrown against the French line. Barrages are used to prevent an enemy's advance or retreat, or the bringing up of reinforcements, also for the protection of troops advancing to the attack

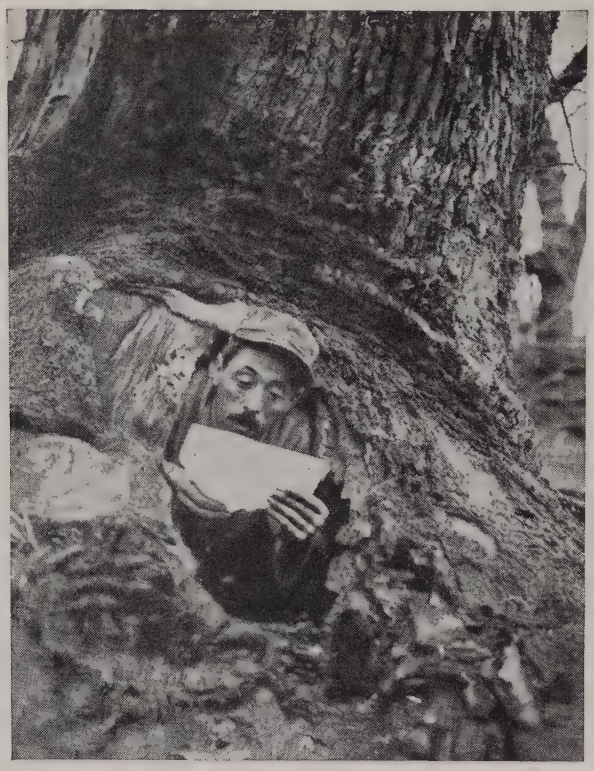
Before our lines the German dead lie heaped in long rows. I am told one observer calculated there were 7,000 in a distance of 700 yards. Besides they cannot succor their wounded, whereas of ours one, at least, in three is removed safely to the rear. Despite the bombardment supplies keep coming. Even the chloroform I spoke of arrived after an hour's delay when two sets of bearers had been killed.

The dogged tenacity needed to continue the resistance far surpasses the furious elan of the attack. We know, too, the Germans cannot long maintain their present sacrifices. Since Saturday the enemy has lost two, if not three, for each one of us. Every bombardment withstood, every rush checked brings nearer the moment of inevitable exhaustion. Then will come our recompense for these days of horror.

Only desolation and ruins in the wake of the retreating Germans. Devastated villages, burned bridges, and streets made impassable by the barricades of ruined homes mark the route of the northward retreat of the German forces

With their first dash the French made their way into the fort. It was an ancient structure, covering a vast extent of ground, and even when within the fighting was hard and long to clear it of its German defenders. By night the French held two-thirds of it, and the enemy on the outside were preparing their counter attack, which was in the end successful. In all the fighting around Verdun it was the effort of General Nivelle to make the infliction of loss upon the enemy his first object, the conservation of his own men the second, while the holding of positions, unless absolutely vital, was relegated to third place. The Fortress of Douaumont was no vital strategic point.

No more thrilling tale of gallantry was presented during the entire war than that of the defense of Fort Vaux by Major Raynal and a handful of devoted followers. Early in the battle this fort had been smashed into shapeless ruin by the German guns which since March had hurled upon it a daily average of 8,000 shells. The same deluge of fire had isolated it from the French lines. Cut off from all communication with their friends, destitute to a great degree of water, without a surgeon, clinging to the subterranean dungeons of the fort where the enemy attacked them by swinging grenades into the loopholes at the end of cords, this little band of men maintained a heroic defense for five days. Overwhelmed at last they were taken prisoners, Raynal's gallantry having so impressed his captors that they



Nature provided a snug retreat for this French soldier. A hole in the base of a hollow tree is his small but cozy home, warm, dry. Here he is reading his mail

permitted him to retain his sword. The French Republic made him a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and as he was in a German prison and unable to receive it, the decoration of the order was pinned to the bosom of his wife at a special review of troops before the Invalides where lies the body of Napoleon.

Not for the garrison of Vaux alone but for those in the fighting around the fort, the carnage was appalling. A French lieutenant has set down these recollections of it:

The next morning a formidable rumor—the Boches are coming up to assault Fort de Vaux! The newspapers have told the facts; our 75s firing for six hours, the German bodies piling up in heaps. Horrible! but we applauded. Everybody went out of the trenches to look. The Yser, said the veterans, was nothing beside this massacre.

That time I saw Germans fleeing like madmen. . . . The next day, the same thing over again; they have the cynicism to mount a battery on the slope; the German chiefs must be hangmen to hurl their troops to death that way in masses and in broad daylight. All afternoon, a maximum bombardment; a wood is razed, a hill ravaged with shell holes. It is maddening; continuous salvos of "big chariots"; one sees the 380s and 420s falling; a continuous cloud of smoke everywhere. Trees leap into air like wisps of straw; it is an unheard-of spectacle. It is enough to make you lose your head, yet we patiently wait for the outcome.

Suddenly it is already night. A sentinel runs up to the outposts: "There they are! Shoot!"

A whole section shoots. But are the outposts driven in? Nobody knows. I take my rifle to go and see. I do not catch a ball. I find the sentinels flat on their faces in their holes, and run to the rear gesticulating and crying out orders to cease firing. The men obey. I return to the front, and soon, a hundred yards away, I see a bush scintillate with a rapid line of fire. This time it is they. Ta-ca-ta-ca, bzzi-bzzi. I hold my fire until they approach, but the welcome evidently does not please them, for they stumble back over the ridge, leaving some men behind. One wounded cries, "Frantchmen!"

I am drunk, mad. Something moves in the bushes to the right; I bound forward with set bayonet. It is my brave Sergeant, who has been out to see whether the Boches have all run away. . . . These are truly the most interesting moments of war; no longer the waiting, the anguish of bombardment, but the thrill of a free march into a glorious unknown—oh, that intoxication! I sing the "Marseillaise," the boys jubilate, all the successive attacks have failed. After this

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A mine gallery on the Verdun front. Tunnels of this sort are dug until they are under the enemy positions, then packed with high explosives and blown up as is shown in top picture of page 201

A mine explosion on the bitter battle front in Flanders. The explosion has thrown a great quantity of earth into the air, giving the effect of an ivy grown ruin

evening the offensive is going to slacken for several days."

June 23, 1916, came the last great German effort against Verdun. Then the Crown Prince flung 100,000 men against a front of three miles. General Nivelle, who foresaw the attack, had exhorted his troops to repel it. "The hour is decisive," he said. "The Germans, hunted down on all sides, are launching wild and furious attacks on our front in the hope of reaching the gates of Verdun before they themselves are assailed by the united forces of the Allies. You will not let them pass, my comrades. The country demands this further supreme effort."

The general was right. The French did not let them pass. They never have passed.

Undoubtedly the salvation of Verdun was largely due to the perfection of the new "French 75s," a type of artillery hardly known at the beginning of the war when the big "Busy Berthas" of Krupp and the great Austrian howitzers held first place as engines of death. A correspondent of the London *Times* visiting the field at Verdun gives this lively description of a battery of these guns in action:

When I asked the General to be shown a battery of 75s every face in the group of officers beamed. Winding through the woods was a tiny trail, and this we followed until we emerged into a little clearing. A look disclosed the hiding place of a battery. I was escorted by the young Captain in charge into the nest of one of these guns. Squatted complacently on its haunches, its alert little nose peered expectantly out of a curtain of brush. If there ever was a weapon which had a personality it is surely this gun. Other field guns seem to me to be cynical and sinister, but this gun, like the French themselves, has nothing malevolent or morose about it. It is serious, to be sure, but its whole atmosphere is one of cheerful readiness to serve. Its killing is a part of its impersonal duty, as indeed one feels to be the case with the clean, gentlemanly soldiers of France. They kill to save France, not because they have the lust of slaughter.

With a speed of fire of thirty shells to the minute and with a well-trained crew serving it with clockwork regularity, it resembles a machine gun rather than a field piece in action. So exquisite is the adjustment of the recoil that a coin or even a glass of water can be placed on the wheel while in action without being jarred off.

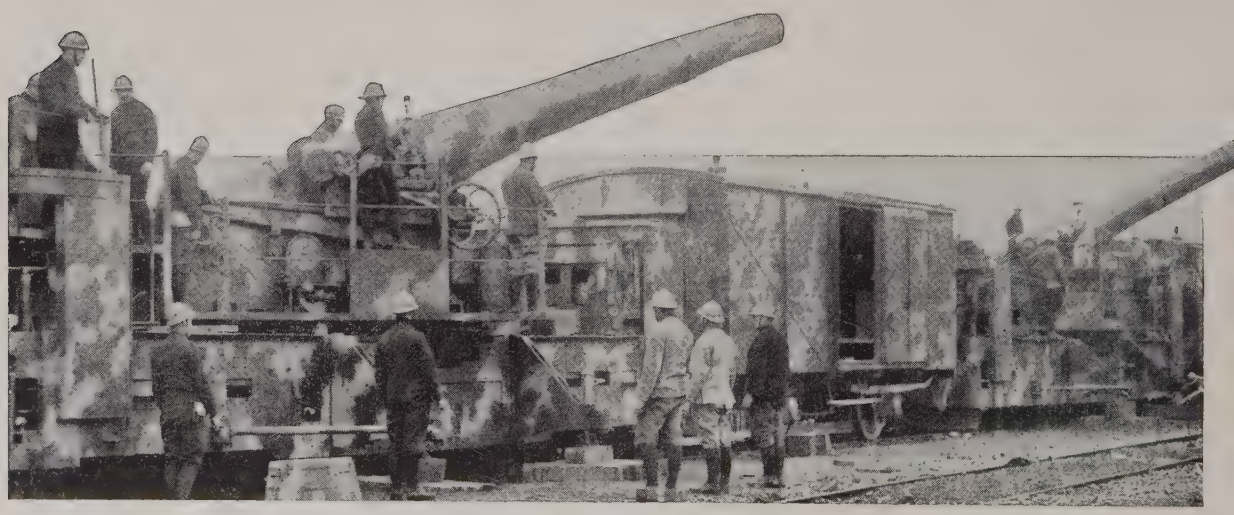
In one of the Russian battles one of their batteries

A delicate instrument used for detecting mine operation called the microphone is being used by this French officer of the engineering corps. This will detect the faintest sounds

fired 525 rounds to the gun in a single day, which seemed to me at that tine an extraordinary rate of fire. When I mentioned this to the Captain, he laughingly replied, "I have fired from this (four-gun) battery 3,100 rounds of shells in forty-five minutes." I listened to him in amazement. "How long do your guns last at that rate?" I asked him, for the theory before the war was that a field piece did not have a life exceeding 8,000 to 10,000 rounds of fire. The officer placed his hand affectionately on the gun that we were inspecting. "This is a brand-new gun which I have just received," he said. "The one whose place it has taken had fired more than 30,000 shells and still was not entirely finished." Then he added, "You are surprised at my speed of fire, but there have been 75s in this war that have fired 1,600 rounds in a single day." From the guns he took me to his magazine and showed me tier upon tier of brightly polished, high-explosive, and shrapnel shells lying ready for use.

The French had one great incentive to the desperate defense of Verdun of which the non-military world had no knowledge. The war had now been in progress for eighteen months or more, and the greatest flaw in the strategy of the Allies had been the failure of systematic coöperation. The Allies' fronts were far separated, one from the other, without those close communications such as would make complete unity of action possible. The Teutons were surrounded—a situation which has its terrors to the non-military mind, but is not without its advantages. The belligerent thus situated has shorter lines of communication than its foes, and, unless attacked simultaneously on all sides, can shift its troops from a front not menaced to one which the enemy is assaulting. This Germany had done systematically since the beginning of the war. Her legions were rushed from France to save East Prussia in 1914. They were hurried from East Prussia after Hindenburg's victory down into Galicia to rescue Austro-Hungary from the Russian drive. They sped back to Flanders to check the French effort to flank Von Kluck's right wing and cut his communications. Outnumbered as a whole by their enemies, the Teutons by virtue of their shorter lines were usually able to outnumber them at any particular point of attack.

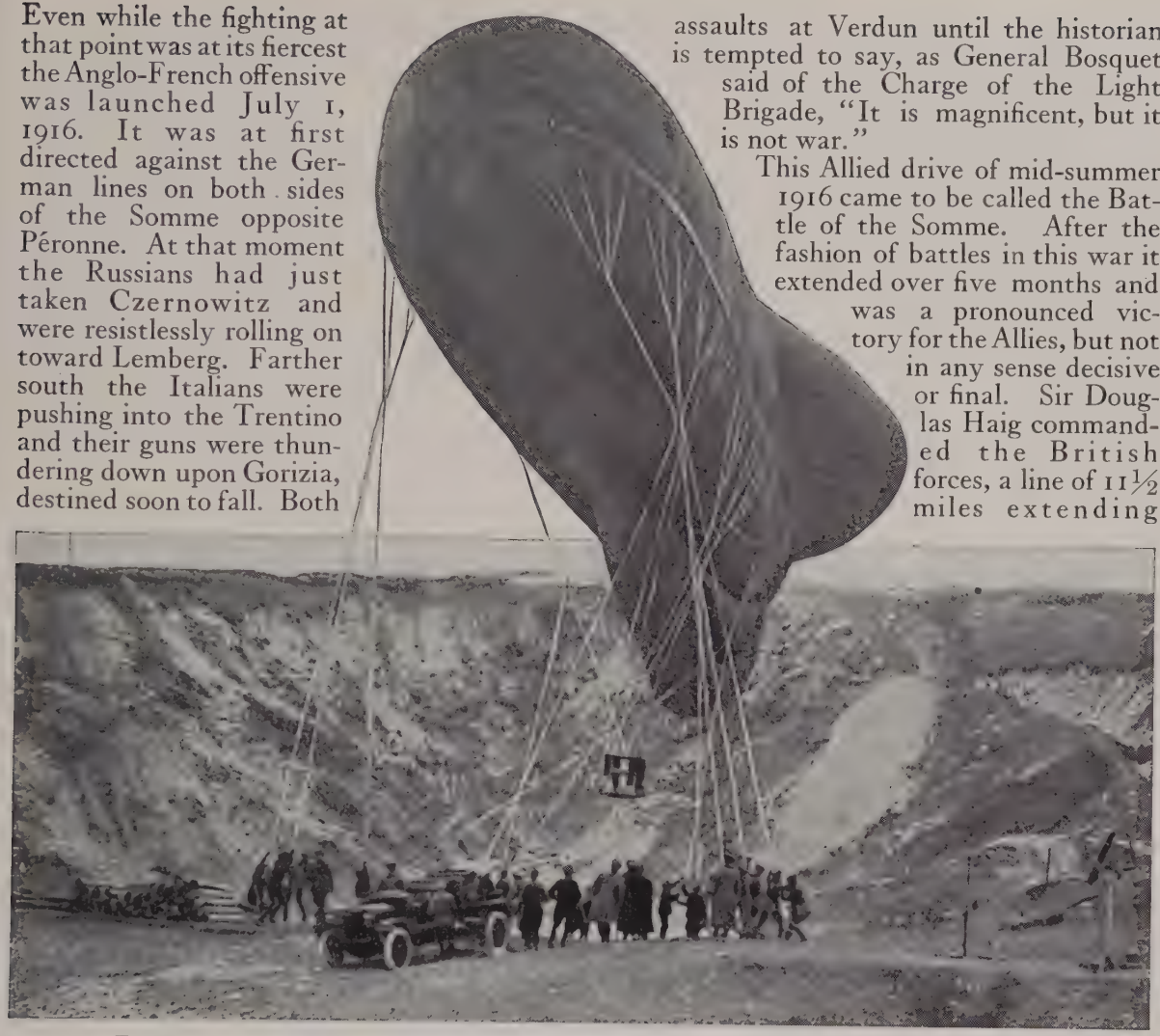
Late in the winter of 1915 a conference of the Allied leaders undertook to provide for more perfect coöperation between their armies. Great drives were planned for the spring by the French, Italian, and Russian armies each in its own field of operation, and all to be conducted simultaneously. This menacing programme Germany thought might be headed off by a brilliant success at Verdun. Even if complete success could not be won, a continuance of the savage attacks there would tie up so great a part of the French army as to compel the abandonment of the drive they had planned for the more western battle area, or at least cut down the number of men whom the French could employ in that movement. If this were indeed the reason for the pertinacity of the German attack at Verdun those who accepted it were misled.



Monster French guns near the Verdun front. These 240 millimetre guns are mounted on specially constructed steel cars from which they are fired. Note the mottled way in which they are painted. This is called camouflage and renders them less visible to aerial scouts

Even while the fighting at that point was at its fiercest the Anglo-French offensive was launched July 1, 1916. It was at first directed against the German lines on both sides of the Somme opposite Péronne. At that moment the Russians had just taken Czernowitz and were resistlessly rolling on toward Lemberg. Farther south the Italians were pushing into the Trentino and their guns were thundering down upon Gorizia, destined soon to fall. Both assaults at Verdun until the historian is tempted to say, as General Bosquet said of the Charge of the Light Brigade, "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

This Allied drive of mid-summer 1916 came to be called the Battle of the Somme. After the fashion of battles in this war it extended over five months and was a pronounced victory for the Allies, but not in any sense decisive or final. Sir Douglas Haig commanded the British forces, a line of 11½ miles extending



Turning a crater made by a mine explosion into use as the home of a sausage or observation balloon

of these dangers the Austrians had to meet alone. The Germans could spare no men from Verdun. On no single frontier could the Teuton armies gain any rest. From no line or sector could the Kaiser withdraw any troops to succor a spot more menaced, for every foot of the long Teutonic line needed all the force that could be exerted there to withstand the pressure of the enemy. At no time during the war did the outlook for the Central Powers seem so desperate. It had its result in the determination of Roumania to join the Allied cause, and the virtual surrender of the Greek government to Allied influence to which the people of that kingdom had already given their active sympathy.

Nevertheless the Germans continued for months their bloody and seemingly suicidal from Baupaume over a pleasant and fertile rolling country. At the latter point began the French line which extended southward across the River Somme. General Foch commanded the French while General Joffre was in chief command over both Allied armies.

The preparations for a modern battle differ materially from those of the days when a division or so rose from its bivouac, gulped its morning coffee and went gaily into action with an enemy patiently awaiting the assault. Let General Haig himself tell of some of the preparations for this one:

> Many miles of new railways—both standard and narrow gauge—and trench tramways were laid. All available roads were improved, many others were made, and long causeways were built over marshy valleys. Many additional dug-outs had to be provided

Examples of the new art, camouflage. This picture shows how in the Marne country exposed roads are protected against aviators. Across the road at intervals green bunting is hung, blending with the color of the grass, making the road indistinct

as shelter for the troops, for use as dressing stations for the wounded, and as magazines for storing ammunition, food, water, and engineering material. Scores of miles of deep communication trenches had to be dug, as well as trenches for telephone wires, assembly and assault trenches, and numerous gun emplacements and observation posts. Important mining operations were undertaken, and charges were laid at various points beneath the enemy's lines. Except in the river valleys, the existing supplies of water were hopelessly insufficient to meet the requirements of the numbers of men and horses to be concentrated in this area as our preparations for the offensive proceeded. To meet this difficulty many wells and borings were sunk, and over one hundred pumping plants were installed. More than one hundred and twenty miles of water mains were laid, and everything was got ready to ensure an adequate water supply as our troops advanced.

John Buchan, the able English historian who visited the battlefield, says of the store of munitions prepared:

Any one who was present at Ypres in April and May, 1915, saw the German guns all day pounding our lines with only a feeble and intermittent reply. It was better at Loos in September, when we showed that we could achieve an intense bombardment. But at that date our equipment sufficed only for spasmodic efforts and not for that sustained and continuous fire which was needed to destroy the enemy's defenses. Things were very different in June, 1916. Everywhere on the

An ammunition depot painted like a chicken coop. To the approaching aviator the chickens appear to be near the coop and naturally all suspicion regarding the building is allayed

An artillery duel on the Verdun section photographed by a French aviator. Shells can be seen bursting in every direction. The trench lines can be traced by the irregular criss-cross markings running over the ground

long British front there were British guns—heavy guns of all calibres, field guns innumerable, and in the trenches there were quantities of trench mortars. The great munition dumps, constantly depleted and constantly replenished from distant bases, showed that there was food and to spare for this mass of artillery, and in the factories and depots at home every minute saw the reserves growing.

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French prisoners, taken at Verdun by the Germans, on their way to a prison camp

For a week the preliminary bombardment roared and thundered. A 25-mile front was lined with guns and every gun was barking without interval. It would have taken eleven months of activity on the part of the munition plants of England in the opening days of the war to keep those great guns going for a single day, but now they knew no famine. But suddenly one morning there came a lull, then a change to a barrage fire, and along a front of twenty-five miles, singing Tipperary and the Marseillaise, cheering and cursing, the men of the English and French armies had gone over the top.

In telling the story of a battle extending over many months we can give but slight attention to actions which at other times would appear most notable, but in this instance are but small parts of a grand total. At the beginning the British carried all before them. Pozières, Contalmaison, and Longueval fell to their advancing hosts. The Germans were strong in their defense. In clumps of woodland, in ruined houses, and stone barns they hid machine guns and trench mortars.

Destroying a town over night. This picture shows the town as it stood when held by the Germans, whose intention was to blow it up for military reasons

But this resistance was beaten down by the cannonade. Germans were buried alive, in their dugouts and cellars, by the explosion of the monster shells which made a mountain where there had been a cellar, or a crater where there had been a hill. At Montauban the Teutons had such a network of trenches, traverses, redoubts, and communications, all guarded by barbed wire, that no infantry could have assaulted it and lived. What the British shells did to it is vividly described by Philip Gibbs:

It was the most frightful convulsion of the earth that the eyes of man could see. The bombardment of the British guns tossed all these earthworks into vast rubbish heaps and made this ground a vast series of shell craters so deep and so broad that it is like a field of extinct volcanoes. The ground rose and fell in enormous waves of brown earth, so that standing above one crater I saw before me these solid billows with thirty feet of slopes stretching away like a sea frozen after a great storm.

The British must have hurled hundreds if not thousands of shells from their heaviest howitzers and long range guns into this stretch of fields. Even many of the dugouts going thirty feet below the earth and strongly timbered and cemented had been choked with the masses of earth so that many dead bodies must lie buried there. But some had been left in spite of the upheaval of the earth around them, and into some of these I crept down, impelled by the strong, grim spell of those little dark rooms below where German soldiers lived only a few days ago.

The little square rooms were fitted up with relics of German officers and men. Tables were strewn with papers. On wooden bedsteads lay blue-gray overcoats. Wine bottles, photograph albums, furry haversacks, boots, belts, and kits of every kind all had been tumbled together by the British soldiers who had come here after the first rush to the German trenches and searched for men in hiding. In one of the dugouts I stumbled against something and fumbled for my matches. When I struck a light I saw in a corner of the room a German who lay curled up with his head on his arms as though asleep. I did not stay to look at his

The village as it looked the next morning taken from the exact spot as the picture above; shows the complete destruction

face, but went up quickly, and yet I went down into the others and lingered in one where no corpse lay, because of the tragic spirit that dwelt there and put its spell on me.

An incident was told me by a kilted Sergeant as he lay wounded. From one of the dugouts came a German officer. He had a wild light in his eyes, and carried a great axe.

"I surrender," he said in good English, and in broad Scotch the Sergeant told him if he had an idea of surrendering it would be a good and wise thing to drop his chopper first; but the German officer swung it high, and it came like a flash past the Sergeant's head. Like a flash also the bayonet did its work.

While the men were cleaning up the dugouts in the first-line trenches other men pressed on and stormed into Longueval village. The great fires there which I had seen in the darkness died down, and there was only a glow and smoulder of them in the ruins; but the machine guns were still chattering.

In one broken building there were six of them firing through holes in the walls. It was a strong redoubt, sweeping the ground which had once been a roadway and now was a shambles. Scottish soldiers rushed the place and flung bombs into it until there was no more swish of bullets, but only a rising of smoke clouds and black dust.

Women as drivers of ambulances on the western front are seen here rushing off to meet a train which is coming in

Longueval was a heap of charred bricks above the ground, but there was still trouble below ground before it was finally taken. There are many cellars in which the Germans fought like wolves at bay, and down in the darkness of these places men fought savagely, seeing only the glint of each other's eyes and feeling for each other's throats, unless there were bombs still handy to make a quicker ending.

It was primitive warfare; cavemen fought like that in such darkness, though not with bombs, which belong to our age.

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A quarry in the Verdun section where the greatest battle raged. It is now being worked for its resources

The French, meantime, fighting farther to the eastward, were meeting with similar successes. Hardecourt, Curlu, Compierre, and Becquincourt fell to their arms. After three days of fighting they held as trophies ten batteries of heavy artillery, many machine guns, and nearly 10,000 prisoners.

The British by that time had 6,000 prisoners, and the captive host increased rapidly day by day. A correspondent who visited the French lines July 9th gives this description of its advanced position near Péronne:

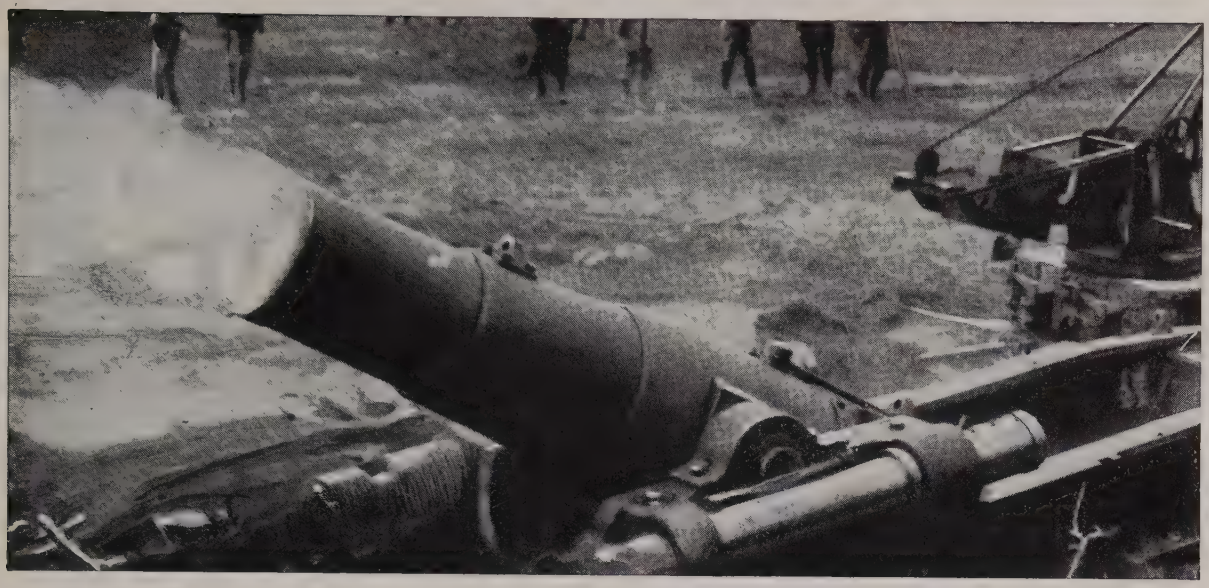
As far as the eye can see the view is utterly the same: utterly monotonous, nothing but desolate slopes that once were a thickly populated French countryside. The complete inhumanity of outlook strikes one tremendously. Here two great armies are at death grips, yet apart from the incessant tumult of cannonade and the never-ending rows of little smoke clouds—new ones forming before the preceding ones have time to melt—one might be thousands of miles from civilization. Our maps are of little assistance. Here should be Feuillères, there Flaucourt, farther on Assevilliers, but one can distinguish nothing save heaps of blackened stones that appear through the glasses. Even the roads have been swept away by the bombardment. Nothing but ditchlike trench lines mark the presence of humans.

Suddenly voices cried: "Look over there, you can see soldiers." About half a mile before us one sees groups of men like ants working busily on the hillside. Through the glasses one sees that they are sheltering themselves with extraordinary care. Some have strange oblong shields like the ancient Roman legionaries. Others are grouped under a kind of casemate on wheels whose roof touches the ground in front rising in a curve behind to give room for the workers. Still others hide behind a ripple of ground or hillocks.

All are working furiously with picks and shovels. I have been told that the British losses have been heightened by an utter disregard of danger. Even when not engaged in attacks our Allies seem still not to realize the necessity of unremitting caution. But the French have learned the lesson that Verdun hammered home—that the best soldier is he who regards his life as belonging to France, something precious, never to be risked save when sheer necessity demands it. That, combined with the magnificent artillery service, is the reason why the French losses in this battle have been less than half—I speak from intimate knowledge—those in any previous French offensive in proportion to the number of troops engaged.

It must not be thought that the Germans failed in any degree to oppose the Anglo-French advance with equal gallantry. The assailants won not a foot of ground without paying the price. After the first successful rush of the British, continuing for five days, further advance on that section of the line was checked and the Germans took the counter offensive. They did not, however,

Thousands of colonials are seen passing along one of the famous roads of France to join the great offensive which General Nivelle launched and his successor, General Pétain, is carrying on



Great mortar in action on the ever-changing Western front

regain any of the lost territory, nor were they able to check the French who advanced steadily though slowly in the direction of Péronne. But the stubborn German resistance had compelled a deadlock on all but four and one-half out of the twenty and one-half miles of battlefront. By the 1st of August German writers were declaring that the Battle of the Somme, as this whole operation had come to be known, was a failure, and had degenerated into mere trench warfare. At the moment their contention was well founded, but the Allies returned to the charge in the fall. It was in this new assault in the neighborhood of Courcelette and Martinpuich that the British brought into action a new, terrifying, and most effective engine of war in the shape of the famous tanks.

The Germans had long had a report that their enemy was about to spring upon them something new in the way of war's weapons but they were little prepared for the great ungainly, waddling monsters of steel that came rumbling down upon them that September afternoon, straddling trenches and breaking down trees and barbed-wire entanglements in their progress. The tanks were in fact high-powered automobiles on which were built superstructures of steel not unlike the turret of a battleship, with ports from which peered the muzzles of machine and rapid-fire guns. Their armor was sufficiently heavy to withstand anything save the direct impact of a heavy shell. Their power was such that they butted down stone houses, overthrew trees of considerable size and moved unchecked through barbed wire entanglements like elephants through a bamboo thicket. Their length enabled them to span most trenches, but should their bows fail to reach the other side the grip and power of their caterpillar wheels carried them down and up again triumphantly. Though formidable engines of death, the appearance of the tanks, resembling gigantic toads, seems to have been irresistibly comic, and on their initial charge soldiers marched along beside them cheering and laughing despite the storm of bullets in the air. To the Germans, on the other hand, they brought sudden panic, for their invention and construction had been one of the best kept secrets of the war. Veritable land battleships, they were a terror to the enemy. Service in them was not the easiest, though notably safer than taking part in the charge outside. A young Australian left a graphic description of it:

> Strange sensation. Worse than being in a submarine. At first unable to see anything, but imagined a lot. Bullets began to rain like hailstones on a galvanized roof at first, then like a series of hammer blows. Suddenly we gave a terrible lurch. I thought we were booked through. Lookout said we were astride an enemy trench. "Give them hell!" was the order. We gave them it. Our guns raked and swept trenches right and left. Got a peep at frightened Huns. It was grimly humorous. They tried to bolt, like scared rabbits, but were shot down in bunches before getting

German troops fighting in shell holes. At times the tremendous bombardments make it all but impossible to maintain recognizable trench lines. It is then that troops take advantage of the shell holes

to their burrows. Machine guns brought forward. Started vicious rattle on our "hide." Not the least impression was made. Shells began to burst. We moved on and overtook some more frightened Huns. Cut their ranks to ribbons with our fire. They ran like men possessed. Officer tried to rally them. They awaited our coming for a while. As soon as our guns began to spit at them they were off once more. Experience was not altogether pleasant at first. Tank sickness is as bad as seasickness until you get used to them.

The Battle of the Somme, thus renewed in September, raged until the last of November, and was renewed again in the early days of 1917. The advance of the Allies was steady and in the end the Germans were driven back to that line of defense, the last established in France, known as the Hindenburg line. It was during this retreat that the Germans were guilty of such systematic devastation of the country they abandoned that humanity cried out aghast. The Romans who sacked Carthage and sowed salt upon its site were guilty of no worse. Not only were all houses systematically destroyed, all roads torn up and wells filled in, but all fruit and shade trees were cut down, or girdled when time was too short for the felling. The Germans excused their barbarism by declaring that they were determined to make the country difficult for a pursuing army, but the work was done rather as though it were the intent to make the country incapable of sustaining a civil population for a quarter of a century to come.

Early in April of that year British activities broke out anew in the neighborhood of Arras—a complete success with a gain of five miles on a front of fifteen and the capture of 22,000 prisoners and 200 guns. In June they struck again at Ypres—the third battle about that long-suffering but now almost obliterated little Flemish town. All the important positions, 7,000 prisoners and many guns fell to the victorious assailants. The French for their part, after regaining in the early months of the year all that they had lost at Verdun—not a great deal—began their offensive April 16th. At the outset this seemed ill-fated. The Germans, seemingly encouraged by the Russian debacle, and perhaps reënforced from that front, checked their enemies at Laon and Brimont. But the French held tenaciously to their plan of campaign. In May they stormed Craonne, and cut a salient of four miles from the Hindenburg line, taking 4,300 prisoners. That famous line has become a thing to jeer at—no longer an impregnable line of defense, but a cheese for the Allies to slice at will, the British holding eleven miles of it. All the operations of the Allies in France and Belgium prospered during the first half of 1917.

Then followed the vigorous British campaign in Flanders, culminating in November

A grand fleet of British tanks grinding their way over the German trenches in the advance near Cambrai

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British tank bringing up a captured German naval gun in the great Cambrai battle

in the notable victory at Cambrai. This victory, the fruits of which were largely lost again to the Germans as the result of their counter attack, was won in the main by surprise. The established practice of presaging an attack by a bombardment of several days' duration to cut wire and level parapets was abandoned. Instead great numbers of tanks were secretly gathered on the front and at the time set they led the assault. There was no preparatory bombardment. The land battleships broke down the entanglements and went over the parapets, and the infantry followed, winning one of the most notable victories of the war. The battle raged for twenty days. Philip Gibbs, one of the most graphic of the war correspondents, relates some picturesque incidents of the gas attack.

The drama was far beyond the most fantastic imagination. This attack on the Hindenburg lines before Cambrai has never been approached on the western front, and the first act began when the tanks moved forward before dawn toward the long, wide belts of wire, which they had to destroy before the rest could follow.

These squadrons of tanks were led into action by the general commanding their corps, who carried his flag on his own tank—a most gallant man, full of enthusiasm for his monsters and their brave crews, and determined that this day should be theirs. To every officer and man of the tanks he sent this Order of the Day before the battle:

"The Tank Corps expects that every tank this day will do its damndest."

They did. As the pilot of one of them told me, they "played merry hell." They moved forward in small groups, several hundreds of them, rolled down the German wire, trampled down its lines, and then crossed the deep gulf of the Hindenburg main line, pitching their noses downward as they drew their long bodies over the parapets, rearing up again with their long forward reach of body, and heaving themselves on to the ground beyond.

The German troops knew nothing of the fate that awaited them until out of the gloom of dawn they saw these great numbers of gray inhuman creatures bearing down upon them. A German officer whom I saw today, one out of thousands of prisoners who have been taken, described his own sensations. At first he could not believe his eyes. He seemed in some horrible nightmare and thought he had gone mad. After that from his dugout he watched all the tanks trampling about, crunching down the wire, heaving themselves across his trenches and searching about for machine-gun emplacements, while his men ran about in terror, trying to avoid the bursts of fire and crying out in surrender.

Some of the German troops kept their nerve and served their machine guns, firing between the tanks at British infantry, but the tanks dealt with them and silenced them. Some of the German snipers fired at

the British at a few yards and the infantry dealt with them masterfully. But, for the most part, the enemy broke as soon as the tanks were on them and fled or surrendered.

A few of the tanks had bad luck, and I saw these cripples this morning where they were overturned by shellfire or had become bogged. Elsewhere I saw one or two which had buried their noses deep into the soft earth and lay overturned or lay head downward over deep banks down which they had tried to crawl. But the tank casualties were light.

The year 1917 may be said to have closed without any record of prodigious or decisive success won by the Allies on the western front and yet with decided general advancement of their fortunes. They had during the year kept their enemy on the defensive, and at this writing, February, 1918, are still so doing and even forcing them into retreat. They had recovered more than 1,000 square miles of French territory. They had taken such strategic points as the Chemin des Dames, Vimy Ridge and Paschendaele Ridge and had fought their way into positions that now menace the German occupation of the important iron and coal region around Lens. It is doubtless true that the end of the year came with a certain sense of disappointment to the Allies—particularly to the French.

There had been high and justifiable hopes that the year would show material progress in the task of driving the Germans from France and ending the war. Instead the defection of Russia had freed German troops from that front to reënforce their lines in France, and to take the lead in driving the Italians from Austria. Instead of being able to move in irresistible force upon the enemy in the West the French and British had to send substantial aid to their Italian allies, now desperately fighting to save Venice from the Hun.

In the latter part of the year it became apparent that the Germans were planning for a tremendous drive in France, and French and British set stubbornly to work to meet what was expected to be a culminating effort of the foe. They were encouraged to a degree by the arrival of American troops in France, but the ferriage across three thousand miles of ocean was necessarily slow and, while the authorities concealed the numbers carried, it is unlikely that the incoming of 1918 saw more than a quarter of a million of our boys on European territory. None the less they came steadily and continuously, and the continued arrival of the new troops cheered the French mightily, particularly as for some reason the German drive was steadily put off. The longer it was deferred the greater would be the American reënforcements, and the poilus cheered mightily the "Sammies" as shipload after shipload found their way to the base on the coast and marched gaily to their training camps within sound of the guns.

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British troops going to relieve their comrades in the front line trench. A British tank is seen at the extreme left

An Austrian aeroplane brought down on the Carso front. The Austrians are no match for the Italians in the air

CHAPTER VIII

ITALY IN THE WAR—WHY THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE WAS BROKEN—D'ANNUNZIO'S APPEAL FOR WAR—EARLY ITALIAN SUCCESSES—STURDY RESISTANCE OF GORIZIA—THE AUSTRIAN COUNTER ATTACK—ITALY RALLIES—GORIZIA FALLS—TRIESTE MENACED—TREACHERY IN ITALIAN RANKS—THE GREAT DISASTER

ITALY entered the war by a declaration against Austria—not Germany—on the 23d of May, 1915. Nothing in the campaigns her armies fought was more dramatic than the fight made in her parliament and her public places to drag her into the struggle. Superficially it appeared that she was morally bound to coöperate with the Teutons. For Italy had long been a member of the Triple Alliance, which bound her to Germany and Austria. But that Alliance was essentially defensive. It provided that all should rally to the defense of any one member that might be attacked from without. It was the claim of those Italians who sought to force the war upon a hesitant Parliament and an unwilling king, that Austria's ultimatum to Serbia was in effect an aggression, an incitement to war which no one member of the Alliance had a right to offer without consultation with the others. The plea of the war party in Italy was that Austria was not attacked but was the assailant, and that as a party to a purely defensive agreement Italy was not morally obligated to come to her aid.

A second cause of complaint was that Article VIII of the Triple Alliance bound Austria to refrain from any occupation of Balkan territory without agreement with Italy and the payment to her of compensation. Austria, however, invaded Serbia without agreement with or even notice to Italy, and though demand for compensation was instantly made by the latter nation, the nature and intent of the payment were debated so long by the Austrians that the Italians concluded it would never be paid. Finally the Italian advocates of war contended that Austrian preparations for war upon Russia were in fact a provocation to the latter nation to declare war, and that Italy could not be bound by her agreement to aid Austria against a Russian attack which she had invited.

These were the technical arguments employed to force Italy into battle. They were the pleas which Italian statesmen put forward in defense of their action against the criticism of the world. They were bitterly denounced by the Teutonic Allies as being made in bad faith, and indeed they were rather the excuses for, than the true incentives to, the action finally taken by the Italian nation. For Italy, like France, had her lost provinces. Her Alsace-Lorraine are Trent and Trieste, the one lying in the Dolomite Alps a scant forty miles north of the Austro-Italian boundary, the latter a noble port at the head of the Adriatic, which has had much to do with the decadence of the maritime glories of Venice, which it faces across that sun-lit sea. For the recovery of these lost provinces the Italian heart has yearned for half a century, and the instant action of the army when war was declared was to plunge into the craggy ranges of the Dolomites in the effort to reclaim "Italia Irredenta," as that region is called in Italy. Moreover, modern Italy has a legacy of hate against the Austrians which no formal Alliance could ever obliterate. Until 1868 the military thrall of Austria was upon the northern provinces of Italy, and Milan and Venice for years lived in sullen resentment as cities held by the enemy. The Italian is an emotional being, and though the Parliament under the control of Giolitti, a strongly pro-German statesman, held out for ten long months against war on the Allies' side, an

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Italian troops transporting Austrian prisoners in the high mountains

army of orators and pamphleteers stirred up the people to the highest pitch of excitement, and the demonstrations in favor of such action amounted almost to revolution. Gabriele d'Annunzio, poet and playwright, was a leader in this agitation, traveling from town to town, haranguing the people from the steps of the Roman capitol, and in the grand plaza of St. Peter's, turning out pamphlets as plenteous as the doves of St. Mark's, appealing to all that was emotional in the Italian nature until he had aroused the populace from Messina to Venice to a point that hardly brooked control. After a dissolution of the ministry there followed a campaign which racked the Italian peninsula from end to end. Every possible dramatic incident was seized upon as a rallying point for the war party. In January the body of Bruno Garibaldi, the grandson of Italy's famous liberator, was brought back from France where he had been slain, fighting bravely with the Allies. All Italy went wild with adoration for the hero, and applause for the cause in which he had fallen. His state funeral in Rome was a cortège which would have done honor to a king, and the whole city lined the narrow and historic ways through which it passed. It was the cause, equally with the heroic and historic name, to which this tribute of a whole nation was paid. From that day there was no doubt as to the side on which Italy would land.

Italian soldiers on guard at the boundary post on the Austro-Italian line of the Tyrolian Alps

It has been asserted that in her final action Italy was animated by a lust for spoils, by the desire to regain Trent and Trieste, by covetousness for Albania, and an intent to make the Adriatic an Italian lake, by an ambition to have a larger slice of the Balkan pie, and a bit of the final slicing of Turkey. Probably that is true. Nations are not unselfish, and statesmen are in duty bound to aid in the aggrandizement of their states.

Italian infantry attacking in the region of Jamiano

But Italy was not wholly animated by mercenary motives, for she took up the cause of the Allies when, in her neighborhood at least, it was darkest. The Russians were in full retreat from Galicia when she flung down her gauntlet to Austria. It was the people of Italy, the emotions of Italy, rather than any sordid considerations that rushed her into battle. Never did secret diplomacy or the machinations of a cabinet have less to do with calling a nation to arms.

Italy now came to the aid of the Allies with an organized army of approximately 700,000 in the first line, 320,000 in the Mobile Militia, and a reserve of something like 2,000,000 in the Territorial Militia. For immediate service she could call at least one million men. She had a supply of Krupp howitzers and siege guns, and her field batteries were of the famous French 75's. King Victor Emmanuel was Commander in Chief, and while not hasty in lending his support to the declaration of war, won national applause and approbation by the gallantry with which he led his troops when once they had entered upon the struggle. The Chief of the General Staff, and Generalissimo in the field was Count Luigi Cadorna, a soldier by inheritance and service of a lifetime. He was at the time of Italy's entrance upon the war sixty-five years of age, but manifested all the vigor and dash of a far younger man. He had studied the contour of Italy's rugged Alpine frontier until he knew it as General Hindenburg knew the Masurian Lakes—and at the proper time he put his knowledge to equally effective use.

The Italian navy, a summary of the strength of which has been presented elsewhere, immediately upon the declaration of war, took over from the French the task of

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Italian troops watching the Austrian position from their mountain trenches

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Italian ski corps reconnoitering an Austrian position high in the Alps of Trentino

defending the Adriatic and during the war maintained its supremacy in that sea. Its commander was the Duke of the Abruzzi, famous the world over as mountaineer, scientist and explorer. He was well known in the United States, having led notable exploring expeditions in our Alaskan territory.

The rugged line of Alps which form Italy's northern border constitute a protection for Austria, a menace to the more southerly nation. For the boundary line gives the crests to Austria. Her troops bent on an invasion would fight downward to the gentle declivities of the Italian foothills. If the Italians on their part sought to invade Austria, their columns would have to make their way through narrow passes and tortuous defiles and up precipitous heights to the summit. With all physical conditions against her, however, the Italians had the advantage of conducting their invasion in a land the greater part of whose inhabitants were enthusiastically friendly. For the territory about Trent and Trieste is largely peopled by Italians, whose restive state under the Austrian domination has given the territory the name Italia Irredenta or Italy Unredeemed.

Italy struck first, along a five-hundred-mile front. Her armies quickly spread over the Trentino and, on the west, crossed the Isonzo River, and reached Monfalcone within four days of the declaration of war. It seemed for the time as though there were to be no effective resistance by the Austrians, who had indeed been forced by the Russian menace to send to their eastern front an army of 700,000 men who had seen service—men of from thirty-five to forty years who had recently had special training from German officers. With these troops withdrawn the opposition to the Italian advance was necessarily entrusted to troops made up of boys below nineteen and men above forty-five hastily drawn from the threatened territory which was thoroughly permeated with pro-Italian sentiment. As a result the Italian advance for the first two months encountered practically no effective resistance.

The Italian strategy put briefly was:

1. To neutralize the friendly Trentino by capturing or "covering" her defenses, and cutting her line of communication with Austria proper.

2. To cover, or capture, Trieste and then move in force in the direction of the Austrian fortress of Klagenfurt and Vienna. The

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Italian infantry resting up in an Austrian town on the bank of the Isonzo. This town was taken only after a terrific artillery bombardment

distance of the Austrian capital from the base of Italian operations a week after the war began was little more than that from New York to Providence.

It seemed at first that all this was to be yielded to Italy by default. By the end of July her commanders were satisfied with conditions in the Trentino, and her troops were attacking along the Isonzo from Tarvis to the Adriatic —a front of not less than seventy-five miles. The river itself was a great natural defense for the Austrians. Flowing through narrow gorges, bordered by steep cliffs broken only by narrow mountain passes, it had been strengthened by powerful fortresses erected by the Austrians in farsighted anticipation of trouble with their Italian neighbors. All bridges had been destroyed and the season was one of flood waters. Yet to the amazement of military observers the Italians accomplished the crossing of the river in four separate places. Agile as the mountain chamois, vested with all the reckless daring of the Latin peoples, they proved to be precisely the troops needed for so desperate an enterprise.

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Famous Italian infantry brigade, called "Florence," resting after having repulsed the enemy attacks

Gorizia, a fortified camp, garrisoned by 200,000 troops, and with its outlying works offering a front of sixty miles, was the immediate objective and early in August, 1915, the Italian staff announced positively that its capture was a matter of but a few days. Never were military commanders more deceived. Gorizia fell indeed to the Italian arms, but it fell in August, 1916, just a year later. The twelve months between witnessed some of the hardest and most inconclusive fighting that had taken place in any battle area of the Great War.

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Wounded Italian troops awaiting ambulances to take them to the base hospital

Into all the details of that year of struggle and of carnage it is impossible in this brief narrative to go. Enough to say that by the middle of December, 1915, Italy had so established herself within Austrian borders as to make any Austrian invasion of her own territory appear improbable. The Austrian line on the Isonzo she had pierced at the centre. Tolmino, Gorizia, and Trieste were all menaced by her troops, and the occupation of any one of them meant a long step on the way to Vienna. Gorizia, had suffered heavily from the fire of General Cadorno's artillery, but though the town and its forts were in ruins the defenders still maintained what all

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Italian reinforcements on Mount Magnoboschi, near the Isonzo front, awaiting the signal to begin an attack against the Austrians

conceded to be a hopeless resistance. But those who conceded this had little conception of how long the dogged Austrians could hold out.

The falling of winter in the narrow and precipitous defiles and towering peaks of the Dolomites ended effective operations in that section. Some fighting, indeed, progressed, and the world heard of skirmishes on skiis over snow lying seven feet deep on the level, of artillery mounted on sledges, and of hot battles fought among the avalanches. But in the main the winter passed without any material change in the positions along the Italian frontier. The Austrians were on the defensive, and every natural obstacle that the rigors of winter put in the path of the Italians was to their advantage. Nevertheless the world wondered at the slight showing made by the Italians and complaint was common in the Allied press that the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel were "shirking their bit." What had really happened was that while they had crossed the frontiers at practically every point, they had been instantly checked upon coming into contact with the Austrian main lines of defense. Once so checked the Italian lines showed as little change for eight months as did the French lines in Flanders.

In May, 1916, the Austrians, who had thus far been content with maintaining a fairly successful defensive, suddenly began an attack, which in its turn threatened to overwhelm the Italian forces along the western Alpine front. It is estimated that this Austrian drive enlisted more than 700,000 men, of whom 360,000 were newly brought from the Galician front. Both in the Trentino and along the Isonzo front the Austro-Hungarians pressed the attack with such vigor that the Italians were pressed back from all the advanced positions they had won in the Austrian Tyrol, and were hard put to it to maintain their lines before Gorizia. For the first time in the Italian theatre of war the work of the artillery took on the proportions that it had maintained in the battlefields of France. More than 2,000 heavy guns were brought into action by the Austrians, and the weight of metal thrown is said to have been equalled only at Verdun.

The Austrian drive continued for ten days. It had been planned with the utmost skill. Many strategic points in the Trentino were recovered, and the Austrian columns pene-

trated far into Italian territory. At this time the Austrian War Office reported the recovery of 300 square miles of lost Austrian territory, and the occupation of 300 square miles of Italian soil. The moment seemed critical for Italy, for the Austrian Tyrol penetrates so far into her territory that invading columns moving southeast from that border would not only capture Venice and Verona, but would cut off the Italian army operating along the Isonzo. Or, if the Austrians chose to coöperate with the German drive, then in progress in France, they might move westward from the Trentino salient and menace Milan and Turin, the latter a point of concentration for an attack on France's Italian frontier. Should such an attack be even threatened France would have to rush troops to the menaced front, thereby weakening her defense at Verdun and in Flanders. The situation was a critical one. It found its reflection in Italian politics, for furious attacks upon the conduct of the war caused the overthrow of the ministry. But in the end Italian gallantry saved the day and wrested new victories from the very grip of defeat.

It is quite true that the full measure of the new Italian successes was due to the launching in June, 1916, of the great Russian drive in Bukowina and Galicia which compelled the diversion of many of the Austrian troops to that theatre of war. But even before this the Italians, though in ten days they had lost 30,000 prisoners and 298 cannon, with more than 60,000 men put out of action, had rallied and checked the invaders' advances. In May and June of 1916 the conditions of the same months in 1915 had been precisely reversed. At the earlier period the Italians had carried all the Austrian outposts but were checked in their career when they encountered the enemy's main line of defense. So, too, the Austrians were checked now that they had encountered the main line of the Italians. Then came the Russian diversion, and sharply upon its heels the Italians in their turn began a dashing and successful counter offensive.

Climatic conditions compelled the Italians to force the fighting on the Isonzo line at first rather than in the Tyrol. In the towering ranges of the Dolomites the snow lies heavy until July, and after driving their foe from their own territory the Italian forces in that section rested on their arms to some extent, awaiting summer and the disap-

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Monster 14.9-inch Italian gun in action 10 miles from the Austrian fortifications of Gorizia on the Carso plateau

Italians climbing a mountainside to surprise the Austrians

pearance of the snow. But the drive on Gorizia was not delayed. The broad valley of the Isonzo is so placed that the warm winds of Italy and the Adriatic flow freely up it at all times, giving Gorizia, despite its northern latitude, some fame as a winter resort. It is indeed almost Californian in climate. The town itself lies in the centre of a ring of hills, all held by Austrian batteries. Although those immediately in front of the Italian armies were reduced by artillery or taken by trench warfare, it was futile for the assailants to occupy the town itself while it was still commanded by others on adjacent hills, and upon these the Italians now began a patient and persistent attack. Three hills commanded the city—Mount Sabatino, Mount San Michele, and the heights of Podgora. The last were taken by the Italians in November. The other two succumbed to Victor Emmanuel's artillery and trench warfare the last week in July. The Italians had brought to this work a prodigious equipment of new and powerful guns—1,500 were said to have been furnished the army at the beginning of its new drive in May. For two days the mountainside, which had been under heavy fire for a month or more, was subjected to such an infernal rain of shell and shrapnel that no living thing could withstand it.

Mount Sabatino had long seemed impregnable. It resisted stubbornly the fire of the terrible guns, and was taken only by the exercise of that incredible and patient industry which characterized so many of the military operations of the war. The formation of the land in this region is of limestone, and in this the Italians had for months been hewing wide underground passageways, capable of permitting four men abreast to pass from

their lines to within twenty yards of the Austrian defenses. Three such tunnels of 240 to 300 feet long were ready for use when, on August 6th, the final bombardment began. Then, after the great guns had beaten the Austrian trenches out of any semblance of form, and driven away nearly all the defenders who could escape, the Italians poured out of the exits of their tunnels and overwhelmed the amazed Austrians who remained. Mount Sabatino thus passed into Italian hands. Mount San Michele fell the same day. Twenty times or more it had been taken and lost, and for seven months more than half of its summit had been held by the Italians. Always dominated by the Austrian fire from the higher Mount Sabatino it could not be held until the latter peak had fallen. But now after sustaining attack not only from the Italian guns, but from twenty-four dirigible balloons, each carrying four tons of explosive and daringly operated, its defenders finally withdrew.

Immediately upon securing the heights the Italians turned their attention to the city. It was heavily shelled to drive out the few defenders remaining. The bridgehead was still held by the Austrians, and the Italians entered upon a hand-to-hand battle in the strip of territory that still separated them from it. Here there was subterranean warfare. The Austro-Hungarians had adapted for purposes of defense hundreds of caves that nature had formed in the limestone hills and crags. These they had enlarged into great halls, holding vast quantities of munitions and housing thousands of men. Burning straw and gasoline were used at times to dislodge the defenders. For three days this sort of fighting raged, then the remnant of the Austrians fled across the bridge, blowing it up as the last company passed. Thereupon the Italians, in the face of a heavy fire, forded the stream and put the seal of completion upon their victory.

August 9th, the Duke of Aosta and King Victor Emmanuel rode into the conquered

Italian reinforcements on the road to defensive positions along the Piave River in the recent Austro-German drive at Italy

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Italian troops coming from the Isonzo region on their way to new positions in the Carso Mountains in their latest advance

city. The culmination of a fourteen months' campaign had been reached. Gorizia had fallen. One great step had been taken on the way to Vienna. The Italian guns were within twelve miles of Trieste and the Austrian fleet had already been ordered to evacuate that port which had been its base and seek a new one farther down the Adriatic. A notable advance had been made in the Allied plan of campaign—namely, to pound Austria as the weakest of the Teutonic Allies and to reduce her to subjection even while Germany fought gallantly on. It looked easy at that moment but time—and treachery—brought a sudden and terrible reverse to the elated Italians.

During the long period of fighting which preceded the fall of Gorizia the men of both armies did some wonderful fighting in both the Dolomites and the Julian Alps. On those craggy steeps a glare of snow and ice in winter and sharp inclines of polished granite in summer—men had need of the adhesive qualities of flies to climb at all—to say nothing of climbing under fire and weighted down with the equipment of soldiers. An Italian officer was showing such a precipice to Philip Gibbs. It had been scaled a few days before by the Alpini.

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Italian engineers repairing telegraph and telephone lines on the march

You can't see our trenches there, he said, because we hold the summit, and the trenches are on the other side. You see that sheer wall of rock facing us? Well, it was by going up that that our soldiers took Mount Nero. We had to have it. It is an important observatory—better than this one—for the Isonzo Valley. From there one can see almost to the Dolomites on the one side and almost to Laibach on the other.

You see that long ridge connecting the peak with the mountains beyond? That is where we made a strong feint

attack. We sent two columns along that ridge so that the Austrians thought that was all we intended to do. But the third and principal column went up the precipice. They did it during one dark night. It was important that they should do it without a sound, as they were to take the summit from the rear by surprise. So they climbed up without rifles, which might have knocked against things and sent stones crashing down, and they went up in bare feet to avoid slipping and also to avoid sound. They carried only revolvers and hand grenades.

They jumped on the Austrians just at dawn. But the Austrians, though surprised, were very strong. We quickly used up our revolvers and bombs and we took Mount Nero with our hands. I mean that the fight became so desperate that our Alpini literally conquered by fighting hand to hand, so that hundreds of Austrians were hurled bodily down that cliff to the valley over a mile below.

I meditated upon what I had been hearing. As I looked at that appalling cliff it seemed as though I had been reading some ghastly fiction.

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Italian soldier about to hurl a death-dealing grenade at the enemy trenches

The Isonzo River in its passage through the gorges of the Julian Alps is a roaring torrent, icy cold and ghastly green, for it comes from glacial caverns only a few miles up. All bridges had of course been destroyed by the Austrians. Pontoon bridges might be and were thrown across under cover of night, but the troops crossing by them found on the other side a perpendicular wall forty feet high with a very thin ledge at the top where men might rest before completing the climb of a thousand feet more to the Bainsizza plateau, where the Austrians lay entrenched. Early in their operations the Italians tried to cross without adequate preparations, and for months thereafter the bodies of their dead lay on that narrow ledge where they had found no escape from the Austrians. Ultimately, however, the invaders succeeded.

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Italian cavalry passing through Gorizia, which they have captured from the Austrians

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Scene in Montecitorie Square, with the Italian parliament building to the right, during the day when Italy's fate hung in the balance. Great crowds gathered around this historic building in Rome to hear the latest reports

A newspaper correspondent tells the story thus:

When the Italians did try again, and this time succeeded, it was the biggest scheme ever inaugurated by the silent wizard of the Italian armies—Cadorna. Its very audacity contributed to its success. When dawn followed the night of the crossing, the Austrians could scarcely believe their eyes. An army stood in front of them. On those bridges, constructed over that terrible gorge between darkness and dawn, an army corps had passed with scarcely the loss of a man.

And it was done chiefly by putting out the Austrians' eyes. On the hills opposite the Austrian positions, and at exactly the same level, the Italians had been concentrating searchlights for days. There seemed to be miles of them. On the night when the pontoons were to be thrown across they were turned full on the Austrians for the first time, dazzling them to such an extent that they could see nothing of the work going on under their noses and only a few hundred yards under at that. It was almost as near as if bridges were being thrown over Broadway while an enemy with preventive means was on top of the Times Building and searchlights were on the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Naturally, the Austrians must have known that something was going on. There was considerable firing, and one bridge was damaged. But for the most part the crossing of the Isonzo was a complete surprise.

While the searchlights streamed constantly overhead, the Italian engineers worked below in pitch dark. They had to drop their pontoon boats down that forty-foot wall on wooden skids, then join them across the rushing water, plank them over so that the troops could walk, and provide ladders for them to climb up the precipice on the Austrian side.

Time and again the current swept boats away before they were properly joined up. Frequently workers fell into the water and were carried instantly down. The constant cannonade helped the searchlights in fooling the enemy and kept the sound of the bridgemaking from reaching the Austrians' ears.

In the morning, when the Austrians realized what had happened, they precipitated themselves backward a distance of more than seven miles to their positions beyond Volnik. What almost happened, instead of their successful retirement to Volnik, was the first surrender of an enemy army in this war.

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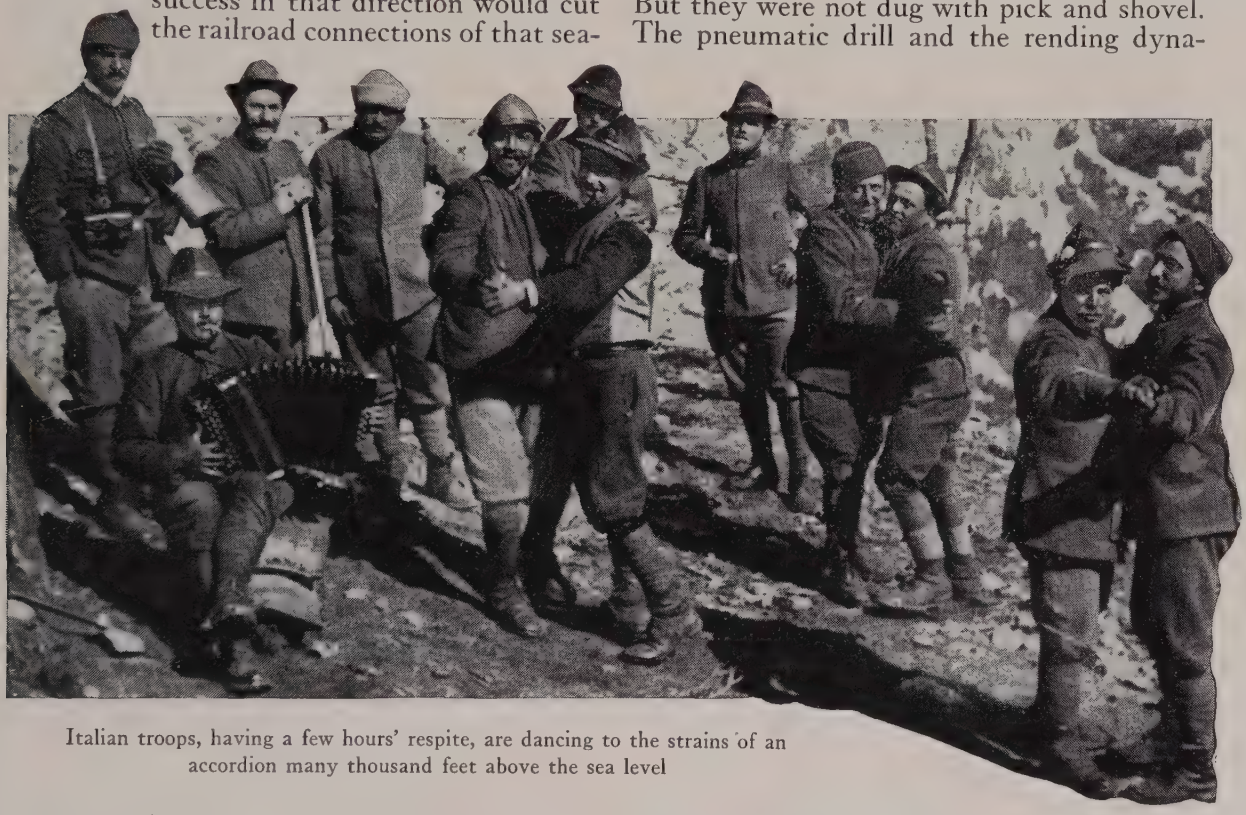
The Italian forces on the Isonzo front have captured this great Austrian fortress high up on Mount San Gabriele. They are seen here bringing in the wounded

With Isonzo in their possession the Italians paused but briefly for recuperation. There were now two courses open to Cadorna's army. To the south, almost within range of his great siege guns, lay Trieste—Austria's chief seaport, the

prize which the aspirations of the Italian people most eagerly coveted. But another lure was presented to the invaders. Off to the northeast lay the railroad centre of Villach, whence to Vienna was a scant 200 miles. With the Austrian army in its disorganized state this gateway to the Austrian capital lay easily within Cadorna's grasp. In moving upon it he would not be sacrificing his grip upon Trieste, for success in that direction would cut the railroad connections of that seaport with Austria, except by circuitous routes through Hungary. However, whether Trieste or Villach should be the objective of Cadorna's campaign the immediate task was the subjugation of the wild and gloomy territory immediately surrounding Gorizia, known as the Carso, and to this he at once addressed himself.



Italian troops, having a few hours' respite, are dancing to the strains of an accordion many thousand feet above the sea level

The Carso is a desolate plain, out of which the underlying rock formations crop in the form of great boulders, unexpected cliffs and precipices, rock-lined gullies, caves and pits. No water is found in all its treeless expanse. Across it the winds sweep with cutting force by winter, and upon its arid face the sun beats down with relentless violence by summer. So gloomy, desolate and melancholy is its appearance that Dante is known to have chosen it to serve as the scene of some of the ghastly spectacles of his "Inferno." In active battle it must have been a scene of horror. There was no soil to receive the shells or deaden their explosion. The rocky cliffs and boulders multiplied the flying pieces of metal and added of their own substance to the storm. There were trenches there, made by the Austrians, who had turned the Carso into a powerful defensive position. But they were not dug with pick and shovel. The pneumatic drill and the rending dynamite were necessary for operations in that rockbound terrain.

We may pass over without detailed description the story of General Cadorna's efforts to subdue the Carso. While they were still in progress, and while the world still wondered whether Villach or Trieste was his objective, there befell the Italian army, as the result of intrigue and treachery, a disaster so prodigious, so overwhelming, that all the victories won during eighteen months of the hardest fighting were at a stroke reversed. Gorizia was evacuated. The hard-won Alpine peaks and passes were abandoned. The Italian troops streamed back into their country followed by the victorious enemy. The northern Italian plain was overrun by the foe and Verona, Padua

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The ruins of Kova Kas in the Italian fighting territory in line of the recent Italian advance

and even regal Venice herself, were in danger of capture.

Shortly after the capture of Gorizia August 27, 1916, Italy declared war upon Germany. That this declaration had been so deferred was one of the mysteries of diplomacy The two nations were emphatically at war. The Austrian troops whom Italy was fighting were financed and armed by Germany and largely led by German officers. Germany had sequestered Italian property and surrendered to Austria Italian prisoners who had entered upon German soil. But now the German belligerency became more pronounced. It had been her policy to attack one after another her weaker foes while holding France and Great Britain fast in the fields of Flanders and of France. Russia had now succumbed to intrigue, Serbia was annihilated, Roumania crushed. Italy came next in logical order.

While busy elsewhere Germany had looked with apparent indifference upon the successive defeats Italy had inflicted upon her ally Austria. Between the military genius and efficiency of these two nations there can never be hereafter any comparison. Wherever the two came into collision the Italians were victorious, however great the odds against them—as in fighting their way up the precipices and crags of the Dolomites and the Julian Alps to overwhelm the Austrian strongholds at the summit. But Germany now coming to Austrian assistance turned the tables. She withdrew from the pacified Russian front great bodies of troops and in connection with Austrian divisions under German command prepared for a decisive attack.

The moment was propitious for the Teutons. And for making it so the United States, together with other Allies, must bear its share of the heavy blame; for in his long hard fight for Gorizia General Cadorna had reduced his store of munitions to its lowest ebb. Appeals were made to Great Britain and the United States for cannon, shells, locomotives, rails—all products of steel mills of which Italy has practically none. The response was slow and niggardly, especially on behalf of the United States, where the menace of the Italian situation was by no means comprehended. When the German attack was delivered the Italian army was in no condition of equipment to repulse it.

More vital, at the outset, was the disaffection of the Italian troops against whom the enemy directed his first assault. The spot chosen was on the lines at Tolmino, Monte San Gabriele and Monte San Daniele. General von Below was in command of the German forces, with Germans commanding Austrian divisions. Austrian names had disappeared entirely from the list of those in high command. Before opening fire with their artillery the Germans put into effect the more subtile method of intrigue for breaking down their enemys' defense. An Italian authority explains it thus:

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A church destroyed by the Austro-German gunfire. This is St. Peter's in Gorizia

"Opposite the Second Italian army the Austrians had placed regiments composed largely of Socialists, and these utilized the war-weariness of opponents, similarly infected, to convince the latter that an end of the fighting would come if the soldiers on both sides should refuse to kill each other any longer. Fraternization followed, and an exchange of promises to do no more shooting. Then the demoralized—and demoralizing—Austrian division was withdrawn, and in its place were put German shock troops. These it was that, almost unopposed, smashed through the Italian line and began the flanking movement of which the results have been so disastrous to Italy."

It was not all German intrigue that caused this disaffection. There was only too much evidence that Italian Socialists, the followers of the discredited ex-Premier Giolitti, pacifists, and even some agencies of the Vatican had worked to attain this discreditable end. Immediately after the disaster General Cadorna bitterly denounced the "treachery" —using that word—of certain divisions, while the War Office in its bulletin made the distinct charge of cowardice. But the harsh words were quickly suppressed by the censors, and the defeat allowed to pass as though caused by the enemy's superior force. The fact remains, however, that certain regiments in abandoning certain strategic positions did so apparently not because overcome by superior force, but cheering, singing and giving every indication that they were deluded into the belief that by their act the war would be ended.

The gap opened by treachery on the 24th of October, 1917, was big enough to disorganize the whole Italian line and within three days the whole Italian army was in retreat. It must have been a bitter moment for the gallant Italian soldiers. From the mountain peaks which they had carried by such engineering skill, industry, persistence and loss of life, through the narrow passes which they had penetrated against the fire of the enemy's batteries on every peak and crest, they had now to retire with the exultant Austrians snapping at their heels. It was a mournful retreat but an orderly one.

By November 1st the Italians had been driven from the line of the Tagliamento, which they had fortified heavily and hoped to hold. They were short of artillery and of ammunition. The enemy at this time reported the capture of 180,000 men and 15,000 guns. After another brief halt at the Livenza River, where, according to German reports, 17,000 more prisoners and 800 guns were lost, the Italians fell back to the line of the Piave, which they were successfully defending in February, 1918.

When the Tagliamento had been passed by the Teutons the world suddenly awoke to what was happening. The Allied governments, that had looked complacently upon Italy fighting her own battles so long as she could fight them victoriously, perceived that her defeat now was a menace to their

whole cause. Not only would the Germans sweep down over the northern plains, taking Vicenza, Verona, and even glorious Venice for added counters in the game of brag and barter that would attend the final peace conference, but they might move to the westward and strike at France by the back door of the Riviera. With one accord France, Great Britain and the United States rushed to the rescue.

A triune command representing the Allies perilous and insufficient defense. Further south, pointed out the strategists, was the Adige River, a line along which would extend from Lake Garda to the sea, and be therefore impregnable on either flank. True, this would uncover Venice and probably lead to her capture, but Venice, while artistically and historically important, was without military significance.

At this all Italy sprang to arms. Sacrifice Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic! Permit

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This is the sort of country the Italian forces have encountered along the Isonzo. They have had to storm almost impregnable mountain fortresses and endure bitter cold amid snow and ice on the mountain tops

was created and on this General Cadorna was given place, General Foch and Sir Harry Wilson being the other two. As supreme commander of the Italian armies in the field General Armando Diaz succeeded Cadorna.

In the early days of 1918 it appeared that the line of the Piave was to be to Italy what Verdun had been to France—a symbol of national determination to conquer. As in the case of Verdun the strategists said that the Piave was a place without strategical importance and indeed without real strategic strength. Occupation of it left the left flank resting on the mountains—a very

the Austrians to come back to swagger in the plaza of St. Mark's after having turned them out! Never! All Italy decreed the Piave line, and adopted for its rallying cry, "Da qui non se passe," the equivalent of the French motto at Verdun, "They shall not pass." Up too surged the hot blood of the Garibaldians of 1866 with their battle cry, "Italia farà da se!"

Venice was in a panic, and indeed the whole world—to which the Adriatic city, throned in state upon her hundred isles, seemed a shrine sacred to all humanity—held its breath as it viewed the closer approach

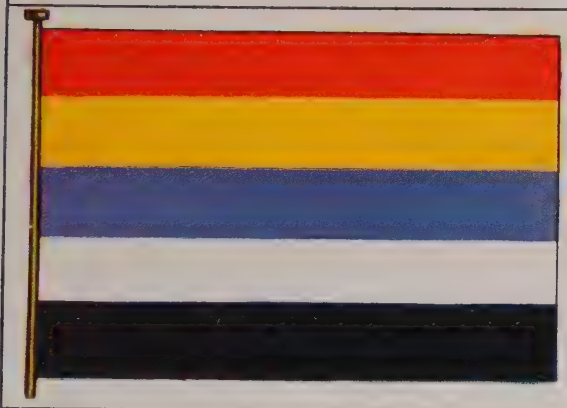
CUBA

Government:	Republic
President:	Mario G. Menocal
Area:	44,215 square miles
Population:	2,627,536
Date of entering the war:	April 7, 1917
Army (war basis):	44,400
	The question of general conscription throughout the island is now being debated
Navy;	1 cruiser
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $7,820,000; imports, $2,990,000 (1913)
Greatest exports:	Tobacco and sugar
Reason for entering the war:	To protest against the violation of the rights of international law and to back up the United States in her declaration of war against Germany

PANAMA

Government:	Republic
President:	Dr. Ramon M. Valdes
Area:	32,380 square miles
Population:	400,000
Date of entering the war:	April 7, 1917
Army (war basis):	None
Navy	"
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $690,000; imports, None (1913)
Greatest exports:	Coffee, cocoa
Reason for entering the war:	To aid the United States against Germany

Panama was formerly a department of the Republic of Colombia but asserted its independence in 1903 and was recognized as an independent republic by the Powers.



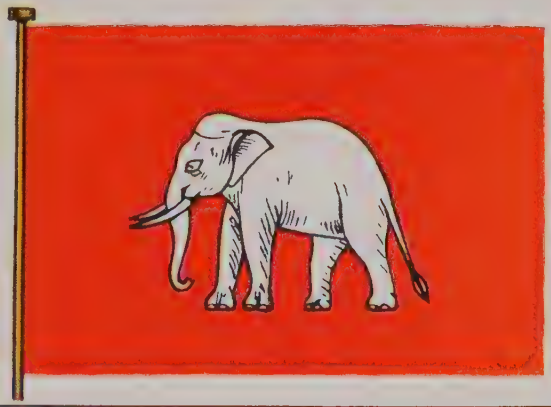
CHINA

Government:	Republic
President (Acting):	Feng Kuo-chang
Area:	4,278,352 square miles
Population:	336,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 14, 1917
Army:	700,000
Navy:	About 6 cruisers, 4 destroyers
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $1,404,150; imports, $1,927,541 (1914)
Greatest exports:	Raw and manufactured silk, tea, beans
Reason for entering the war:	To protest against Germany's ruthless submarine warfare

SIAM

Government:	Absolute monarchy
Ruler:	Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh
Area:	195,000 square miles
Population:	8,500,000
Date of entering the war:	July 22, 1917
Army:	80,000
Navy:	21 small vessels
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $1,102,475; imports, $1,205,585 (1914)
Greatest exports:	Cattle, teak, gold
Reason for entering the war:	To maintain the rights of small nations

Siam is the only absolute monarchy in the ranks of the Allies who are fighting to overthrow despotism and establish democracy. Feudalism is still in existence in the kingdom



Italy's Alpine skiing troops preparing for action

of the Huns to that treasure house of art and beauty. Curiously enough, it was the historic Huns under the ruthless Attila who, raiding northern Italy, caused its people to take refuge in the lagoons and islands whence in due time Venice uprose. Now after the lapse of centuries new barbarians were at the door of the city that had grown great, rich and beautiful. No people reverence and appreciate more their art treasures than the Venetians. Perhaps it may be admitted that they have a lively sense of the material advantages these treasures bring to them in normal times in the throngs of visitors from every land. From the earliest days of the war every imaginable precaution had been taken to preserve these treasures from possible injury. The horses of St. Mark's descended from their elevated station above the cathedral's portico and were taken to Rome, where they were comfortably stabled in the ruined baths of Diocletian. St. Mark's itself was banked about with sand bags within and without; though meticulous as were the precautions, they would have availed little against a single shell from a giant Austrian howitzer. To protect the neighboring Doges' Palace it was at first planned to build an entirely distinct structure of brick around and over it. But engineers reported that the piles on which the Palace, like all the rest of Venice, stands would not support the additional load, so that project was abandoned, and the more exposed portions of the edifice banked up with sandbags. The statue of Colleone, esteemed by artists the greatest in the world, was covered by sandbags until the near approach of the Germans suggested that not merely destruction but theft needed to be guarded against, and it was lowered from its pedestal and shipped to Rome.

So the Italians clung to the line of the Piave with a persistence that denoted real soldierly devotion. Though the enemy had broken over at Zenson, the gap he made there in the Italian lines was too narrow to be serviceable. On the lower river the Italian resistance could not be shaken. Floating defenses were employed with great skill. Not only were flat-bottomed English monitors of light draft and with the heaviest guns brought into service, but the Italians built floats on which they mounted powerful naval guns which drove the invaders away from the river banks. Early in November the Teutons began crossing the low delta of the Piave near its mouth. The movement was most menacing to Venice as it brought the enemy troops within twenty miles of that beautiful city—almost close enough for the Kaiser's guns to do what they

had done to the cathedral at Rheims and the Cloth Hall at Ypres.

But the line of the Piave was not the only danger spot for Italy. In the north the foe was coming down the passes of the Dolomites and the Venetian Alps with the intent of taking the Italian Piave line in the flank and rear. The movement which culminated in the later days of November, 1917, was most menacing. The Teutons outnumbered the Italians by two to one—both in men and in guns. They suffered from but one weakness. For supplies and communications they were dependent on a single railroad to Trent and various highways through the mountain passes. A single snowstorm would interrupt supplies; a long period of stormy weather might be disastrous. Winter was upon them and the invaders pushed the fighting. During the week, December 4th to December 10th, he attacked fiercely all along the mountain front, captured, according to Berlin, 15,000 prisoners, and seized some positions not without strategic value.

But as the roar of the great guns and the rattle of the lesser arms died away came noiselessly through the air the delicate and feathery missiles that were to end, for the time at least, Austro-German exploits on that front. The snow, light, feathery, but insistent, came silently down, filling the mountain passes, blocking the railroad, shutting off the invaders from their base. It was no time for fighting. The work of the army thus entrapped was to keep open its communications. During this interruption the relief forces sent by France and England to Italy's aid came up and on the last day of 1917 delivered a crushing blow on the invaders' front. The Allies were everywhere successful, and the offensive passed from the Teutons to them. During the weeks immediately following there was spirited fighting in the air, fleets of as many as twenty-five planes to a side being not infrequently engaged. But in the air, in the flooded districts at the mouth of the Piave, and on land the advantage had now turned to the Allies and on the 8th of January, 1918, headquarters reported that all danger to Venice was now averted.

Italians bombarding Austrian positions on Mount Cucco

The bodies of Cossacks slain defending the government borne through Petrograd

CHAPTER IX

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION—DEGRADATION OF THE COURT—EASE WITH WHICH THE GOVERNMENT WAS OVERTHROWN—ABDICATION OF THE CZAR—THE ARMY WITH THE PEOPLE—LENINE AND TROTZKY—GERMAN INTRIGUES—FAILURE OF THE BREST-LITOVSK CONFERENCE—THE OUTLOOK

MAN does not yet know, can hardly venture to imagine, what great changes in the political and social structure of the world may attend the end of this war. President Wilson upon entering it said that one purpose of the United States in drawing the sword was to make the world safe for democracy. But to the protection of existing democracies shall there be added the extension of democracy? Shall we see Germany discarding its present system of absolutism tempered only by the right of the Reichstag fruitlessly to grumble, in favor of a constitutional monarchy, or even a republic? It does not seem mere accident that of the four considerable nations included in the Teutonic alliance — Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—every one is an autocracy even though camouflaged by a few constitutional limitations, while of the twenty-eight governments more or less actively allied against the Teutons only one—Siam—is an absolute monarchy, while nineteen are republics, and eight constitutional monarchies with the powers of the monarch so limited that—as in Great Britain, Belgium and Italy—the government is essentially republican.

In the earlier days of the war this alignment was less impressively in favor of the Allies. There was a flaw in their democratic front. One of their chief figures, the nation which perhaps of all save Germany did most to make the war inevitable, was not merely an absolute monarchy, but an autocracy unrelieved by any democratic qualifications. Russia seemed in curious company fighting beside England and France against the extension of absolutism. Pro-Germans in all lands made the most of the unnatural partnership, pointing to it as evidence of the insincerity of the other and dominant partners.

The moment came when the Russian people themselves removed this cause for cynicism and distrust. Whatever the Russian Revolution, the story of which I am about to tell, may give the world in the end as an example of a government created by the people, it has at least overthrown the old blood-stained Czardom. It has ended the government of the knout and the gallows, the secret dungeon and the snow-bound Siberian trail. It has destroyed much evil, and while at the moment the Russian people seem to falter and fumble in their gropings after a way out of their disorders, let us remember that none of the revolutions of history was brought to full fruition in less than a term of years. We think of a republic as the necessary fruit of a revolution. But France had not only the Terror and the Napoleonic phase to pass through, but even a period of restoration of the monarchy before that perfect fruit of her revolution was ripe. And in our own revolution—led by essentially orderly and conservative men—the famous Declaration of 1776 had lain in its pigeonhole for sixteen years before the Constitution which was to give it enduring vitality was adopted by the states. So distinguished an historian as John Fiske pronounced the period betwixt the breaking of the yoke of George III at Yorktown and the date of the ratification of the Constitution, "The Critical Period of American History."

Russia is now—1918—at the beginning of its critical period. Its skies are red and its atmosphere clouded. There is much clamor of dissentient tongues, and seemingly little of patience and the constructive spirit. But

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Machine guns mowing down the mobs during a Leninist uprising in Petrograd by the government troops. Scores of persons were killed and wounded before the crowd escaped into the side streets. In the foreground can be seen a mother shielding her child

the philosophic historian knows that revolutions never go back. The old Russia of the Czar will never return. Exile by administrative process is as dead as the lettres de cachet which used to open the doors of the Bastile—inward. The dungeons of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul below the lapping waters of the Neva will be show places like the cell of the Prisoner of Chillon. The Little Father is deposed and there will be no other unnatural parents of his sort for the Russian people.

The ease with which the Russian revolution, in its initial steps, was accomplished must long be a matter of wonder to all save those who were directly concerned in it. In an earlier chapter one of its first symptoms was referred to in the story of the assassination of the charlatan monk, Rasputin.

In the latter part of 1916 there had been dissension in the Russian Duma, that representative body which the Czar had been forced to create against his will, which sat only in face of the ill-concealed hostility of the monarch and his ministers, and which had thus far been able to accomplish nothing of material service for the Russian people. In many ways it was not unlike the States-General forced on Louis XVI and which proved the entering wedge of the French Revolution. The Russian body was due to meet on the 25th of January, 1917, but prior to that the government postponed its session for one month. Plausible excuses were made about the necessity for giving the new Premier, Prince Golitzin, time to familiarize himself with the duties and the record of his office. But the people were suspicious and grumbled. They noticed that all other deliberative bodies, official or unofficial, the Zemstvos and the general congress of the Union of the Towns had been likewise forbidden, at the instance of the Premier of the time, Sturmer, a man who had never denied his sympathy with Germany, and his opposition to the war in which Russia was engaged. As a result of this opposition he was forced out of office—the one great victory won by the Duma. To him succeeded Prince Golitzin. Under the new régime the provocative policy of the government continued. The numbers and arrogance of the secret police were greatly increased. Machine guns, withdrawn from the army, were mounted on Petrograd roofs

as though for service against the people. News from the army was all disconcerting. Here the troops had no food. There they were out of ammunition. At another place they had no leadership—or what was worse, treacherous commanders. All Petrograd swarmed with German spies, who whispered that a separate peace was under consideration—that the Czar was nearly ready basely to desert his allies, and force his country under Hindenburg's heel. Discontent became rife everywhere.

There is some reason to believe that the revolution which grew out of this situation was deliberately fomented by those who would profit most by its suppression. The court party which surrounded the Czar was deeply permeated with pro-German sentiment. The Czarina Alexandra is a German princess deeply imbued with Hohenzollern convictions and ambitions. Courtiers are always more aristocratic than the monarch himself, and the swarm of privileged parasites who hung about Nicholas could not understand why he was fighting on the side of democracy and hesitated but little to tell him so. Rasputin, during his period of high favor, had been nothing short of a German paid agent. To him succeeded in the imperial confidence Alexander Protopopoff, Minister of the Interior, a politician who starting as a liberal leader became a reactionary; after shining as an orator in support of the cause of the Allies became an emissary of the Kaiser; after being a true representative of the people descended to the ignominy of being their most sinister foe. Moreover, he was under suspicion—conviction almost—of being a German agent, for he had been detected in secret conference with a German attaché in Stockholm where he had stopped on his way back from an Allied conference in London.

Mingled with political perfidy there was in Protopopoff a curious strain of mysticism, which made him the dupe and tool of Rasputin, and caused his participation in the mystic séances which the neurotic court of the time affected and in which affairs of state were determined.

Though the people were quiet, there were those at court who knew the extent of the unrest that stirred them to their depths. These plotters, the German agents, the neurasthenics, the mere parasites who had adopted the Pompadour's maxim, "After us the deluge," saw that their tenure of office was getting very doubtful. The Czar, intel-

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The first photograph to arrive in this country of the Bolshevik, "Red Guard," about which much has been heard during the overturning of the Provisional Government

The Czar on a trip of inspection at the front

lectually a weakling, would neither break with the Allies and negotiate a separate peace as the court party desired, nor prosecute the war with vigor as the nation wished. Months after, when the revolution had thrown open the secret archives, there was discovered a bundle of letters exchanged between Emperor William and Czar Nicholas at the time of the Russo-Japanese war. They were signed in cousinly style "Willy" and "Nicky" and revealed the fact that even at that day the two monarchs were ready to ride roughshod over the constitutional limitations imposed by their governments and make personal treaties, or by individual agreements break established alliances. That revelation, however, succeeded the revolution. It had no part in fomenting it.

It is easy to see how the intriguers about the court might reckon that an abortive revolution which they would at once suppress, would strengthen them with the timid Czar, and give them new powers with which remorselessly to crush the rising tide of democracy in Russia. But they made one serious error in their calculations. They were successful in provoking the revolution, but failed utterly to provide themselves with the power for its suppression. They had not informed themselves as to the spread of popular and democratic sentiments in the army, nor could they understand how deeply the public sense of decency had been affronted by the orgies of sensualism and mysticism of which Rasputin had been the incarnation. And above all they were unable

The Bolshevik General Staff, which governed the military situation in Russia

These are a few of the women in Russia who took up arms against Germany when the Russian army was disorganized. They are credited with taking one hundred prisoners

to comprehend the deep resentment felt by all the manhood of Russia for the betrayal of the army by treacherous ministers and corrupted generals.

The war had not been unpopular in Russia. The peasant is an ideal soldier, brave, dogged and thoroughly amenable to discipline. In this war his early successes in East Prussia and Galicia had given him a sense of victory and personal dignity which caused him to resent bitterly the betrayal which manifested itself in conflicting orders and a munition famine at the most critical moments.

Severe privations came to reenforce the discontent caused by political conditions. The army's needs had strained the railroad facilities of the country to the utmost, and for lack of an official plan the cities were left without the grain and other supplies that crowded the depots in the farming districts. Hunger stalked in Petrograd and Moscow. The bread line appeared. Some bakers' shops were raided, and workmen's wives organized processions of protest. March 9, 1917, the streets, for no apparent reason, were crowded with citizens. Everywhere the occasional bodies of troops which were stationed in the city fraternized with the people and gave assurances of friendship. Even the Cossacks, supposed to be drilled and disciplined to a

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A few of the Kronstadt sailors and Bolshevik troops who helped to overturn the Provisional Government in session at Tauride Palace

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People of the revolution removing the royal emblems from all buildings

point that had stifled every human emotion, were outspoken in their promises that for the first time they would be found on the people's side. Day by day the ceaseless shifting of the street mobs and the endless clash of debates in the streets continued. Mischief was clearly brewing, but only those very close to the inner circle could tell in what form it would appear. Sunday the 11th the police and some part of the soldiery fired upon the people. But it was mere casual street fighting. Neither side had any objective point in view. Civilians would not move on and soldiers fired, or the soldiers were arrogant and received an irresponsible shot or two from hot-headed citizens.

Sunday word came from the Palace to the Duma that it should disperse. It flatly refused. This more than any fighting on the quais and places marked the true beginning of the revolution. The elected popular branch of the government refused to surrender its functions at the demand of officials responsible to the Czar alone. That the government dared not compel dissolution by force was evidence that it lacked confidence in its own power.

Not only did the Duma remain in session but its leaders took upon themselves the duties of propagandists, going about from barracks to camps pleading at once for support and the maintenance of order. Never was a revolution attended with so little violence and it is significant that one of the first acts of the popular assembly was to abolish the death penalty—a resolution that was adhered to even at times when cool-headed and humane men doubted its wisdom. Even Protopopoff, whose name was hated throughout all Russia, found sanctuary and protection in the Duma when all alone, haggard and unkempt he tremblingly gave himself up. All sorts of functionaries of the old régime flocked to the chamber where committees were feverishly making new constitutions, orators denouncing the dead past and planning new Utopias and internationals preaching the virtues of an immediate peace. All found refuge and safety. The maddest mobs vented their fury on the members of

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Great mass meeting addressed by Nikolai Lenine in front of the Winter Palace in Petrograd

the police, but with remarkable self-restraint the leaders of the revolutionary powers showed mercy to even the most notorious members of the "dark forces" who appealed for protection. There was still some street fighting. The fortress-like building of the Admiralty on the Nevski Prospect withstood a siege of thirty-six hours, surrendering only at the threat that it would be blown to pieces by the big guns from the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. Numbers of the police took refuge on the housetops where Protopopoff had mounted machine guns, and defended themselves desperately. When captured they were savagely slain, for all the hatred of the mob seemed centered upon the police oppressors.

Meantime none could tell the temper of the huge armies at the front. Nor was it possible to forecast the attitude of the Czar, who was with those armies far from the rebellious capital. But all troops that came in to Petrograd fraternized with the revolutionists. There was every reason to believe that the rest of the army, even that portion about the person of the Czar, held like sentiments. Moscow accepted the revolution. Telegrams of adhesion came pouring in from the country districts. The conflagration was well under way and none now might stop it.

Curiously enough little heed was given to the Czar. In the French Revolution the main conflict raged about the person of the King. At Petrograd political and social systems, programmes and reforms held the attention of the revolutionists. Nobody in the Duma seems to have suggested deposing Nicholas, or even securing his person. But on the 14th of March, as his train was on the way to the capital, the tracks were torn up by revolutionaries, and he was brought to a stop. Informed by bulletins of affairs at the capital the Czar, little as he knew about

For days the streets of Petrograd were filled with soldier mobs such as this, while thousands of secret police against whom the people sought vengeance were hunted in cellar and garret like rats

the details of his government, saw the necessity of making concessions to the rising tide of democracy. Summoning General Ruszky in the small hours of the morning he told him that he had determined to grant the Duma a ministry responsible to itself alone. The proclamation lay on the table before him in his private car. But Ruszky knew it was too late. His army and that of General Brussilov had already given their adherence to the revolution. The time had passed when the people would thankfully accept small favors at the hands of Nicholas. Deferentially, however, he suggested a conference with leading generals and the revolutionary leaders. When that had been accomplished it was apparent that no course remained to the fallen monarch but abdication. Guchkoff and Shulgin came down from Petrograd to the little town of Pskov where the Czar's special train lay pulled up on a siding, with the engine disconnected and tracks guarded against escape. Worn and worried, wearied and sorely depressed, the monarch sat in his private car with but a single attendant.

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Nikolai Lenine, Bolshevik premier of Russia, on horseback, to the right of picture, addressing a pacifist manifestation in the front of the Winter Palace in Petrograd

"What do you want me to do?" he asked wearily.

"You must abdicate in favor of your son," said one of the deputies, "making the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch regent during his minority."

Nicholas was plunged in thought. "No," he said after an apparent struggle, "I cannot be separated from my boy. I will relinquish the throne to the Grand Duke Michael, my brother."

Sitting at a table he wrote the act of abdication. When he laid his pen down he turned to the others present with a great sigh of relief. "Now," said he,

One of the first measures of the Bolshevik government was to take control of all the banks. Bolsheviki troops are seen here guarding the state bank at Petrograd

Recruits for the regiments of women about to enlist. In the midst of the confusion of the revolution women began to drill in the streets of Petrograd

"I can go and be with my flowers at Tsarskoe Selo." With so little of ceremony and pomp was the overthrow of the oldest autocracy in Europe consummated.

But the drama was not to end thus speedily. The Czar, who claimed, and probably believed, that the Imperial crown had been placed upon his head by Deity itself, was not to be permitted to lightly pass that divine gift on to another. When the news of the proposed regency was reported to the Duma a storm broke. In that body, and the more powerful but less constitutional body, "The Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies," were strong republican factions which desired to do away with all the trappings of royalty. So bitter were their protests that the Grand Duke himself rejected the proffered regency and the reins of power passed into the hands of a Provisional Government, the members of which were appointed by the Duma.

That was March 16, 1917. In just one week the people had supplanted the autocracy, the Czar and his parasites had been ousted, the army had been won over to the revolution, the dungeons had been opened, the political prisoners brought home from Siberia with loud acclaim, and everywhere the Imperial standard of Russia had fallen before the red flag.

All this having been accomplished the real troubles in Russia began.

We have spoken of the Duma as the one constitutional assemblage left in Russia. Technically it was so, since it was all that was left of the ancient régime overthrown by the revolution. Its members had been elect-

The first detachment of the "Battalion of Death," as these first 200 girls called themselves, being drilled in Petrograd

SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC IN FLIGHT

On the heels of a brilliant offensive on the Russian front, to which Russia was pointing as her denial of charges of unfaithfulness retreat, and that mutiny had broken out within the Russian ranks. Revolutionary troops yielded miles of Galician front and the Teuton

BEFORE THE GERMAN ADVANCE

to her pledges to the Allies, came the alarming news that a German advance had turned the Russian offensive into a disastrous forces drove the Russians back on a line that extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and even reached as far south as the Caucasus

A Petrograd street scene during a recent proclamation to the Russian nation by the Russian government announcing that Kaledine and Korniloff, assisted by the Imperialists and Constitutional Democrats, have raised a revolt and declared war on the Don region against the people and the revolution

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Kindly treatment tendered to Russian prisoners by the Germans while Germany's propaganda workers spread the tide of peace throughout Russia

ed under authority proclaimed by the Czar, and may be said to have represented the more conservative of the revolutionary forces. They included the college professors, journalists, literary and professional men—the intellectuals of the progressive movement in Russia.

But at the very outset of the revolution another body, wholly spontaneous and self-created, the Council of Workmen, came into being. With it coöperated the radicals, the extremists and firebrands of the hour. While the Duma bore to the Russian revolution something of the relation in which the National Assembly stood to the French revolution, this latter body had more of the nature of the great clubs of the Jacobins and the Girondists which in the earlier revolt dominated the authorized assembly. Extending its scope to include soldiers and becoming known as the "Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies"—or more briefly as the *soviet*—this became the dominant force in Russia, endorsing or vetoing the acts of the Duma at its pleasure though wholly without authority. It was at first bitterly opposed to the plan of a provisional government, desiring to proclaim the Russian republic without more ado. It was won over to the more moderate view by Alexander Kerensky, a brilliant devoted revolutionist who sat

During the recent agitations in Petrograd ambulances were busy, for hardly a day passed for weeks without street fighting of more or less serious nature

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The famous Kremlin in Moscow wrecked by the Bolshevik forces at the outbreak of the revolt against the provisional government

both in the Duma and the council. But even his fiery appeals could not long keep the forces of radical socialism in the council in leash.

The United States was first to recognize the revolutionary government in Russia and welcome it to a place among nations. On March 21st Ambassador David R. Francis performed this pleasant function. Other nations followed swiftly. The world indeed rejoiced with the Russian people at the apparent creation of a new democracy where a bloodstained autocracy had long ruled.

But not many weeks had passed when it became only too apparent that Russia would have to fight desperately for its democracy, for its national existence in fact. Just as France had had to fight all Europe because the monarchies by which she was surrounded would not tolerate a republic in their midst, so new Russia had to meet from without the implacable hostility of Germany. Her danger from within sprung, oddly enough, not from partisans of her deposed Czar, but from the more extreme type of her revolutionists, who seemed to be duped into playing the Kaiser's hand for him.

For Germany, of course, the great immediate desideratum was to get Russia out of the war so that the German armies then held on the Russian front might be sent west to

crush the Allies in France. Whether accomplished by battle or intrigue this was Germany's chief end, and she employed both methods. The demoralization of the Russian armies was so far progressed that it was no difficult task to overthrow them and in August, under Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the German forces pressed into Russia, moving their line far to the eastward, taking Riga, and announcing with much flourish their purpose of continuing their invasion to Petrograd. But about that time affairs so shaped themselves that it became apparent to the German Foreign Office that the time for the velvet glove had arrived and the claws of the army were withdrawn. All along the Russian lines suave and ingratiating agents began mingling with the soldiers of the disorganized states. The Kaiser's disgust and uneasiness with the war, his eagerness for peace were the chief themes of their conversation. But most of them were international socialists of whom the German government had not scrupled to make use in intrigue in war time, though savage in its repressive measures in time of peace. These kept at the Russian soldiers with the time-honored arguments that the workingman fights the war and pays the taxes, while the capitalist reaps all the profits. They urged their hearers to refuse to fight on the ground that the interests of workingmen in all countries were identical. At points they spread the false news that the new government was now engaged in distributing the land of the ancient proprietors among the people, and that soldiers who remained at the front instead of going home to participate would fare but badly. The Russian peasant is above all things hungry for land, and the result was a general desertion, whole regiments fading away.

About the middle of August chaos began to come upon military and political Russia. Intrigue, treachery, selfish ambitions, utopian ideas, impracticable political theories, jealousies and fanaticism were everywhere. Over this period we must pass hastily, only pausing to plead with the reader that he keep ever in mind the fact that just such a ferment of chemicalization, just such a bubbling of the melting pot must always attend the remaking of a nation.

The great cathedral at Kronstadt, once deemed Russia's invincible naval base, but now a hotbed of anarchy

A reorganization of the Provisional Government in July had made Kerensky practical dictator. A man of indomitable courage, though physically frail and indeed on the verge of dissolution, Kerensky flung himself into the turmoil with compelling energy. He had to combat every form of intrigue.

The "dark forces," though crippled, were not dead. The sympathizers and agents of the late Czar were active. German spies and agents were everywhere trying to undermine the loyalty of the army. They even brought into Russia large quantities of the prohibited vodka and sought the favor of Ivan, the peasant soldier, by dispensing it liberally. So active was the propaganda in behalf of the late Czar that it was deemed the part of wisdom to remove him from his flowers at Tsarskoe Selo and send him to Tobolsk in Siberia, whither in days of his power he had sent so many exiles.

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These troopers of the celebrated Red Guard and the armored car are guarding Smolney Institute, the headquarters of the Bolshevik government in Petrograd

Early in September the unrest in the Russian armies took the form of organized revolt. General Korniloff, Commander in Chief, demanded of Premier Kerensky that he step down and surrender power to one of the general's adherents. Kerensky refusing and taking vigorous steps to meet this new treason, Korniloff made a threatening move of his army upon the capital. He failed, however, to receive expected support, his army refused to follow him and in a few brief but threatening weeks the peril was past.

It then seemed that Kerensky was more powerful than ever. He created a coalitior cabinet containing representatives of all the political parties of any standing. He undertook to bring about understanding and coöperation between the bourgeoisie and taxpaying forces, and the revolutionary democracy. Except among the extreme radicals this government found favor but they were untiring in agitation and opposition.

Among the active opponents of Kerensky at this time were two men destined to be leaders in the next phase of Russia's struggle—Nicolai Lenine and Leon Trotzky. Neither one went by his real name—a situation not uncommon among Russian revolutionists. Lenine was of a good Russian family, had enjoyed a university education and became associated with a revolutionary group while in college. His elder brother was summarily hanged, with but the pretext of a trial, for alleged participation in a plot to wreck a train by which the Czar was travelling. This naturally fixed the younger brother's revolutionary views, and his life was spent in socialistic and revolutionary agita-

The flight of the Russian infantry following the alarm that the German cavalry had broken through the last defenses and were preparing to annihilate any and all Russians who bore any resemblance to soldiers

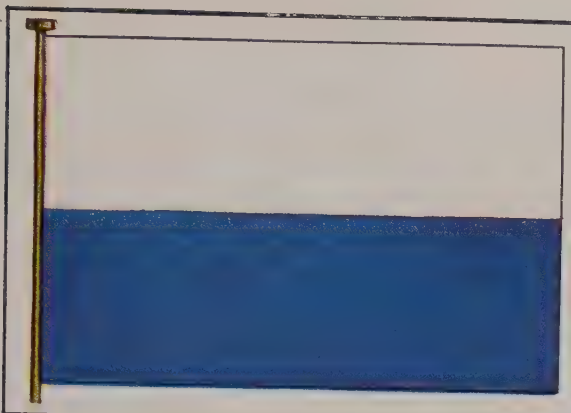
The deposed Czar of Russia. When Nicholas II abdicated, he brought to a close that period of Russian history extending from Peter the Great and the entry of Russia into European politics to the rise of popular government

Leon Trotzky, like Lenine, had been a revolutionist all his life. He had been a Siberian exile, but escaped, and was expelled in turn from Germany, France, Switzerland and Spain because of the plots against the Russian government he strove to engineer from those countries. For months before the Russian revolution he had been resident in the East Side district of New York, earning a scanty living by writing for a socialist paper and lecturing before societies of Russian Jews. It was generally reported that the funds necessary to take him back to Russia in the time of her greatest stress were supplied from German sources.

Among Lenine's early achievements had been the organization of the Bolshevist, or Maximalist faction among Russian revolutionists. Essentially the words mean the faction that claims the most, is most extreme—in contradistinction to the Minimalists, or comparative conservatives among the revolutionaries. This element he had led in the abortive revolution in 1903, and it promptly sprung to life in the successful revolution of 1917. Mainly a workmen's party, it did not represent a Russian majority though it gained controlling numbers in the Soviet. There under the leadership of Lenine and Trotzky it fought Kerensky's government by parliamentary means, until

tion. He was a figure in every uprising, and had a considerable personal following when the war broke out, though he was then in Cracow, directing the revolutionary movement in Russia from exile. Marked favor shown to Lenine by the German government—notably a passport granted him to return from Switzerland through Germany to Russia—aroused the suspicion that he was a German agent. This suspicion was not allayed by his acts, all of which up to 1918, at which moment his power was greatest, seemed to be directly in the German interest.

The German artillery having located the Russian Headquarters have dropped shells right in its midst

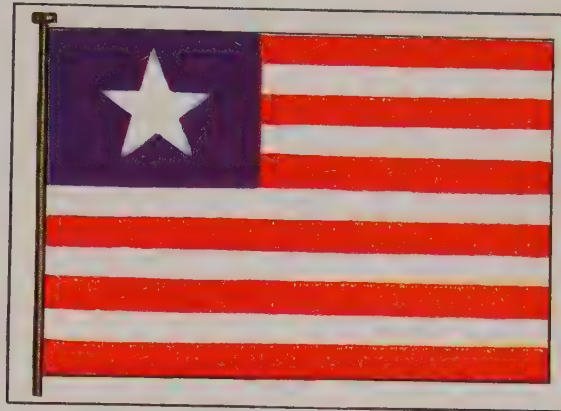


SAN MARINO

Government:	Independent Republic (the oldest state in Europe)
Ruler:	Two regents (appointed every six months)
Area:	38 square miles
Population:	11,648
Revenue:	$193,600
Expenditure:	$125,200
National Debt:	None
Army:	1,000
Navy:	None
Greatest exports:	Wine, cattle
Reason for entering the war:	At war with Austria only, on account of her treaty and friendship with Italy whose territory surrounds her

LIBERIA

Government:	Republic
President:	Daniel Howard
Area:	40,000 square miles
Population:	2,100,000
Date of entering the war:	August 7, 1917
Army:	None
Navy:	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $230,000; imports, $460,000
Greatest exports:	Rubber, coffee and ivory
Reason for entering the war:	To endorse the action of the United States, whose government and constitution Liberia has closely copied
	The population of Liberia is composed almost exclusively of negroes



BRAZIL

Government:	Republic
President:	Wenceslao Braz
Area:	3,300,000 square miles
Population:	24,700,000
Date of entering war:	October 26, 1917
Army:	500,000
Navy:	About 2 dreadnoughts, 5 cruisers, 10 destroyers, 3 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $55,770,000; imports, $66,810,000 (1913)
Greatest exports:	Coffee and rubber
Reason for entering the war:	To protest against Germany's submarine warfare. Influenced by Portugal—the mother-country's—breaking with Germany

BOLIVIA

Government:	Republic
President:	J. Gutierrez
Area:	708,000 square miles
Population:	2,900,000
Date of severing relations:	April 13, 1917
Army:	88,000
Navy:	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $3,185,495; imports, $4,250,120
Greatest exports:	Silver, tin, rubber
Reason for severing relations:	In accordance with the action of other South American republics in repudiating Germany's inhuman methods of warfare

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Courts of Justice and High Tribunal on Liteini Prospect burned by the revolutionists

Nov. 7th it boldly declared itself in revolt, seized public buildings and offices, decreed the overthrow of the existing government and created a ministry of its own. There was little fighting. The Petrograd garrison espoused the cause of the Bolsheviki, a friendly cruiser was brought up the Neva, machine guns were posted at strategic points and all was over in a day or two. The Duma was obliterated, the Provisional Government wiped out, Kerensky driven to flight and Russia was in the hands of its most radical element. In Moscow the fighting was more persistent but in time that city too succumbed. Only General Kaledin and his army of Cossacks remained unsubdued.

Since that time Russia has been in anarchy. It had been charged that the Bolshevist leaders were in the pay of Germany. They straightway set about justifying the charge by proclaiming that "the consummation of an immediate peace is demanded in all countries both belligerent and neutral." This was the prompt espousal of a course in which Germany had been earnestly enlisted for two years.

The Allies had coldly refused to state terms, or to enter into any negotiations with a burglar still loaded with swag and intent upon keeping most of it. But Lenine and Trotzky at a stroke took Russia out of the body of Allies by taking up negotiations with Germany for a separate peace. Germany was exultant, but, as events proved, not so much as to be willing to grant the Russians any peculiar favors.

The peace conference was called for Brest-Litovsk, a Russian town held by the enemy, in December, 1917. The Russian delegates were a peasant, a sailor, a soldier and a workman. The Germans were trained diplomats. December 16th an armistice was declared—an act of the greatest advantage to Germany as it enabled her to send her soldiers from the Russian front to points where they could be more serviceable. The Russian—or rather Bolshevik —delegates endeavored to guard against this by stipulating that no troops should be sent to the western front, but this stipulation was systematically ignored by the Germans who straightway hurried the men released to the Italian and Argonne fronts. Moreover the armistice was utilized by them to spread still further the seeds of dissension within the Russian lines. Active hostilities being suspended the German propagandists mingled freely with the Russians and urged upon them the futility of further warfare, and the easy times all might have if they went home and took up work on the lands which the revolutionary government was preparing to distribute among them.

In February, 1918, the Brest-Litovsk conference was still in session and none could foresee its outcome. As the discussion de-

veloped it became apparent that the Germans, notwithstanding the rule they had early laid down, "no annexations; no indemnities" did not propose to surrender any of the Russian territory of which they were in occupation. Moreover, they were aggressively in favor of erecting out of Russian territory not merely new states like Poland and Finland to which Russia had already agreed, but others which should be nominally independent but actually subject to a German suzerainty and form a barrier between Germany and what would be left of Russia. Against these propositions the Bolshevists stood firm and for a time the outcome of the conference was debatable. The Germans were eager for the separate peace, but whether to get it they would be willing to surrender any part of what they had won by the sword in Russia was doubtful. Nor is it certain that the advantages accruing to them from a separate peace would be what they have expected. They have calculated on getting back about 2,000,000 prisoners now held by the Russians. But these prisoners have passed into the Russian life. Few were Germans, most of them being taken from the Austrian armies, and being in fact Slavs who served under compulsion and bitterly hated the Dual Empire. The Russians have not as a rule imprisoned their captives but have set them to work on their farms, taking the places of Russian men at the front, and becoming Russianized themselves. Tens of thousands have enlisted in the Russian army. Many have married daughters of their captors and have taken up land. It is unlikely that expatriates of this sort could be lured back to a country the government of which they detested to take up military service in its behalf once more.

What may come to Russia of the apparent capture of its government by the Bolshevists it is too early to determine. Some see in it only a prolonged period of anarchy and chaos for Russia, closing with a reign of terror and the enthronement of a military despot. Others see in the Bolshevist leaders the pioneers, uncouth, rough and intemperate, of a true democracy, a world-wide democracy which, not content with absorbing Russia, will spread to neighboring nations as well. Whatever the outcome may be, the present is no time to estimate unfavorably the part the Bolshevists may play in the democratic progress of the world.

A parade of women in Russia. Ever since the revolution displaced the old régime, street gatherings with various kinds of demands have been frequent sights in the principal cities

American gunners aboard a merchant ship blazing away at a U-boat

CHAPTER X

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR—THE LONG SUBMARINE CONTROVERSY—SINKING OF THE "LUSITANIA"—THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—ACTIVITY OF PACIFISTS—GERMAN DIPLOMATIC INTRIGUES—DUMBA AND COUNT BERNSTORFF—GERMANY'S FINAL ULTIMATUM—VON BERNSTORFF DISMISSED—THE UNITED STATES DECLARES WAR

THE United States entered upon the war by formal act of Congress April 6, 1917. Some of the reasons for the act then cited by the President for abandoning neutrality were as applicable, if not quite as evident, in August, 1914, after the German purposes and methods had become evident. There were indeed some people, influential in standing though few in numbers, who urged the entrance of this nation upon the war immediately upon the invasion of Belgium. Their numbers steadily increased as the horror of the Belgian atrocities grew among our people, and after the murderous crime of the *Lusitania* they were multiplied a thousandfold. When the President, after painfully guarding neutrality almost three years, finally sounded the call to arms, giving as the summary of his reasons that "the world must be made safe for democracy," the early advocates of war had their revenge. Democracy was never more menaced, they said, than in 1914 when Germany declared war on democratic France and violated a treaty to which it was a party in order to deal its victim a foul blow below the belt.

It would be idle, however, to contend that from the outset the sentiment of the American people was for war. Precisely the contrary was the case. Only a prolonged series of offenses on the part of Germany, so deliberately and wantonly provocative as almost to make it appear they were designed to invite war, finally reconciled the American people to entrance upon the struggle. The story of this campaign of provocation will be told in this chapter.

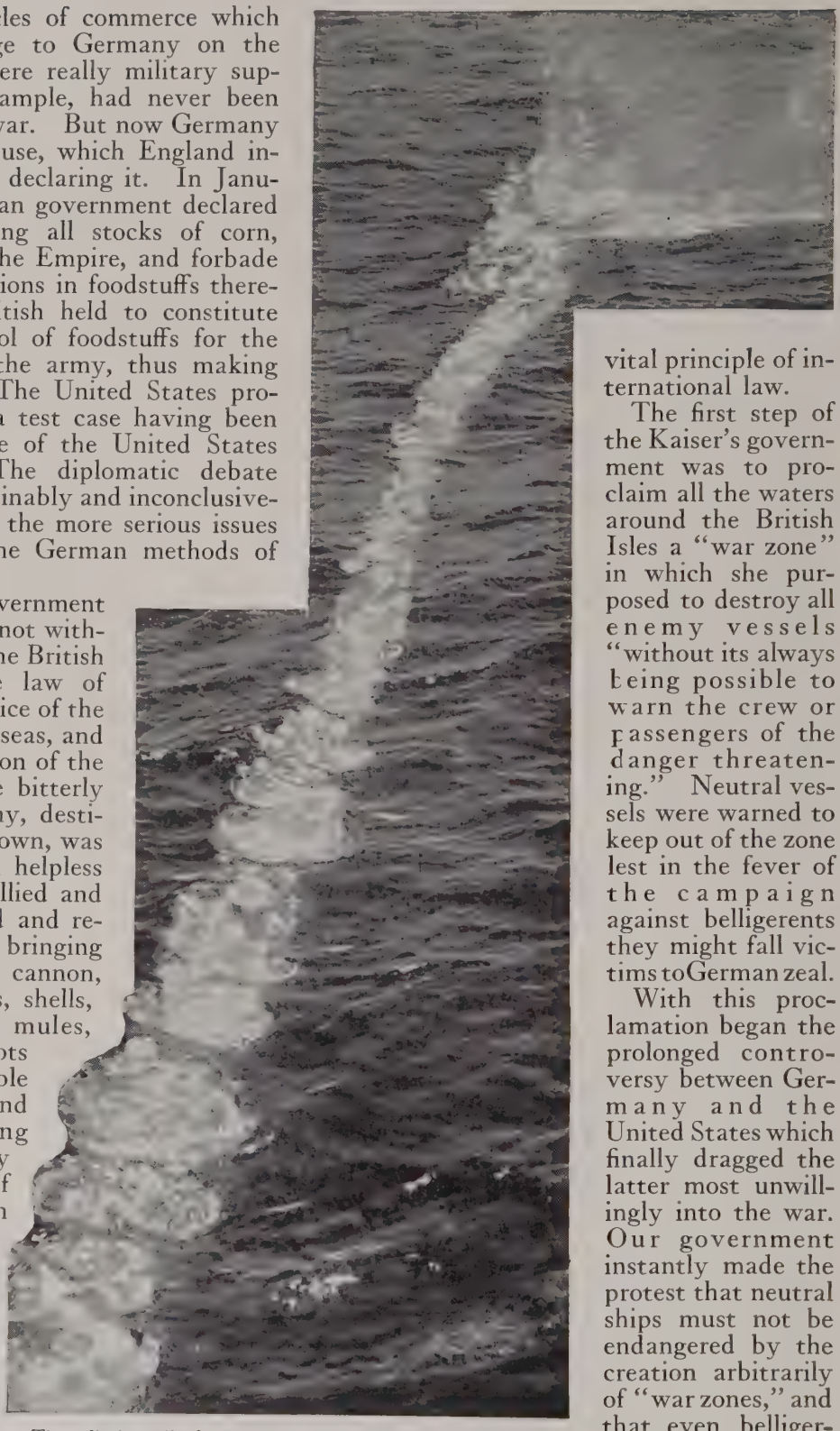
We have seen that at the very opening of the war the German merchant fleet scurried for places of refuge from the overwhelming power of the British Navy. Within a very few weeks Germany was dependent wholly upon neutral vessels for supplies her people might need drawn from foreign countries. The first study of the Allies was naturally to cut down to the lowest limit by the recognized weapon of the blockade the quantity of these supplies that could reach their enemy. German harbors were few and under conditions which had obtained in earlier wars would have been easily blockaded by the normal methods of blockade, established and recognized by international law. But a new weapon had appeared in this war which made the ancient rule of blockade impossible if the blockade were to be kept effective. The submarine, with its power of slipping up stealthily and unseen and delivering a deadly stroke, compelled the abandonment of the old custom by which blockaders lay off the mouth of a harbor blocking all passage. Such a watch could not have been maintained off Hamburg or Bremen for a week without heavy loss to the blockaders. Accordingly the British government declared a blockade which included waters hundreds of miles distant from the ports it was sought to close, and posted its blockading vessels along the lanes of commerce which vessels seeking those ports would necessarily follow, yet far enough from German waters to incur but slight danger from the submarines. This was procedure of but doubtful validity under international law as it was then codified and accepted—but before the war had proceeded very far international law had been as badly shot to pieces as the Cathedral at Rheims.

There followed the wide extension of the list of contraband of war by Great Britain—that is to say a great increase in the number

and variety of articles of commerce which were refused passage to Germany on the ground that they were really military supplies. Food, for example, had never been held contraband of war. But now Germany gave a plausible excuse, which England instantly seized, for so declaring it. In January, 1916, the German government declared its purpose of seizing all stocks of corn, wheat and flour in the Empire, and forbade any private transactions in foodstuffs thereafter. This the British held to constitute a government control of foodstuffs for the primary benefit of the army, thus making them contraband. The United States protested strenuously, a test case having been made by the seizure of the United States ship *Wilhelmina*. The diplomatic debate dragged along interminably and inconclusively until forgotten in the more serious issues that sprung from the German methods of reprisals.

For the German government was maddened, and not without some justice, at the British amendments of the law of blockade. The practice of the blockade on the high seas, and the enormous extension of the contraband list were bitterly denounced. Germany, destitute of ships of her own, was forced to look on in helpless rage while fleets of Allied and neutral ships crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, bringing to the Allied nations cannon, rifles, high explosives, shells, artillery horses and mules, cloth for uniforms, boots for soldiers, all possible munitions of war and foodstuffs. Nothing could go to Germany except by evasion of the rigorous British watch.

To check this commerce the Germans had but one weapon—the submarine. But its successful employment meant the complete repudiation of at least one vital principle of international law.



The telltale trail of a torpedo, marking a deadly aim when it hits its mark. This is the machine of destruction which the Germans are using in their ruthless submarine warfare

The first step of the Kaiser's government was to proclaim all the waters around the British Isles a "war zone" in which she purposed to destroy all enemy vessels "without its always being possible to warn the crew or passengers of the danger threatening." Neutral vessels were warned to keep out of the zone lest in the fever of the campaign against belligerents they might fall victims to German zeal.

With this proclamation began the prolonged controversy between Germany and the United States which finally dragged the latter most unwillingly into the war. Our government instantly made the protest that neutral ships must not be endangered by the creation arbitrarily of "war zones," and that even belligerent ships, and particularly Americans

who happened to be on them either as passengers or members of the crews, were entitled to the protection of international law. That law has always distinctly provided that a suspected vessel shall not be destroyed until she has been visited, and her belligerent character or the contraband quality of her cargo established by due examination. Even then she may not be sunk until her passengers and crew have been placed in safety. Germany at one stroke of the pen obliterated these humane provisions which had been established in a century or more of international agreement.

The immediate result of the war zone proclamation was the sinking of the Italian liner *Falaba*, with the loss of one American, and an attack on the American ship *Gulflight*, by which her captain lost his life. Diplomatic protests followed each of these events, but the supreme issue was raised when the Cunard liner *Lusitania* was torpedoed without immediate warning and with the loss of 1,198 lives of whom 114 were Americans. The patience of our people was strained to the breaking point. The German legation in Washington had arrogantly warned the travelling public by newspaper advertisement that those who sought to cross the war zone would do so at their own peril. After the crime had been committed the German Foreign Office pointed to this warning as a complete release from responsibility—much as though a gang of white caps should assure their victim that they had warned him in advance of what they intended to do.

President Wilson's protest against this murderous act, dated May 13, 1915, was a dignified restatement of the rights of neutrals on the high seas and a suitably vigorous denunciation of the German act, which he diplomatically ascribed to a misapprehension of orders by the captain of the submarine. It may be noted in passing that that individual was decorated and promoted for his heroic act. The President's note concluded:

"The Imperial German Government will not expect the government of the United States to omit any word or any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."

There followed a period of diplomatic correspondence, Germany evidently fighting for delay in the expectation that American resentment would die out. But it did not. It grew with every evasive German response, and every new toleration of delay on the part of our State Department evoked storms of criticism. Germany seemed to be riding for a fall. On the 19th of August, while the *Lusitania* discussion was at its height, the White Star liner *Arabic* was torpedoed without warning. No lives were lost but twenty-six Americans were exposed to the hardships of seeking safety in open boats. A swift protest was met by Germany with the halfway concession of giving orders that "liners will not be sunk by submarines without warning, and without ensuring the safety of the lives of noncombatants, provided that

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The destruction of an Allied steamer by a U-boat. This is Germany's method of cheering her populace

The crew of H. M. S. *Crumpers*, cheering H. M. submarine "E 11," as she came out from the Dardanelles

the liners do not try to escape or to offer resistance." This was of course unsatisfactory. It offered no protection to American sailors on freight vessels. It presumed that exposing passengers to the perils of the sea in small open boats was equivalent to securing their safety. Accordingly it was never accepted by Secretary Robert Lansing, who had succeeded Mr. William J. Bryan as Secretary of State. But unsatisfactory as it was it was still too great a measure of humanity for the Germans to adhere to, and in less than three weeks the Allan liner *Hesperian* was torpedoed without warning. Among her crew were two Americans, though neither lost his life.

The people of this nation were getting very weary of the German policy of promising reform while continuing its offensive course. And about this time there began to appear a series of revelations concerning plots against our good order and interests by German agents—not unconnected with the diplomatic service—that added to the popular discontent. It was discovered that incendiary fires in ammunition plants, and strikes in works of the same character were being fomented by German agents. Our State Department was being deceived with forged passports—a work in which attachés of the German embassy, Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, took an active part. The existence of a subsidized German propaganda was demonstrated. Papers emanating from Dr. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, fell into the hands of the State Department, showing that functionary to be busily engaged in encouraging strikes in such great steel works as those at Bethlehem. As a result he was summarily sent home. An intercepted letter from Captain von Papen disclosed that warrior of intrigue as advising "these idiotic Yankees to hold their tongues." It was daily made more clear that the embassy which Germany maintained here in a nominal spirit of friendliness was in fact a nest of conspiracy against our industries and our internal peace, and that the spirit which animated its officials from Ambassador von Bernstorff down was one of cynical contempt for the United States and resentment for the part she was

H. M. King George inspecting a submarine

playing in the war. After relations were broken off it was discovered that German diplomacy was actually trying to embroil us in war with Mexico and Japan.

Much of the German intrigue was directed against the enormous business in munitions of war for the Allies which had sprung up in the United States. Although German public men privately admitted the entire legality of this trade they bitterly denounced it in public as a gross violation of neutrality. It is a fact, unpleasant to consider in the light of later events, that at this period the manufacturers of the United States would quite as readily have made munitions for Germany as for England and France. The only difficulty was that Germany had no means of getting the finished product to her armies. So being unable to profit herself by the trade she denounced it bitterly as unneutral and barbarous. American business men were depicted as turning the wounds and blood of German soldiers into tainted money, and every effort was made to stir up German-Americans to open and to stealthy attacks on the business. Congress was beseeched to lay an embargo on the export of arms, and when that expedient failed, the coarser devices of blowing up the plants and fomenting strikes were applied.

A British submarine travelling in a heavy sea, looking aft from the conning tower

Notwithstanding German aggressions on the high seas and German plots and intrigues in the Embassy, the war party in the United States grew but slowly. For a time there seemed vastly more danger of war with Mexico than with Germany. This nation is essentially peaceful, and it was at the moment under an administration earnestly devoted to peace. The President, it will be remembered, was reëlected in 1916 after a campaign in which the loudest slogan was "He kept us out of war." His first Secretary of State, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who had thrice been an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, was a pronounced pacifist and resigned his office because he thought the President's note on the *Lusitania* sinking too bellicose. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels, was a gentleman whose first thought of the Navy was as an institution for the education of American youth, rather than as a fighting machine, though later in his career he won de-

A wrecked German submarine high and dry on the sands

© Committee on Public Information

The crew of a German U-boat surrendering to an American destroyer

served approval by the high degree of efficiency manifested in his office. The Secretary of War, Mr. Newton D. Baker, had been a pronounced pacifist all his life and confessed to an aversion to the trappings of war. All the influence of the administration was exerted for the suppression of the war spirit, and the President not only besought the people to be neutral even in thought, but assured them that the United States should be too proud to fight.

Everywhere throughout the land pacifist societies sprung up, usually suspiciously well supplied with funds from unascertainable sources, and not infrequently provided with executive officers with suggestively German names. The German language press, which was moribund at the beginning of the war, took on a new prosperity, and in the majority of instances was strenuously pro-German in all issues which involved a clash between the United States and the government of the Kaiser. The undoubted evidences of overwhelming pacifist sentiment in the United States, and the apparent indications—illusory as it later proved—of widespread disloyalty among German-Americans seemingly encouraged the German government to renewed aggressions. Long afterward when relations between the two governments had almost reached the snapping point the Kaiser's Minister of Foreign Affairs truculently reminded Ambassador Gerard that there were 500,000 German reservists in the United States.

"And we have 501,000 lamp posts for their accommodation, Your Excellency," was the ambassador's apt and instant retort.

Meanwhile Germany proceeded steadily with her submarine campaign of "ruthlessness." The sinking of the *Lusitania* had never been disavowed. No adequate promise to adhere to the principles upheld by all civilized nations had yet been made by Germany, and even the grudging agreement not to sink without warning regular liners was frequently violated—notably by the sinking of the Dutch liners *Tubantia* and *Palembang*. In March, 1916, the Channel steamer *Sussex* was torpedoed and sunk with great loss of life, many American citizens being among the victims. Germany was still evasive, sometimes arrogant. But the *Sussex* incident served to bring matters sharply to an issue, for on April 19th, in a message to Congress, President Wilson declared that

"Unless the Imperial German Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of warfare against passenger and freight vessels, the Government can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the Government of the German Empire altogether."

This was very much in the nature of an ultimatum. True, to sever diplomatic rela-

tions is not tantamount to a declaration of war, but in troublous times it is almost invariably followed by such a declaration. The German Government evidently recognized the gravity of the situation for it responded with the declaration that the German navy would at once

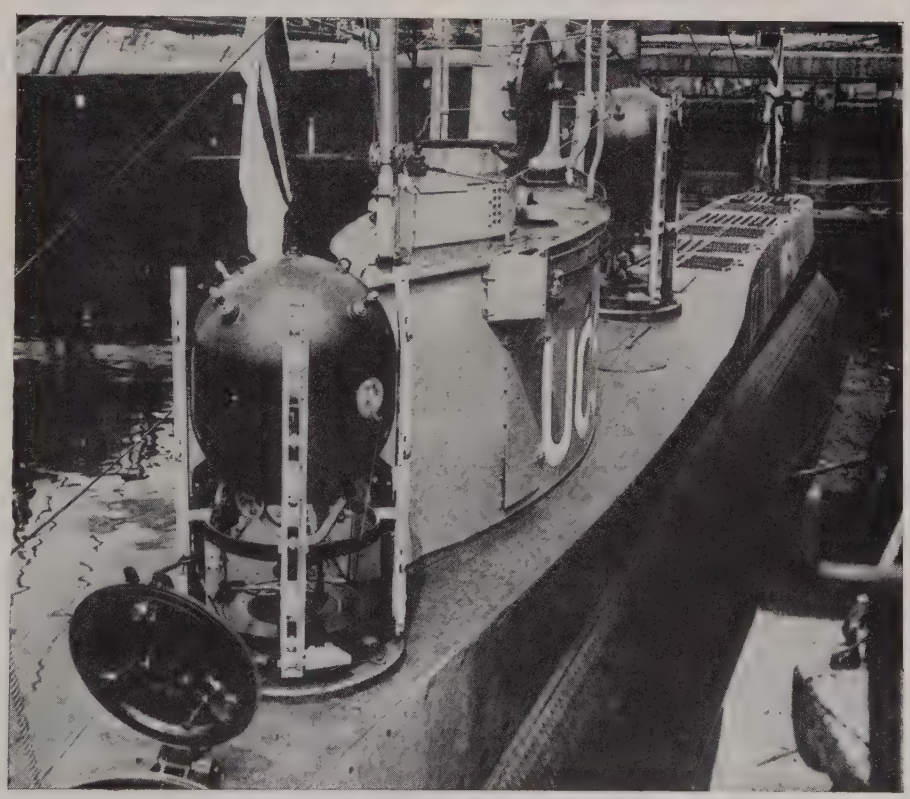
"receive the following orders for submarine warfare in accordance with the general principle of visit, search and destruction of merchant vessels recognized by international law. Such vessels, both within and without the area declared as a naval war-zone, shall not be sunk without warning, and without saving human life, unless the ship attempt to escape and offer resistance."

But in connection with this belated agreement to recognize the rules of civilized nations the Germans advanced the proposition that in return for it the President should endeavor to lead the British to mitigate in some way the strictness of her blockade. The point was clearly foreign to the matter at issue. Because Germany was at last willing to obey international law was no reason why the United States should attempt to coerce Great Britain on any point. This the President pointed out in his response to Germany, but it was made evident nearly a year later, when Germany utterly and flagrantly repudiated her promise, why the conditional clause had been so shrewdly attached to it.

For a time the submarine warfare languished. Discussion of it in the United States was subordinated to the issues of the presidential campaign in which President Wilson was a candidate for reëlection and was opposed by Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who resigned from the United States Supreme Court to make the race. Both parties professed themselves sturdily American, both angrily denied the charge of truckling to the German-American vote, though each was in fact stealthily angling for it, and both were noisily for a greater measure of military and naval preparedness—though the Democrats after four years in power could point to nothing accomplished in that direction. But the Democrats adopted for their slogan, "He kept us out of war!" and though the election was actually determined by factional dissensions in the Republican party, this campaign cry was a tremendous force with an electorate which undoubtedly desired peace.

One month and one day after President Wilson's second inauguration he set his signature to the proclamation declaring war upon Germany.

Never was there a more extraordinary instance of the inability of politicians to direct the operations of great international forces. The implied promise of the President and his advisers in the political campaign that because he had kept us out of war he would continue to do so, was taken even more seri-



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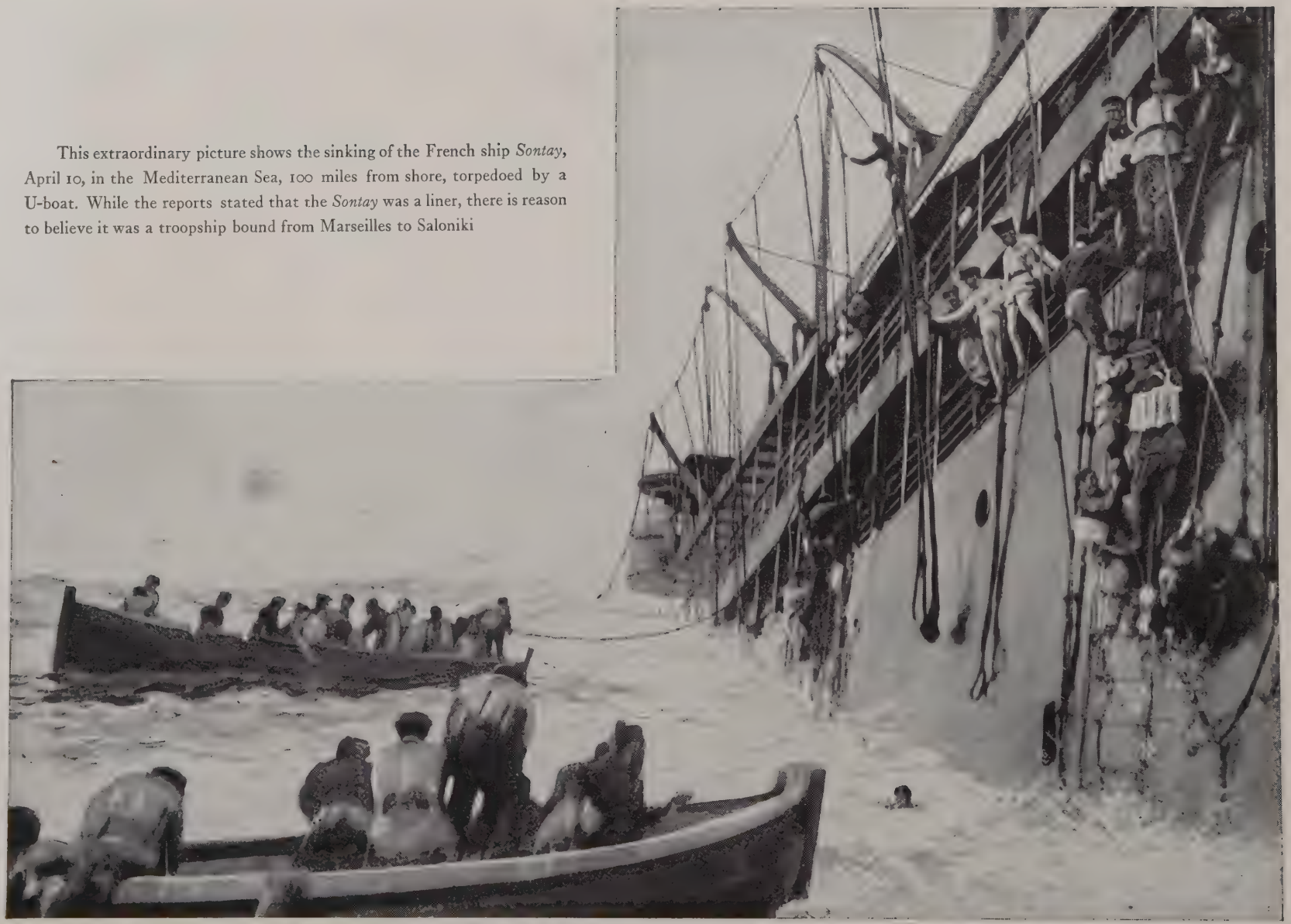
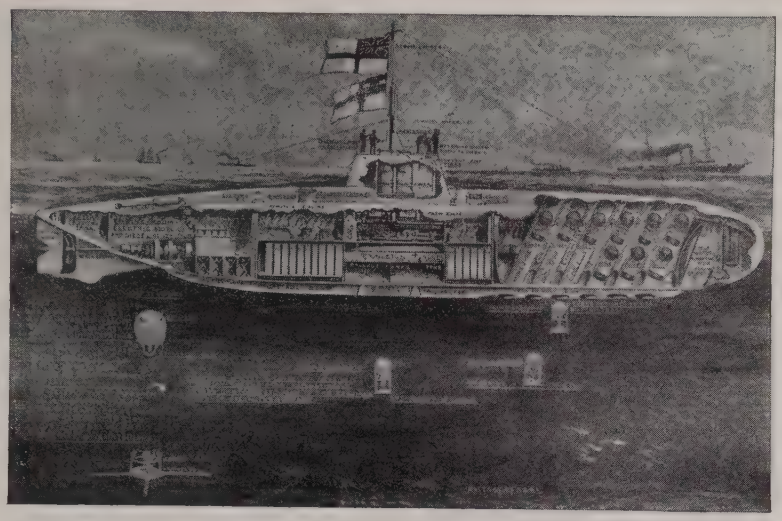
This is the type of submarine used by the Germans for strewing the seas with mines

This extraordinary picture shows the sinking of the French ship *Sontay*, April 10, in the Mediterranean Sea, 100 miles from shore, torpedoed by a U-boat. While the reports stated that the *Sontay* was a liner, there is reason to believe it was a troopship bound from Marseilles to Saloniki



ously in Germany than here. His election was regarded as assurance that the United States might indeed maintain its attitude of benevolent neutrality toward the Allies, but however great the provocation would never go to the extent of declaring war upon Germany.

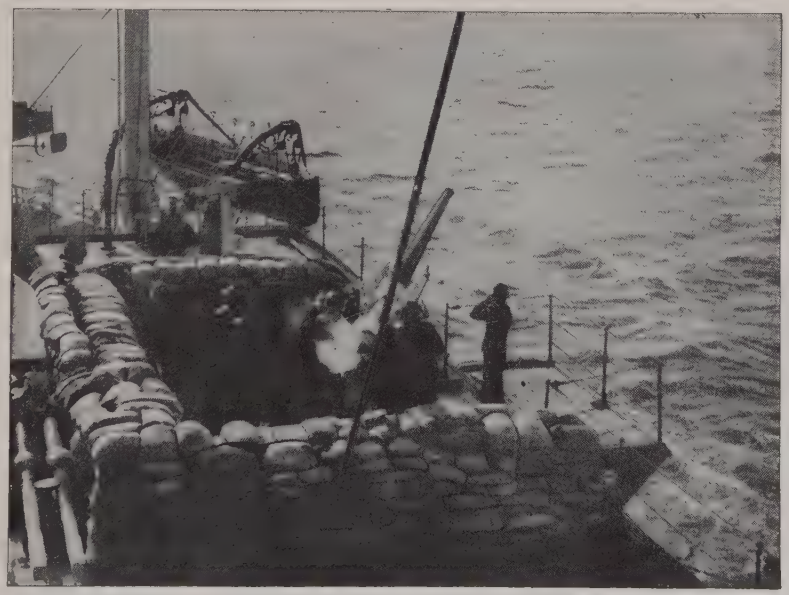
Only on this theory can the acts of the Kaiser's government following our presidential election of 1917 be explained—unless we adopt the extravagant supposition that the Germans actually desired war with the United States. For the year 1917 had scarcely opened when German submarine activity began again with renewed vigor. In a month 96 vessels, many of them neutral, had been sunk in the war zone. Not only passenger ships were regarded as fair game, but even hospital ships were made victims of the German torpedoes—two of these the *Britannic* and the *Braemar Castle* having been sunk in the Ægean Sea. Looking forward some time from this date it is pertinent to note here that in February, 1918, Mr. Bonar Law, government leader in the House of Commons, stated officially that up to that date 14,120 noncombatant British men, women and children had been done to death by German submarines.



This photograph shows the cross section of the German mine-laying U. C. 5, captured by the British in the English Channel

But notwithstanding the grave possibilities of serious trouble with the United States which the unrestricted use of the submarines involved, the Germans were infatuated with that weapon. Von Tirpitz, head of the German navy, and one of the most powerful men in the Empire, had long been assuring the people that if allowed to use the undersea boats as he chose he would bring England to her knees. "Let us sink as we will and where we will all ships bound for the British Isles," he said in effect in repeated speeches and interviews, "and we will starve England into subjection within three months. If we operate without restrictions we can sink one million tons a month, and so reduce the volume of shipping that England cannot possibly be fed. We are handicapped now by unmanly concessions to American sentiment—which is pro-British anyway. Our brave submarine commanders are fettered and hampered by these regulations. Free them and we will have England suing for peace before spring."

This policy was not accepted by the Ger-



An anti-aircraft battery on a British monitor blocked off with a sand-bag barricade from the rest of the ship

A thrilling panorama of rescue from a sinking ship by a French gunboat. The black object to the left is a raft, on which some survivors held themselves until the arrival of the French gunboat seen on the horizon

man authorities except after prolonged discussion, and a hard fought political contest. But in the end Von Tirpitz prevailed and the campaign of ruthlessness was ordered. It was announced to the world in a memorandum, presented by Ambassador von Bernstorff January 31, 1917, in which it was declared that after February 1—the very next day—all sea traffic would be stopped in the already defined war zones and that neutral ships would suffer equally with those of belligerents.

Convoy of ships en route to foreign waters. This is all the U. S. censor will allow us to say

This was, of course, the complete repudiation by Germany of all its promises solemnly made to meet the protests of the United States on submarine outrages. It was a wanton and insolent flouting of the United States, its power and its standing among nations. And to make the proclamation the more insulting the Kaiser condescended to offer the United States permission to send one ship a week to England, provided it sail for the little-frequented port of Falmouth, be painted with grotesque stripes like the zebra, and fly, not the flag of the nation, but one designed by Germany. Perhaps nothing in all the grave and serious complications with Germany so roused the wrath of Americans as this. A cartoon in *Punch* fitly expressed their feeling. With oily unction the Kaiser is saying to Uncle Sam: "You may sail once a week to Falmouth." To which the latter, hands in pockets, hat and cigar at a menacing angle, retorts, "And you may go all the time to hell!"

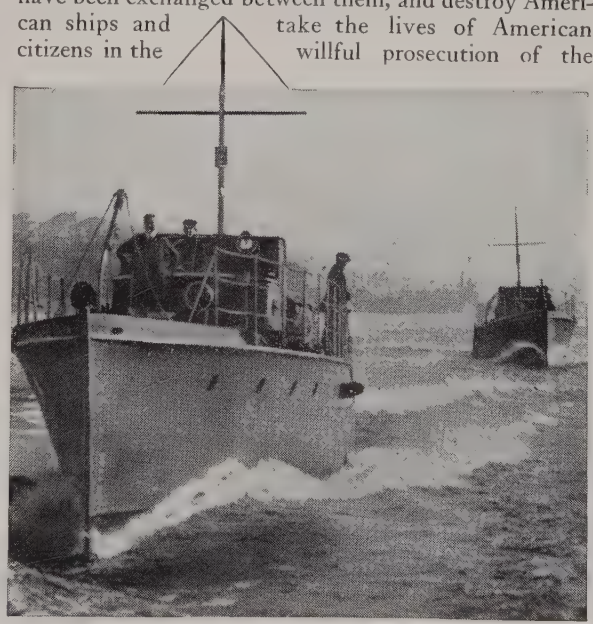
Within twenty-four hours von Bernstorff had been sent his passports. "The President could have done nothing less," the diplomat remarked with cynical philosophy to a crowd of newspaper men who saw him off. The Count knew better than his auditors what he had been doing in secret. When certain facts began to leak out a few days later it became evident enough why his dismissal had not more greatly surprised him.

German merchant submarine *Deutschland* lying in Chesapeake Bay before returning across the Atlantic. In spite of the vigilance of English patrols the *Deutschland* has made two trips to the United States, landing once at Baltimore and once at New London

It may be noted at this point that nothing but courtesy attended the departure of the German ambassador. Great Britain and France at once accorded safe conduct across the ocean for him and his staff. The principal consular officers in the United States and many prominent men of German affiliations accompanied him. Very different was the treatment accorded our Ambassador, James W. Gerard, in Berlin. Instantly upon news of the break his telephone was cut out by the government. He was not allowed to communicate with the United States consuls in Germany, or with his home government in cipher. His mail was held up. Preparation of his passports was suspiciously delayed for days. An attempt was made to coerce him after his recall and when he had no longer any status as an Ambassador, to reaffirm an old treaty which Germany thought might be revived to its advantage. The attitude of the German Government was one of childish petulance. Irritated by the break with the United States, which had not been anticipated, the authorities took every method to work off their pique upon the only American official who was at their mercy.

In his address informing Congress of his action, President Wilson said after recounting the circumstances leading to his act:

Notwithstanding this unexpected action of the German Government, this sudden and deplorable renunciation of its assurances, given this Government at one of the most critical moments of tension in the relations of the two Governments, I refuse to believe that it is the intention of the German authorities to do in fact what they have warned us they will feel at liberty to do. I cannot bring myself to believe that they will indeed pay no regard to the ancient friendship between their people and our own or to the solemn obligations which have been exchanged between them, and destroy American ships and take the lives of American citizens in the willful prosecution of the



Submarine chasers on a trial run. Every boat is thoroughly tested before it is delivered so that in an emergency its speed will not fall below that of its submarine prey

The rescue of the survivors of two torpedoed British ships by two American torpedo-boat destroyers. From the farthest point westward at which the U-boats have been active in their ruthless campaign came the S. O. S. signal of two English vessels attacked by submarines. The American destroyers steamed at full speed to the point from which the call came, and after a search of the sea with their searchlights, finally located the boat

ruthless naval program they have announced their intention to adopt. Only actual overt acts on their part can make me believe it even now.

If this inveterate confidence on my part in the sobriety and prudent foresight of their purpose should unhappily prove unfounded; if American ships and American lives should in fact be sacrificed by their naval commanders in heedless contravention of the just and reasonable understandings of international law and the obvious dictates of humanity, I shall take the liberty of coming again before the Congress to ask that authority be given me to use any means that may be necessary for the protection of our seamen and our people in the prosecution of their peaceful and legitimate errands on the high seas. I can do nothing less. I take it for granted that all neutral Governments will take the same course.

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This remarkable photograph shows a British transport which with troops on board was torpedoed by an enemy submarine in the Eastern Mediterranean

The President's "inveterate confidence" was no better founded this time than it had been during the long controversy over the submarine campaign. Prior to the day on which Von Bernstorff received his papers more than 200 Americans had lost their lives at sea by the acts of this nation with which we were at peace. Nor was there the slightest cessation in this murderous activity after the rebuke to the German envoy. On the day of his dismissal another American ship was sunk, and sinkings followed fast thereafter. Meantime American ships were held in our harbors by the German threat. The situation was far from creditable to our government which acquiesced in the suspension of sailings by our mail ships so that for a considerable period we should have had no communication with Europe save for English and French vessels. Many American merchant captains did, to the eternal glory of their service, flout the German menace and carry their ships abroad without decking them in stripes or flying a flag of German design. But so far as the liners and mail ships which deferred to government directions were concerned, the flourish of the Kaiser's mailed fist locked them in port like school boys suffering the teacher's displeasure.

The hesitation of the Administration to permit the mail steamships to sail was further illustration of the extreme anxiety of the government to avoid war. The dignified and patriotic action would have been to dispatch them each one convoyed by a ship of the United States navy. But in such event an attack would have been equivalent

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With part of our fleet in foreign waters ready for instant action

to an immediate declaration of war. The alternative was to arm the merchant ships for self-defense. Authority to do this was asked by the steamship companies. But the President hesitated. That he was vested with the power to grant the permission no one questioned, but for some reason he desired specific authority from Congress. Accordingly he applied for that authorization, but to the lasting discredit of the Senate certain pacifist members took advantage of the fact that adjournment on March 4th was compulsory, and "talked the measure to death" as the Congressional phrase has it. The incident, which was of course quickly remedied in the new session, is instructive as illustrating the power of the pacifist forces even at a time only preceding the actual declaration of war by about a month.

While at the moment of Von Bernstorff's dismissal the feeling had become general in the United States that war would follow, it was conceded that some new overt acts by Germany would be necessary to compel it. They came fast enough. March 14th the American steamship *Algonquin* was torpedoed without warning. Though no lives were lost the crew were exposed in open boats for twenty-seven hours. March 19th brought news of the sinking of three more American ships, the *City of Memphis*, the *Illinois* and the *Vigilancia*. Fifteen members of the latter's crew were lost. Congress had been called in special session for April 16th, but these offenses caused the President to advance the date of the session to April 2nd. The call specified that the purpose of the session was "to receive a communication by the Executive on grave questions of national policy which should be immediately taken under consideration."

It might have been thought that the gravity of the situation was such that Germany would refrain, for a time at least, from acts likely to cause new ill-feeling. But not so. March 22 an American steamship was sunk without warning in the North Sea, and seven of her crew were lost.

The nation by this time was fairly roused to the occasion. Patriotic meetings were held in all the cities, and men without regard to party pledged their support to the Administration in the impending crisis. But the pacifists were correspondingly active. At Madison Square Garden, New York, a gathering of citizens that packed the huge hall and called upon the President in no uncertain tones to declare war upon Germany, was followed within the week by a meeting of pacifists, of no smaller proportions, which stoutly opposed war and vehemently called upon the President to submit the issue to a referendum of all the voters of the United States before making the final declaration.

In the vigor and noise of their agitation the pacifists seemed superficially to be the dominant faction. Indeed comparatively few

wanted war—the nation was about to accept it as a most abhorrent necessity violently thrust upon the United States by German aggressions. If the referendum had been ordered and the question asked had been "Do we want war?" it would probably have been answered by an overwhelming vote of "No!" But the question was in fact, "Must we fight to protect our national honor, our national integrity, our national safety?" and to this the one answer, though given in sorrow, was "Yes!"

Washington was in a turmoil as the day of the extra session, April 2, 1917, approached. From all over the land the pacifists had announced their intent of proceeding to the capital to present, as a phrase had it, "a petition in boots," against the entrance of the United States upon the war. Aroused by this threat the advocates of resistance to Germany announced their purpose of likewise being present to offset the pacifist demonstration. Both elements were pouring into the city by the thousands when the police authorities, very wisely apprehending some violent clash, prohibited all parades or open air mass meetings. As a result the demonstrations were not impressive. During the day the streets were crowded with men and women, distinguished by the white sash which had been adopted as the mark of pacifism—and unpleasantly suggestive of the white feather. But they had no rallying point, no concerted plan, and drifted about little distinguishable from the throngs of tourists who always flock to that city. At night they crowded Capitol Park, where troops for the first time in fifty-five years guarded the historic edifice which houses Congress. Many secured access to the galleries of the House of Representatives, where the joint session of the members of House and Senate was being held. But no demonstration worthy of the name marred the dignified and solemn procedure by which the United States, for the first time in its history, was enrolled among the belligerents in a general European war.

The Congress met at noon on April 2nd. After organization, and a few polite tributes to the first woman ever seated in the House of Representatives as a member, the House adjourned until night. When it reassembled it presented a dignified and historic spectacle. Directly before the Speaker's stand sat the members of the Supreme Court. The diplomatic gallery to one side was crowded with diplomats in uniform or evening dress—the representatives of Germany and Austria being conspicuous by their absence. The galleries were crowded with privileged spectators each one of whom displayed an American flag or the white badge of pacifism. At half past eight the doors opened and the Senate marched in, headed by the Vice-President. Again the American flag was much in evidence, though one or two irreconcilable

A fleet of submarine chasers to guard our coast. These boats are 80 feet long, mount light rapid-fire guns, have a speed of 18 to 20 miles an hour, and are manned by members of the Naval Reserve and Naval Militia.

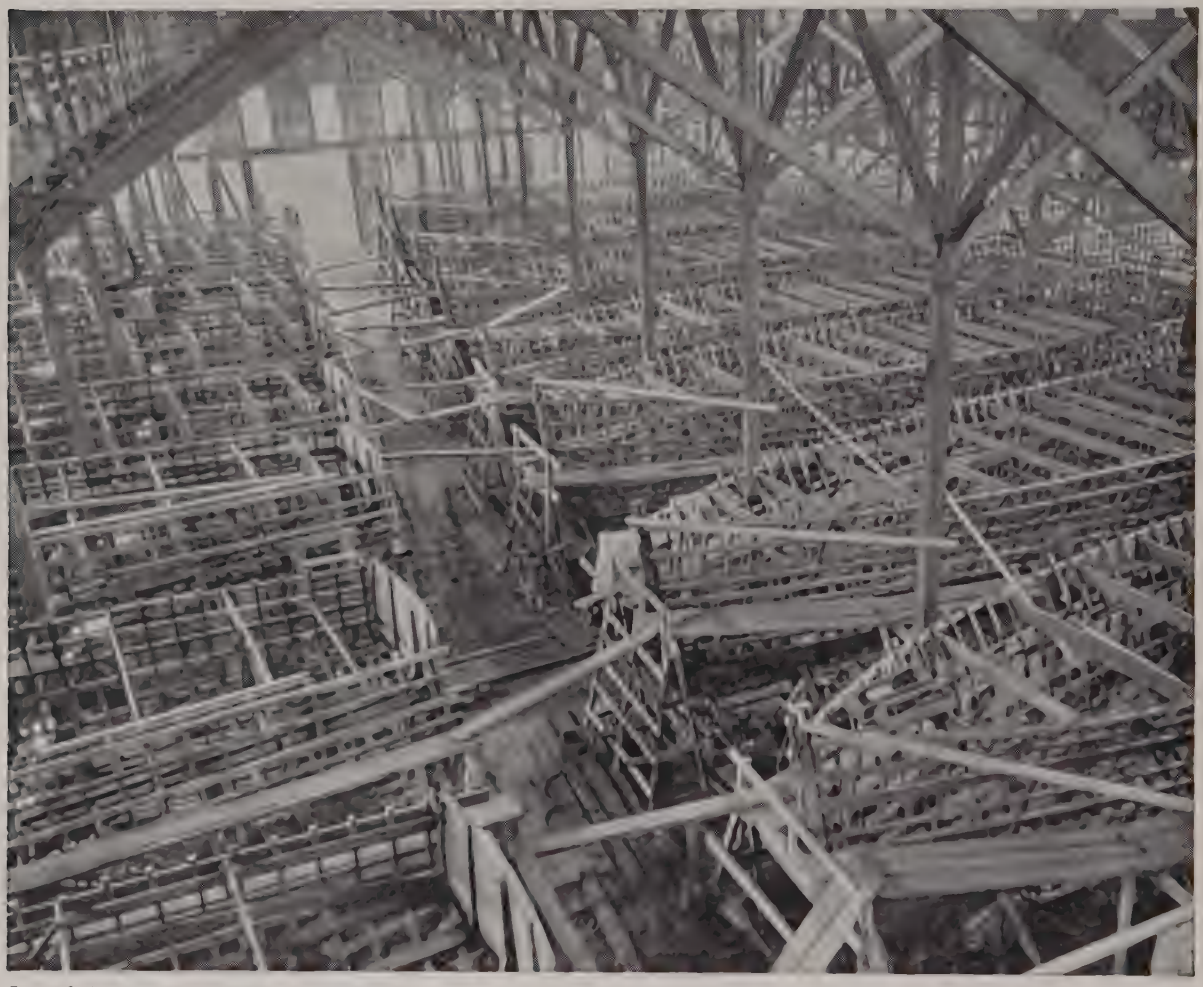
pacifists among the senators failed to display it.

When the President entered and mounting the rostrum with quick nervous steps was presented to the joint session, the tumult was unbounded. All were instantly on their feet—pacifists with the rest—cheering and waving their national emblems. Grave justices of the Supreme Court shouted like boys at a baseball game, as the President stood impassively waiting for quiet that he might begin his address. It was not long for so historic a document. Some of its telling points may well be reprinted here:

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow-men as pawns and tools.

Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor States with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be main-



One of the many shipbuilding concerns turning out submarine chasers. Every boat in the picture is in the same stage of completion. Standardization of parts and division of labor have systematized the production of these boats

GUATEMALA

Government:	Republic
President:	Manuel Estrada Cabrera
Area:	48,290 square miles
Population:	2,119,000
Date of severing relations:	April 28, 1917
Army:	125,000
Navy:	None
Revenue:	$66,200,000
Expenditure:	$63,095,000
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $7,653,557; imports, $2,043,329
Greatest exports:	Coffee, bananas
Reason for breaking relations:	Germany gave no guarantees of safety for shipping

COSTA RICA

Government:	Republic
President:	J. J. Tinoco
Area:	18,691 square miles
Population	420,000
Date of severing relations:	September 21, 1917
Army:	52,000
Navy:	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $460,000: imports, $1,510,000
Greatest exports:	Bananas and coffee
Reason for severing relations:	To support the United States in her declaration of war against Germany. Placed all material resources in hands of the United States for a more complete coöperation against Germany

HAITI

Government:	Republic
President:	Sudre Dartiguenave
Area:	10,204 square miles
Population:	2,500,000
Date of severing relations:	June 19, 1917
Army:	5,000
Navy:	1 cruiser
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, none; imports, $338,004
Greatest exports:	Coffee, cocoa, sugar
Reason for severing relations:	Her demands for safety on the seas were ignored

The majority of the population of Haiti are negroes. French is the universal language. Haiti is at present under the protection of United States Marines

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Government:	Republic
President:	Hipolito Irigoyen
Area:	1,153,119 square miles
Population:	8,000,000
Army:	500,000
Navy:	2 dreadnoughts, 2 predreadnoughts, 6 cruisers, 11 destroyers
Commerce with Germany (1915):	Exports, none; imports, $11,306,620
Greatest exports:	Live stock, agriculture
Reason for severing relations:	Although the Senate and Chamber of Deputies voted to break relations with Germany after the disclosure of Germany's duplicity in the Swedish Embassy in Buenos Aires the President has not yet ratified the break

© American Press Association

Lieut. Bruce Richardson, who was in charge of the gun crew on the *Mongolia*, reported to have sunk a German U-boat

tained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic Government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end, and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

God helping her, she can do no other.

Amid renewed cheering the President left the Hall and was swiftly driven back to the White House. To all intents and purposes the nation was from that moment at war. At war for the first time since 1812 with a formidable foreign foe. Yet to observers, not alone in Washington but in other great cities of the land, the amazing feature of the crisis was the total lack of excitement, indeed of enthusiasm. There were no cheering mobs flaunting flags and parading the streets. There were no mob assaults upon the most

outspoken of Germans. New York and eastern cities did indeed break out with a severe rash of patriotic bunting, but from this western towns were largely exempt. There were no street mass meetings. The seeker for excitement and dramatic detail was in the position of Captain Robley D. Evans, when he looked up in the midst of the Battle of Santiago to find his ship destitute of a battle flag. "What the devil's the use of a battle without a battle flag?" cried "Fighting Bob" disgustedly and soon had two flying. But the United States has not yet got its excitement. It only slowly roused to the point of noisy enthusiasm. But determination and the will to win were growing every day.

Congress was not slow in granting all the President had asked. The Joint Resolutions declaring a state of war to exist was passed by the Senate April 4th and by the House April 5th. There was debate of course and an acrimonious one. Six senators voted against war. In the House the vote for it was unanimous save for the single ballot of a socialist representative who felt forced to vote according to the international tenets of his party. The resolutions as passed, April 6th, are as follows:

Whereas, The Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government, which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared; and

That the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

The same day the President issued his proclamation to all the world and the United States was at war.

© C. Miller, Jr.

Sailors of our Navy learn the ins and outs of mine-laying. Mine-laying becomes a real science when the work is properly done

The sight of Old Glory carried before our boys in England raises London to wild enthusiasm. It was London's chance to show her joy at America's entry into the war and she took fullest advantage of the opportunity as our soldier boys marched through the streets of London

CHAPTER XI

MILITARY AND NAVAL WEAKNESS OF THE UNITED STATES—OUR FINANCIAL STRENGTH—SHIPS AND AIRCRAFT—THE GOVERNMENT TAKES THE RAILROADS—FOOD REGULATIONS—THE CALL TO ARMS—SUCCESS OF CONSCRIPTION—METHOD OF THE DRAFT—RAPID INCREASE OF ARMY AND NAVY—OUR MEN ABROAD

ONCE embroiled in the most savage war history has ever recorded the United States had to grapple with problems such as had never before presented themselves during its national existence.

The army judged by European standards and by the tasks which it would presently have to discharge was a mere pigmy. The Germans, learning nothing from their experience with Sir John French's little army, did not hesitate to scoff at this one too as contemptible—an opinion which they learned to revise.

The navy, though third and possibly even second at the outbreak of the war, was a peace navy requiring complete remodelling and the filling-in of many important vacancies in ships before it could be termed at all an adequate seafighting force.

We were most inadequately supplied with munitions of war. Even for the small army of peace the supply of field artillery and machine guns was ridiculously insufficient.

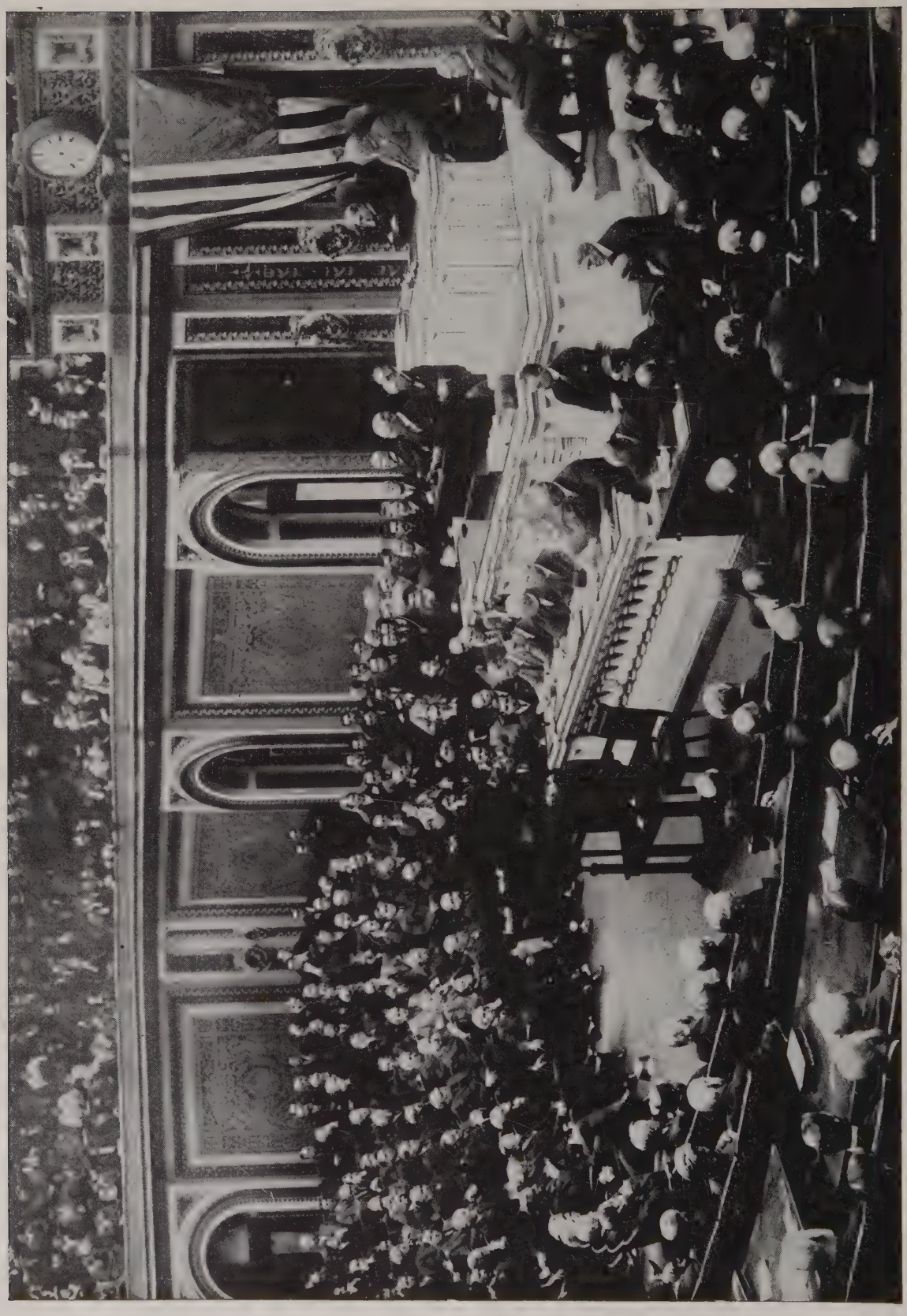
For nearly three years our factories had been turning out cannon, shells, rifles, machine guns and high explosives on a scale never before attempted, but all of this supply went to purchasers abroad. Our military authorities looked on without effort to divert any share of it into our own arsenals. It was reported that within a few days of the declaration of war an agent of an arms house went to a War Department official with a proposition concerning a machine gun only to be coldly repulsed with the remark that the Department was not interested in machine guns. In a few months our soldiers were falling before them—in the hands of the enemy.

We had to grapple with financial problems on a scale hitherto undreamed of. But though the country suddenly substituted billions for millions in its vocabulary this has as yet been the least of our problems. The nation is rich. Its credit is the highest. Its people are prosperous. The financial obligations of the war we have met and shall continue to meet without undue apprehension.

But the obligation imposed upon us to meet the need of our allies for munitions and food has been thus far the most onerous of all. It has created a scarcity in our own land without fully allaying the distress in theirs. Early in 1918 we seemed to have failed utterly in this task, without the proper discharge of which the war can by no means be won. But the reserve forces of the nation came to the rescue and the crisis was bravely met. We were late in exercising our fullest power, but the power was there and in time was fully employed.

It would be idle to recount here the disheartening details of the delays that attended our equipment for war. Curiously enough we were strongest where we had apprehended weakness, and weak where we had thought ourselves strong. We had feared trouble in raising an army, but volunteering and the absolutely orderly progress of the draft supplied the nation with troops faster than it could equip them. We had boasted of our industrial efficiency, and with apparent reason, for our whole great manufacturing and transportation systems had been the admiration of the world. But now, confronted with the exigencies of war, that whole system broke down.

At the outbreak of war it was conceded

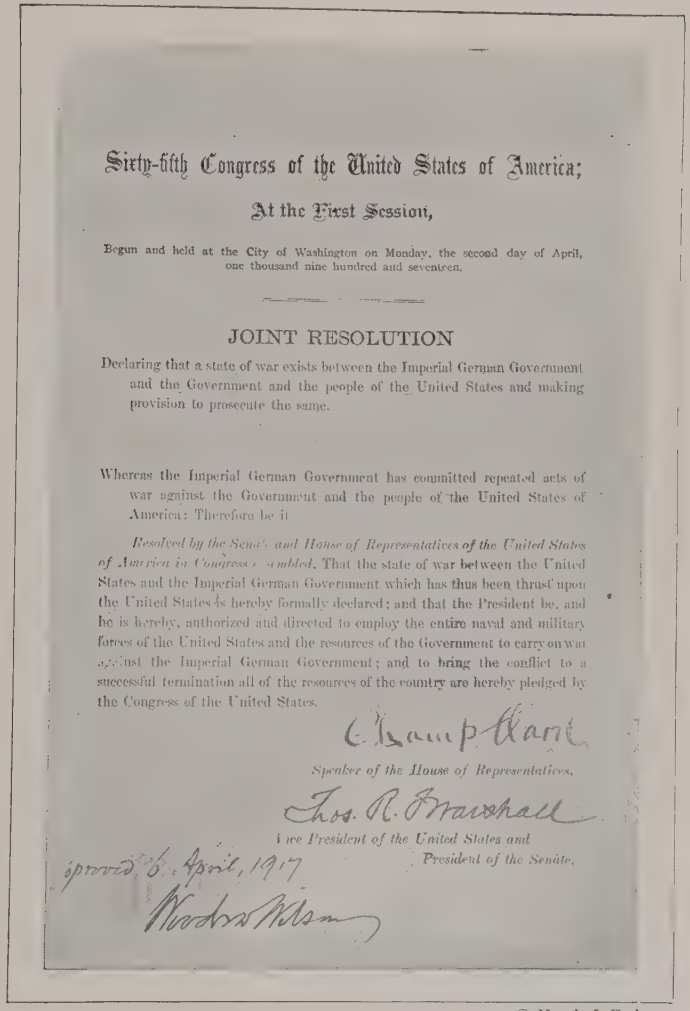


President Wilson delivering the message in which he called on Congress to declare a state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government

on all sides that the greatest contribution the United States could make to the Allied cause was a monster fleet of merchant ships, wherewith to offset the depredations of German submarines, carry foodstuffs to our allies and transport our troops to the European battlefields and maintain them there. Six million tons a year was estimated as the amount necessary, and enormous appropriations were made, and a Shipping Board created to rush the work. At the end of ten months of war not one ship of this new construction had been launched.

Again it was universally conceded that the United States could materially aid in winning the war by building aircraft in enormous numbers. Congressional debates and newspapers were full of assurances of the way in which we would "blind the Kaiser's armies" by such an overwhelming fleet of our own airplanes that no German machines would be able to keep the air or spy out our lines. There seemed every reason why we should succeed in this purpose. The airplane was an American invention. A dozen factories were even then making them for foreign governments. Congress at once made a lump appropriation of $640,000,000 for aeronautical purposes, and the appropriations for air service in the Army and Navy supply bills raised the total to nearly a billion dollars. But the United States had been at war ten months before the first airplane of the promised fleet was completed.

These were but samples of incidents in the long record of discouragements that seemed to culminate in the early months of 1918. To cap the climax the weather itself seemed to be operated in the interest of the Kaiser. A winter of almost unprecedented severity further blocked the roads, which were already congested by unexampled shipments of freight to the seaboard. The demand for coal was seemingly illimitable; the capacity of the railroads to deliver it was crippled as never in their history. In zero weather cities shivered, and the poor suffered cruelly for the lack of fuel. Hundreds of ships heavy laden with necessities for the hungry people of our allies lay helpless in American ports with empty bunkers. Great factories engaged in manufacturing munitions and other supplies vital to our armies were shut down for lack of power.



Sixty-fifth Congress of the United States of America;

At the First Session,

Begun and held at the City of Washington on Monday, the second day of April, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Declaring that a state of war exists between the Imperial German Government and the Government and the people of the United States and making provision to prosecute the same.

Whereas the Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

C. Champ Clark

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Thos. R. Marshall

Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.

Approved, 6 April, 1917

Woodrow Wilson

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Photographic reproduction of America's declaration that a state of war exists. Approved and signed April 6, 1917

To meet this situation the government adopted heroic methods the measure of success of which cannot at this moment be estimated. The railroads, which had failed not only to distribute coal, but which were impotent to handle their other traffic—having for example in February lost in their crowded yards 9,000 cars of steel vitally needed in the ship yards—were taken over by the government. It was a striking illustration of the calm determination of the Ameri-

can people to do everything and dare everything needful for the successful prosecution of this war that this step, which at other times would have been denounced as revolutionary, was accepted as necessary by the people and railroad officials alike. It is true that the seizure was declared to be temporary only, and bills fixing the period at which the roads were to be returned to their original owners were introduced in Congress. But the immediate essay in government ownership was made without a serious protest.

the American people might have the more to give, the food conservation board, headed by Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, whose success in feeding stricken Belgium had been so notable, adopted every method for encouraging and enforcing economy in the use of food. Meatless, wheatless and porkless days were decreed. The portions of bread and of meat were regulated by law. Sugar, which had become very scarce, was a luxury on many tables. But the weakness of the conservation programme was that it was only readily

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Huge mortars guarding the Atlantic Coast at Fort DuPont, near Delaware City. These guns have a range sufficiently great to render the approach of enemy ships to the coast extremely hazardous

For the first time in the national experience of the United States its people were confronted with a scarcity of food in the early days of 1918. The shortage was, of course, not due to any failure of supplies for our own personal needs. But we were bound to supply the needs of our allies, most of which were food-importing countries in time of peace, and therefore doubly in need in time of war when much of their agricultural labor was diverted to their armies. In order that

enforceable against hotels, restaurants and other public eating places. These the officials could watch to see that the regulations were obeyed. Indeed no supervision was needed. The hotelkeeper very cheerfully gave his patrons the smaller portions, charged the same prices that he had for the larger ones, and pocketed his enchanced profits with a virtuous sense of patriotic duty done. But over the millions of private homes there could be no supervision maintained, and in

them was no profit made except at the sacrifice of appetite. Nevertheless a wide-spread sense of duty and of our obligations to our allies caused the conservation regulations to be most generally observed and practiced.

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National Guardsmen on Long Island guarding the water supply of New York City. The act of a crank might imperil the safety of thousands, and while there is no great fear of this, the watchfulness of the guards has not been relaxed

To be stinted in food because of war was, however, a brand new experience for America.

Dissatisfaction with the direction of military affairs began to be openly and officially expressed about this period. In the United States politicians are always manœuvring for political advantage, but in this instance the attack upon the administration came from members of its own party. The charge was made publicly in the Senate by Mr. Chamberlain, of Oregon, that the War Department had "fallen down" in its conduct of affairs, and the charge was followed up by both Democratic and Republican senators. Mr. Chamberlain, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, had worked valiantly to put through legislation devised by the administration which gave the more force to his attack upon the executive powers. His objection was rather to the failure of the Secretary of War to equip rapidly and adequately the troops when raised, than to any dilatoriness in raising the army. The latter work indeed had been extraordinarily well done.

At the beginning of 1916 the United States Army numbered 5,016 officers and 92,973 men, including 5,733 Philippine scouts. Small wonder that Germany, which then had not less than 8,000,000 men under arms, looked with contempt upon the protests of so ill-defended a nation. Nor did the bloody storm then raging in Europe awake the American Congress to any sense of its duty. Though an ever increasing body of men in the United States recognized that we should inevitably be brought into that conflict, and urged continually the necessity for adequate preparation for the day of wrath, the nation as a whole was indifferent and Congress was hostile to any far-reaching plan for army extension.

Mr. Bryan's fine sounding phrase that if the country were indeed endangered "a

After a full eight hours of training, it is not necessary to sound the mess-call more than once. They are seen here in attitudes of watchful waiting, with tin cups, knives and forks in readiness for duty

million men would leap to arms between sunrise and sunset" was accepted as gospel by thousands of citizens who never stopped to enquire whether there were arms to leap to—as in fact there were not. Indeed when it became time to ask for volunteers for the regular army it took a trifle more than four months to secure 183,898 men needed to bring the regular army up to its then maximum war strength of 300,000—a record rather different from a million men between sunrise and sunset. However, volunteers for the national guard, the reserve army and the navy were more plentiful.

None the less the record of the nation in securing soldiers for its armies was highly creditable when its long enjoyment of peace, its utter detachment from anything like militarism, and the very diverse nature of its population are considered. To raise armies of the proportions needed by the volunteer system alone was soon found impossible. That was a failure not peculiar to the United States, but common to all democracies. England gave volunteering a most thorough test and was forced to come to conscription in the second year of the war. Canada, after making an admirable record with

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Yankee troops going over the top in training. With such impetus behind them, they could go through a steel wall, and could never be stopped by the Teutons or any other foe

The Tennessee National Guard receiving instruction in signal work

volunteers, adopted conscription in 1917. Our own nation had to resort to the draft to win its Civil War. The United States, most wisely, did not exhaust in this new crisis the possibilities of the volunteer system before resorting to the draft. It was shown very quickly that the volunteer system at once swept the country clear of its most patriotic and devoted, its most able, alert and intelligent youth. The dullard, the indifferent, the incapable, were left behind. A volunteer army would be made up of men in all ranks who ought to be officers over an army made up of every class of citizens. Considerations such as these led Congress very speedily after the declaration of war to enact legislation providing for the enrollment for military service of all able-bodied males between the ages of 21 and 31 years of age inclusive.

© Committee on Public Information

Non-commissioned officers at Camp Hancock demonstrating a bayonet charge under the instruction of the English officer on the right. There isn't a Boche alive who could withstand this charging line of cold steel with Yankee punch behind it

Not unnaturally there was some anxiety among thoughtful citizens as to how this order would be received. The nation harbored a large body of sincere pacificists whose protests against the declaration of war had been pressed up to the last minute. How would they treat a summons to serve in the army? We had within our borders millions of foreign-born citizens and aliens, many of them from the Teutonic countries. The registration order made no exception of any of this class. How would they meet the first step in a policy which might

Crews of interned German ships at Honolulu being taken into custody by the military authorities after a bold attempt to destroy their ships

force them to bear arms against the country of their birth, and perhaps of their present allegiance? The questions were grave ones, and doubting people remembered the bloody riots with which the City of New York resisted the operation of the draft in 1863.

But the registration held on June 5, 1917, proceeded in every state of the Union without any resistance or violent outbreak whatsoever. More than nine and a half millions of men came up to the places of registry, and enrolled their names, answering the questions prescribed that the authorities might afterwards judge of their fitness for active service. The whole epoch-making undertaking went off with even more smoothness than a presidential election.

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American officers with their British instructors at a British training camp on the western front

The next step was the selection from the whole number of registrants the 687,000 men whom it had been determined should constitute the first draft. On registering each man had been given a number, and in some districts where the population was large these numbers ran up as high as 10,500. In all there were 4,557 registration districts. The individual registrant therefore would be known as Number B in District X. It was determined to hold a central drawing at

Washington in which numbers up to 10,500 would be drawn from a wheel. Every man holding such a number would be summoned for service. Many districts of course had no such number of registrants and would only furnish men in proportion to the numbers enrolled.

The occasion was an historic one and a contemporary description of the scene will be interesting. The drawing was held in one of the rooms of the Senate Office Building and was conducted by Secretary of War Baker. An eye witness writes of the scene:

A handkerchief was tied about the eyes of Secretary Baker, the camera squad focused their instruments, the calcium light of the movie operators played upon the big blackboards in the rear, and the lottery began.

Secretary Baker plunged his hand into the large glass jar containing the 10,500 numbers inclosed in capsules and drew one, announcing to the spectators, "I have drawn the first number." A clerk assigned by the War Department opened the capsule and announced "258." An officer seated at the long table upon which were spread the tally sheets repeated the number, and another clerk walked to a large blackboard at the rear and wrote upon it the figures. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, likewise blindfolded, drew the second number. He was plainly nervous. His hand was guided to the top of the jar, which was fourteen inches in diameter. "The second number is 2,522," said the announcer, and again there came the click of the cameras, the rustle of copy paper, and the murmur of excited men and women who thronged the committee room.

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The reception of the first American combatant force which arrived at the Aisne battle-front. They were welcomed most cordially by the French soldiers and officers, and were cheered continuously

Lined up for mess; wading through a sea of mud after a heavy rainfall

American warships steaming out to target-practice. Since the war began target-practice for every ship every day has developed the skill of gun-crews to the highest degree, even at the longest ranges ever known before by any navy

Members of Congress and high officials of the army attended the start of the drawing. Eight numbers were drawn by officials before the ceremony became routine, with students from various universities acting as the blindfolded withdrawers of the fateful capsules.

A round of applause greeted the appearance of General Crowder, who had worked tirelessly for days perfecting the details of the nationwide lottery. Adjt. Gen. McCain, too, was applauded by the throng which crowded the committee rooms. Members of the Senate and House Committees on Military Affairs and other members of Congress occupied seats of honor at the drawing.

The unprecedented ceremony seemed particularly to impress Representative Julius Kahn, who had led the fight in the House on the Army Draft bill. "It is an inspiring sight," he commented as he left the room soon after the proceedings settled down to a routine basis. Mr. Kahn was born in Germany and came to the United States when a child.

As the eighth number was drawn by an official, Secretary Baker said: "We will wait a moment while the photographers remove their apparatus. Meanwhile I want to ask that perfect quiet prevail. This is a most important occasion and absolute quiet is necessary."

John Phillips, a student of Princeton University, was the first "regular teller" who took his place at the glass jar and began to draw out the capsules—black looking affairs, because the paper upon which the numbers were written was coated black on the outer surface. It was impossible for any one to examine the exterior of a capsule and ascertain the number within. The blindfolding lent an additional touch of the dramatic to the event, but it was unnecessary. Every few minutes Major Gen. C. A. Devol, delegated by Secretary Baker to guard the glass container, walked over to stir the capsules with a long wooden spoon. On the handle of the spoon was a piece of bunting, red, white and blue. General Devol stirred deeply, bringing the capsules at the bottom to the top and a few moments later sending the capsules at the top to the bottom. While this stirring process was on there was a momentary pause in the recording of the numbers. The only interruptions were the frequent changes of tired announcers

Three super dreadnoughts. Ships of this class give America confidence in the prowess of her navy when pitted against the mighty battleships of other nations

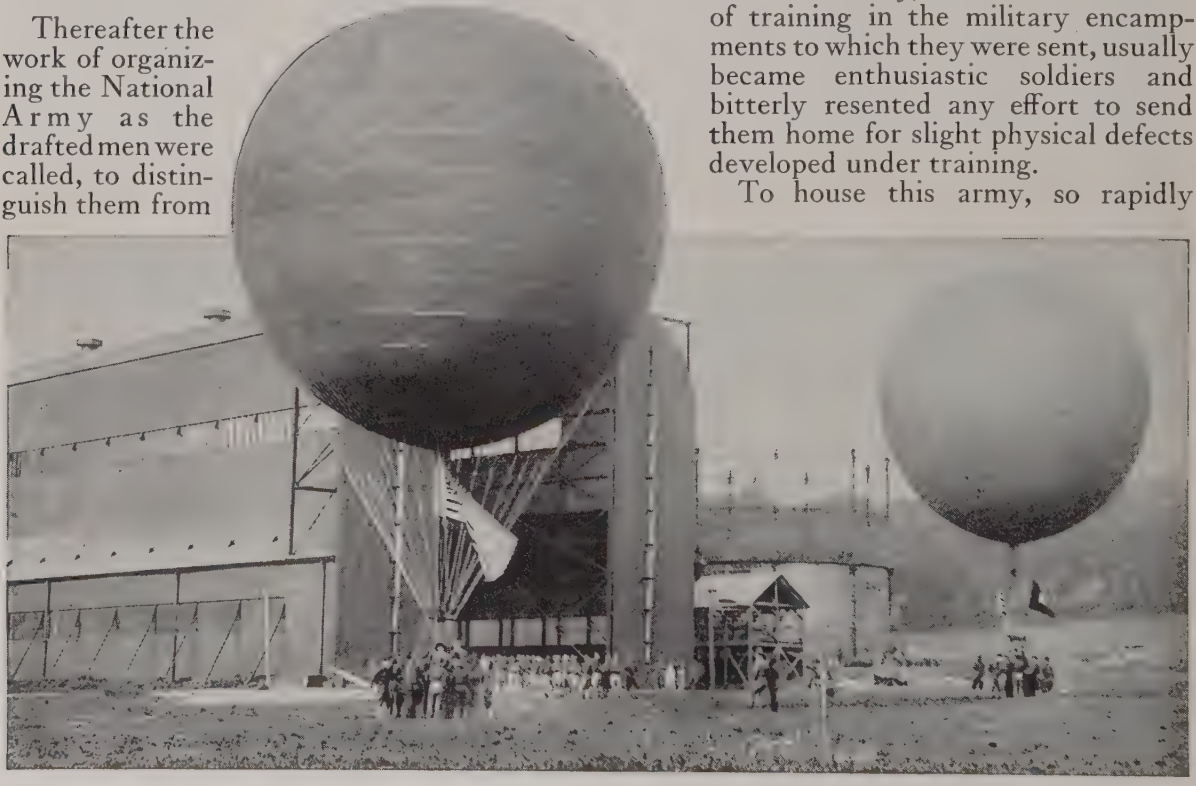
and tabulators and the removal of the blackboards. When a group of 500 numbers had been written the first section of the board was taken out to be photographed to establish an absolute record, while a second section was substituted.

The lottery ended at 2:15 o'clock on the morning of July 21, and later the same day the figures were officially checked and rechecked in the office of General Crowder. There were a number of tally sheets kept simultaneously, in addition to the recording of the drawn numbers on two blackboards, and every number was gone over and checked by a force of experts under the supervision of army officers. The result of the drawing was set into type at the Government Printing Office. "Master sheets" containing the numbers in the order in which they were drawn were then sent by General Crowder to each Governor and distributed to each local registration board.

A field telephone with a special reel connects the balloon with the ground. The success or failure of an attack depends largely on the accuracy of the aerial observer's reports

Thereafter the work of organizing the National Army as the drafted men were called, to distinguish them from the Regular Army and the National Guard, proceeded smoothly. In details of about 30% of the total enrollment they were summoned to their places of registration, where boards of exemption heard the pleas of such as desired to escape military service, or considered the surgeons' reports upon such as seemed to suffer from physical disabilities. The pleas for exemption were many and varied often reflecting serious discredit upon the patriotism and good faith of the men offering them. But in proportion to the great mass who loyally accepted their responsibility to the republic these slackers were but few, and it is interesting to know that even they, after a month or so of training in the military encampments to which they were sent, usually became enthusiastic soldiers and bitterly resented any effort to send them home for slight physical defects developed under training.

To house this army, so rapidly



While balloons take no part in aerial fighting, reconnoitering or bomb dropping, they are invaluable for observation purposes and for spotting artillery fire

Ambassador James W. Gerard, with Mrs. Gerard, on their return from Germany

created, huge camps or cantonments were needed and sixteen of these were hastily constructed in various sections of the country. They were groups of frame structures, scattered over wide fields and accommodating about 40,000 men to the cantonment. Sixteen other camps were built for the National Guard, eight for the aviation corps, and two great concentration camps at Newport News, Virginia, and Tenafly, N. J., for the reception of troops on their way to the ships that were to convey them to Europe.

The details of making this vast army of citizens into a true army must be passed over hastily here, interesting though they are. Soldiers are not made in a day and the American, adaptable as he is, does not develop into a trained soldier any more rapidly than any

Von Bernstorff, formerly German Ambassador to the United States, with Mrs. Von Bernstorff (at the extreme left) leaving Washington on their way back to Germany

A new gun carriage invented by two marines being used at the Marine Corps cantonment at Quantico, Va. It is so light that it can easily be drawn over all obstacles by two men, yet it is strong enough to withstand steady, hard service

other man. Perhaps the process with us was not hastened by the fact that our scandalous indifference to military preparation had resulted in such a shortage of arms that for months our soldiers drilled with wooden cannon and with "broomstick" rifles. It was this situation, together with the discovery of scandalous shortages in overcoats and underwear in the middle of a winter of exceptional severity, that aroused the ire of Senator Chamberlain. A type of machine gun of which hundreds of thousands were in use in the Allied armies had been rejected by our ordnance department, because it was thought another gun—not then manufactured — might prove superior. In the search for the ideal the department rejected the obtainable and as a result our boys had practically no machine guns at all. Nor was the situation much better with respect to other munitions of war.

The final jump into the trench seen above looks very simple, but bitter resistance is almost certain to be met

At the beginning of 1918 the authorized strength of the army was 1,437,000 officers and men, under these classifications:

Regular Army	300,000
National Guard	450,000
National Army (first call)	687,000

All of these classes were recruited to full strength, and there were besides from 75,000 to 100,000 men enrolled in officers' reserves, training camps and various reserve organizations. It was at that time the purpose of the war department to secure the immediate enlargement of the army to 2,300,000 men.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy in December of 1917 showed a most gratifying increase in the strength of that branch of our armed service. Details were naturally omitted from the report, but since January of that year the personnel had increased from 4,500 officers and 68,000 men to 15,000 officers and 254,000 men; the naval reserve from a few hundred to 49,246; the National Naval Volunteers from zero to 16,000 men; the Marine Corps from 344 officers and 9,921 men to 1,197 officers and 30,000 men, and the number of ships in commission from a little more than 300 to more than 1,000. To this Secretary

A review in camp "somewhere in France." There is no let-up in the intensive training of our soldiers "over there," and parades are held as often as possible to stimulate the group spirit

Daniels added in his testimony before the House Committee on Naval Affairs that 424 new ships were in course of construction, not including 350 submarine chasers.

As was to have been expected the financial preparations for the war made by the United States were on a colossal scale and made with great celerity. The rousing periods of the President's speech were still reverberating throughout the land when Congress voted the enormous war credit of seven billion dollars. Three billion of this, it may be noted, was to be loaned to our allies, for the United States in entering upon the war assumed her share of the burden of financing the less prosperous peoples fighting by her side—a burden which theretofore Great Britain had cheerfully borne. Our total expenditures for the first year of the war were estimated in Congress at this time at $18,208,228,085—or about 23% of what all the other governments had spent in three years. Much of this expenditure was to be met by borrowing money of the people and accordingly before the end of 1917 two loans—called "Liberty Loans"—were offered to the people at 3½ and 4 per cent respectively. Both were enormously oversubscribed although ruling interest rates were much higher. The patriotic spirit of the people responded nobly to the government appeal and made it evident at the very outset that any demands whatsoever for financial support would be cheerfully met.

It cannot be said that neither at the moment the United States declared war, nor

Over the top on to the enemy. Embryo officers in the training camp at Fort Myer, Va., practicing the final run up a trench parapet before they land in the enemy's trench with fixed bayonets

during the twelve months consumed in making our leisurely preparations for it was the situation such as to inspire perfect confidence in the Allies' success. The charge cannot be laid against our government that it entered upon a war at the eleventh hour to snatch the glory of victory from those who had already won it. For while few dispassionate and well-equipped observers have doubted that the Teutonic alliance would ultimately go down to smashing defeat, the last months of 1917 and the first of 1918 seemed to be piled with the chronicles of their successes.

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U. S. marines in France practising hand-grenade throwing under French instruction

© International Film Service

Ready for their first dose of gas. Soldiers at the front are given experience in specially built dug-outs, which they enter with gas masks on

During that winter the world saw the Italians fighting doggedly on the defensive, after having for two years held the offensive. For years they had menaced Trieste and Vienna itself. Now they were fighting to keep the foe from Venice and Padua, while the Austrian airplanes were even flying over Imperial Rome. The collapse of the Italian Line would not only put Italy at the mercy of the foe but it would open a most convenient back entrance to France for the Austrian troops. Throughout the war that rigid and impassable line extending from the North Sea to Switzerland has rested its right flank on the hitherto immolated neutrality of the Mountain Republic. How long that neutrality will hold no man can say. The German record leaves no reason to doubt that if the action seemed to promise fortunate results, and if the Kaiser possessed sufficient troops to undertake the operation, Swiss neutrality would receive as scant deference as was accorded to that of Belgium or of Luxembourg. It would be brushed aside and the green-gray legions of Germany would make of the Swiss passes a new highway into France, entering beyond the farthest eastern point of the French line of defense.

But if the Austro-Germans could break the Italian lines at the Piave and Asiago they would overflow northern Italy and easily menace France on her southern frontier without finding it needful to invade

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Arrival of American troops in France. After landing, the soldiers march off to camp

© Central Photo News Service

A naval militiaman guarding Brooklyn Bridge, New York. Early in 1917 about 2,000 guardsmen were called into service to prevent destruction of property by cranks

Switzerland at all It was this menace which sent French and British troops at the double quick into Italy to strengthen this vital line of defense. It was this possibility, too, that the United States was forced to contemplate as she pushed on her preparations for active war.

The Russian situation, too, daily grew worse. Untrained in either war or statecraft, and inclined to look upon both as relics of barbarism and autocracy which it was their mission to overthrow, the leaders of the revolutionary faction which acquired supreme power in Russia were outgeneraled and outmanœuvred at every point by the Germans with whom they had tried to negotiate. When their parleys were over they found themselves without an army, with the Germans seizing upon their most fruitful and profitable territories, with an indemnity of $4,000,000,000 assessed upon them by the very adversaries who had declared as a cardinal precept of their programme for peace "No Annexations and No Indemnities."

How Russia is to emerge from what at the moment appear to be her insurmountable difficulties we shall see—but not soon enough to have a bearing on the fortunes of this war. The subject is adverted to here as being one of the new and depressing conditions which confronted our country almost immediately upon our entrance upon the war. It was not made the less perplexing by the apparent eagerness of Japan to send her troops into Russian territory—nominally to protect property against the German forces, but probably with a keen eye to the chance for extending the Japanese power over the Asiatic mainland.

The European Allies apparently are, at the moment of this writing, inclined to acquiesce in the Japanese proposition. The United States holds off. There has long been in this country a certain feeling of doubt as to Japan's international programme. Partly it comes, logically enough, from her position on the opposite shore of the Pacific

American troops marching through St. James Park, London. No troops from overseas have had such acclaim and honor in England as those from the United States. These men are the second contingent sent overseas and will be trained in England, joining Pershing's forces in about seven weeks

© Underwood & Underwood

General Pershing and his staff inspecting United States Marines, billeted in a village in France

clearly destined to contest with us at some future time for control of that great ocean. Partly it springs from the strong opposition of our organized labor to anything that savors of any closer ties with the Asiatic or yellow races. Partly it is the outgrowth of systematic and sinister agitation by a group of powerful anti-Japanese forces in the United States. As a product of these various causes the doubt and distrust of Japan among the American people has become so strong as to make the question whether the Japanese are to have a free hand in Russia almost as perplexing a one to our government as the apparent alternative of letting Germany have the free hand.

Turning from the Far to the Near East we find the situation in the Balkans not one to inspire American confidence. Roumania has completed her separate peace and her wheatfields and oil wells are at German disposal. The treaty forced upon the Bolsheviki has freed the Turk from any further fear of Russian military activity in Armenia or any part of Asia Minor. The handful of British troops at Bagdad, Aleppo and Jerusalem must guard themselves with no further hope of making a junction with the Russians, who so gallantly took Erzerum and

Learning how to use a gun butt. The modern rifleman must learn to use his rifle with the ease of a drum-major on parade

A brush with the enemy. Merchant fleets crossing the ocean under the protection of convoy have little to fear from submarin
sailing ships or in vi

The ruthless warfare waged by Germany's U-Boats has met with only fair success except in attacks on unarmed or slow
tion of international law

Trebizond. The hapless Armenians are handed back to the Turkish murderers and violators whom all the forces of civilized Europe have for 50 years been unable to check. Under the protecting irony of German power and German Kultur the Turks are again to have their will of this unfortunate people.

But while all seemed discouraging in the eastern and southeastern situation when the United States entered the war, the position of the armies in the west left little to be desired. There the Allies still outnumbered their foes in the proportion of about 3 to 2, and if the Germans had prospect of bringing men from their eastern front to swell their ranks, the Allies witnessed the actual landing of American soldiers in France and England at the rate of more than 10,000 a week. The newcomers from the western hemisphere were fresh troops, admirably equipped and eager for action. If they fell short of the Germans drawn from the eastern front in the qualities that go to make up the veteran, they were amply compensated by the eagerness of spirit with which they sought action. The first West Pointer who fell in the trenches of France died, crying to his men: "Steady boys, steady! We can beat them if they're ten to one."

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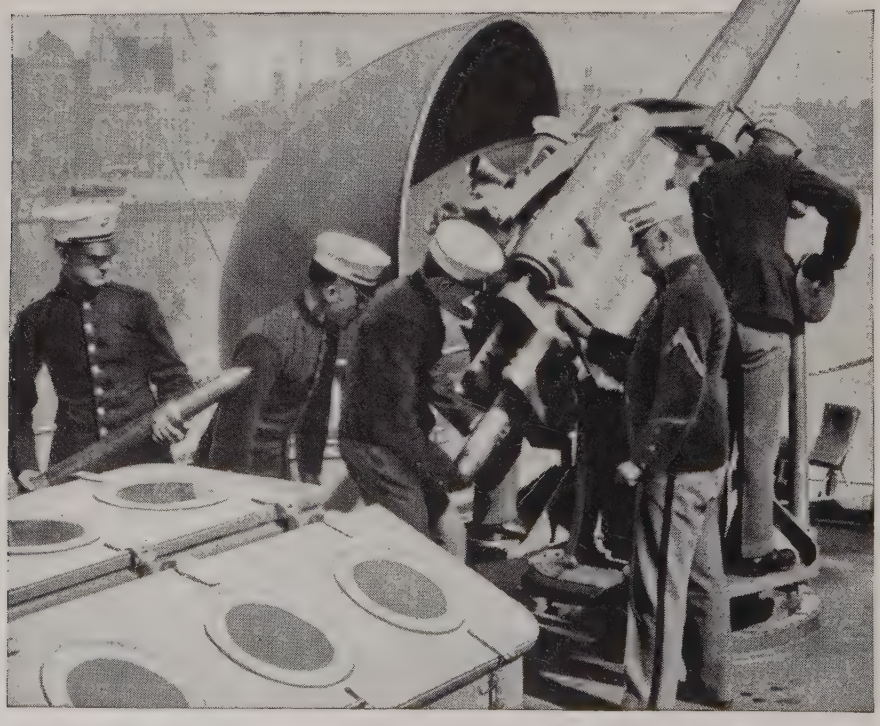
The arrival of American troops "somewhere in France"



One of the newer types of anti-aircraft guns used by the Navy. These guns have a small bore, but are mounted so they can be swung in any direction

In one part of the American sector in Lorraine a large sign between the hostile trenches bore the defiant legend:

"There's no more No Man's Land. This is Yankee land!"

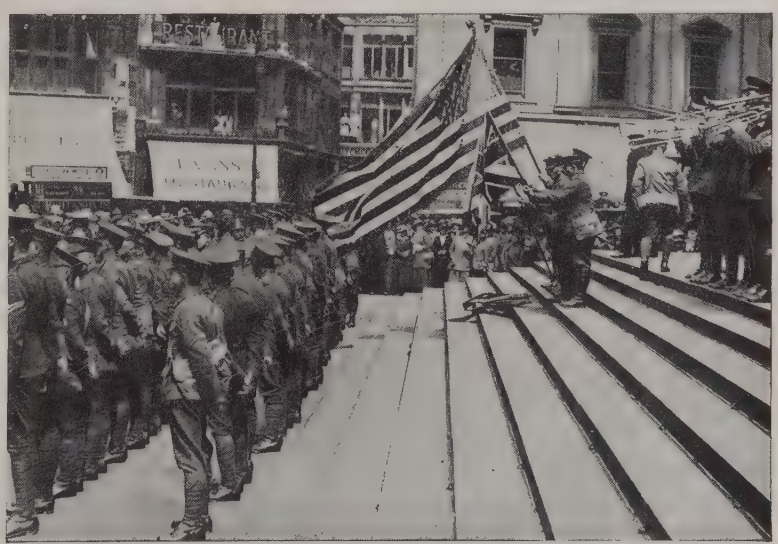
In this spirit of confident defiance our men entered upon active service. At the moment our columns began to pour into France the world was expecting a great German offensive. All signs pointed to it. The German officers themselves proclaimed it, and it was even said early in March that neutral correspondents had been invited to be on the ground at a specified date to witness its inauguration. There

United States Naval Reserves parading in Chicago, Illinois, to stimulate enlistment

were reasons why so desperate an adventure should be undertaken, but there were others quite as cogent why it should not.

In its support was the growing conviction that only on the French battlefields could the issues of the war be determined. A sweeping victory there would destroy the resisting power of the loser and end the war. If the Germans could pierce the Allied lines, and capture Calais and other channel ports they would be able to stop the shipment of reënforcements to the Allies. They could prosecute with renewed efficiency their submarine campaign. They would to a great extent be able to bar the United States from the theatre of war. But if they failed they would themselves be utterly destroyed.

On the other hand, if the Germans so chose they could rest content with holding the Allies inactive in France while they themselves prosecuted the work of increasing their conquests in Russia, and building up the territory they had there seized upon. They might devote themselves to relieving the pressure of starvation and privations upon their peaceful population at home by building up the productive agencies of the vast agricultural domain they had conquered in Russia, and the industrial facilities of Russian Poland. They might build themselves a huge new empire in the east while holding the English, French and Americans at bay in the trenches of France. If they chose they might descend on the Allied expedition



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American flag placed in St. Paul's Cathedral for the first time. Scene on the Cathedral steps during the ceremony when the flags of the American Legion, the first to be brought over from America, were honored

© E. Muller, Jr.

American destroyer starting a smoke screen. Speeding at thirty knots while emitting dense clouds of the blackest, foulest smoke, these greyhounds of the sea have become the terrors of naval warfare

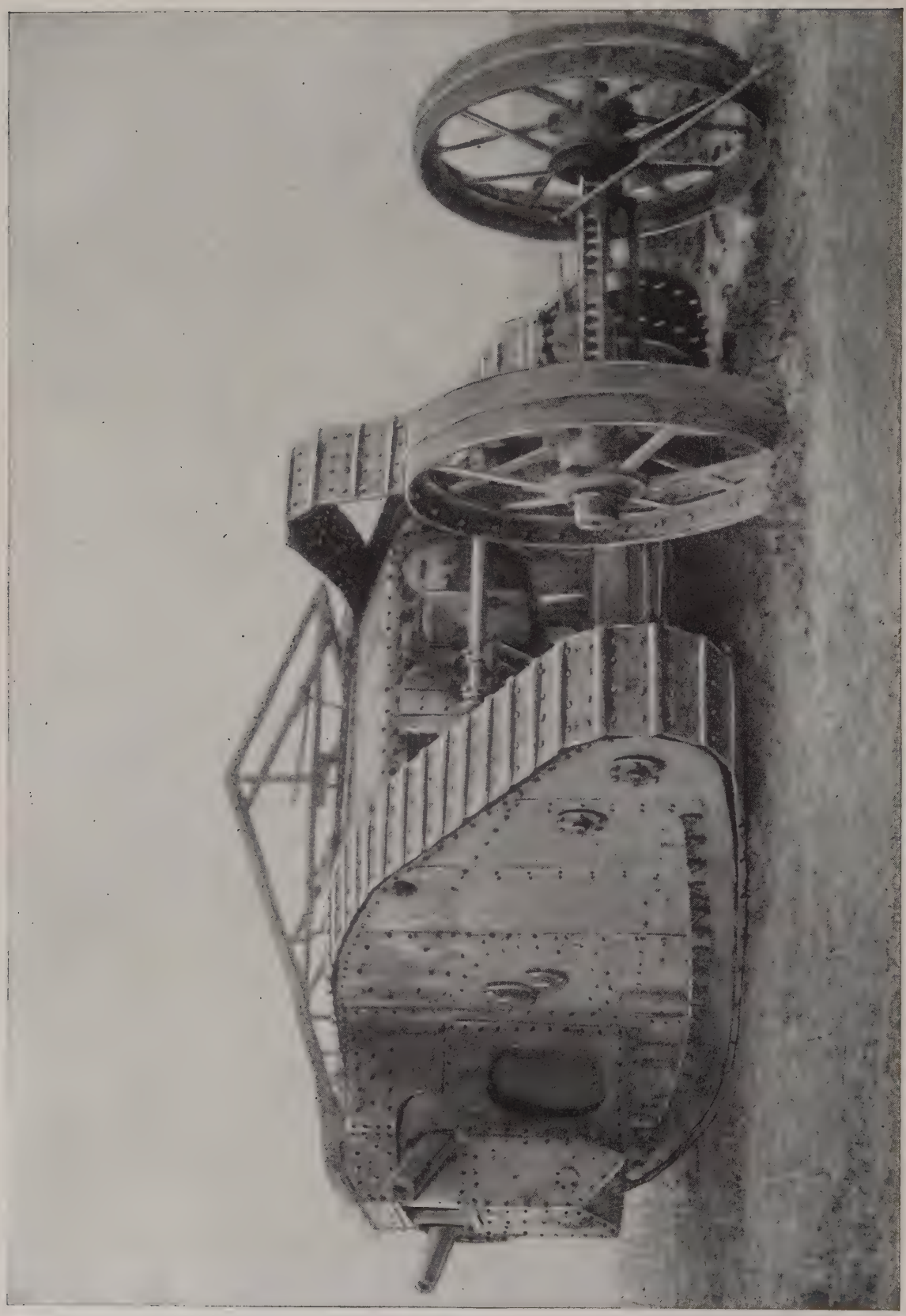
Marshal Joffre reviewing the West Point Cadets. He is seen saluting the colors as they pass by

at Saloniki and drive it into the sea—for under the changed conditions it would not be difficult for the Teutons and their Balkan allies to raise an army large enough for this purpose. But if they chose to avoid fighting, build up their shattered ranks, and rebuild their ruined economic structure, every month would add to their strength. One flaw only appeared in the logic of those who held that this would be the proper course for the Germans to pursue—every month also added to the number of Yankee soldiers in Europe.

Many believed that the policy of inaction on the western front would in fact be the German strategy. Shrewd observers suggested that it had not been customary for the sinister trio—the Kaiser, Hindenburg and

© Kadel & Herbert

American troops landing "Somewhere in France," on the transport *Antilles*, which was torpedoed and sunk on her return trip with a loss of 67 lives



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The great British armored tank. Much of the success of the Allies on the western front is attributed to the "Tanks" of this type. These steel protected monsters cross streams, climb hills, veritably span chasms. On each side of the "Tank" are batteries of rapid-fire guns. There are also loopholes fore and aft through which machine gunfire is literally poured in the path of these land battleships

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One of Uncle Sam's army aviation schools, at North Island, near San Diego, California

Ludendorff—to advertise widely what they were planning to do. Their practice had been to determine their course and then strike—suddenly, savagely and without warning. But the reported drive had been advertised like a circus. For four months it was discussed openly in German financial circles. Every possible warning had been given the Allies to prepare for it, and there was every reason to suspect that after all it was a bit of camouflage.

And all the time the sinister work of intrigue was being prosecuted by the German agents in every land. The pose of the Germans was for peace, but of course a German peace based on the theory that the war was already won by them. In every land, and in every section of society the plotters were at

Laying out a line of trenches to guard a railroad spur. At the training camp at Fort Myer, Va., the problems of trench warfare are worked out in detail

American boys in France resting after a long hike. Some of these boys had already been under fire of the Germans

© Pictorial Press, French Official

© International Film Service

French officers instructing American units in France. Even the best baseball arm must learn the trick of throwing hand-grenades

work. The labor organizations and labor politicians were an especially favored field for their endeavors. In England they brought about a serious demand for a peace conference within the ranks of the Labor Party. Shrewd and determined efforts were made to extend the movement to the United States, but without success. In this country the leaders of organized labor clearly saw that the only way to peace was through the winning of the war, and that at this juncture talk of peace was both futile and unpatriotic.

But the American response to the German overtures for peace was wholly negligible. In a few radical circles, where the doctrine of internationalism had made progress, there was some discussion of ending the war by neutral concessions, of accepting a "peace without victory." Even so all such discus-

Awarding the French Legion of Honor to aviators commended for bravery and daring. There are several grades of this honor, all of them higher than the Military Medal and the Cross of War

General Ferdinand Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies

The arrival of some of the embryo officers at the Plattsburg training camp

© Press Illustrated Service

This 16-inch shell weighs 2,400 pounds. It can pierce the thickest armor plate used by any navy, and has a range of 21 miles

sions were founded on the theory that the German people were opposed to the war, and that only by the heavy hand of their military government were they compelled to prosecute it. Unhappily this was a theory absolutely incapable of proof. The facts concerning the internal affairs of Germany, whether the state of public opinion or the condition of the public larder, were almost impossible of ascertainment. The dead wall of an impenetrable censorship shut off all frank and free communication with the outer world, while the newspapers were muzzled with an efficiency which made them valueless as indices to German public opinion.

People of the Allied countries thought the German people must be opposed to the war because it seemed reasonable that they should be. Their sacrifices had been prodigious; their sufferings cruel. There was—from our point of view—no possible hope of victory remaining to them. But their point of view was very different. The circumstances, discouraging to the United States, which have been recounted in the foregoing paragraphs, were exploited in Germany by the military authorities for all they were worth. The Russian situation was

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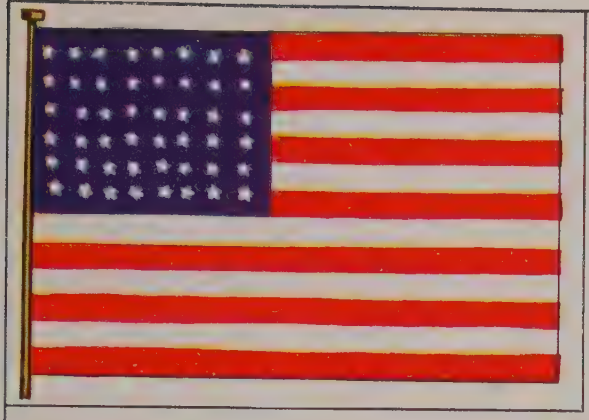
The first battalion of the New York Naval Militia who were called to the colors

celebrated as a colossal victory—and not without reason. The separate peace with Roumania was signalized as a triumph which would at once end Germany's food privations. That the Kaiser's victorious troops should leave occupied Riga and Odessa, the chief Baltic and the principal Black Sea ports of Russia, was offered as a measure of the victory there, and the champions of continuing war were not slow to point out that the latter was the center of the greatest wheat producing district of the world. The treaty forced upon Russia opened a new route to British India for German and Turkish armies, and the people of the Teutonic states were inflamed with the promise that the war would presently be carried thither, England struck in the back,

"School of the Pick and Shovel." When the war is over there will be many expert shovelmen, for the months of training of the National Army consists largely of trench-building

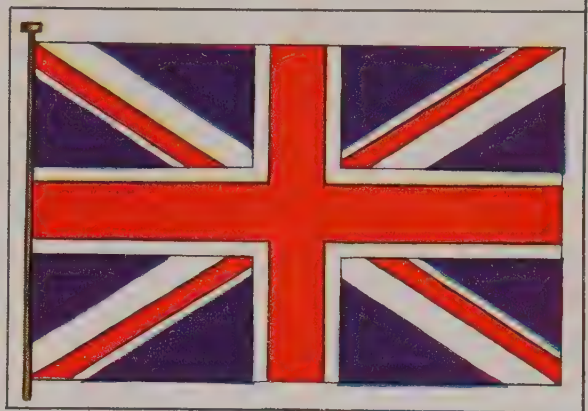


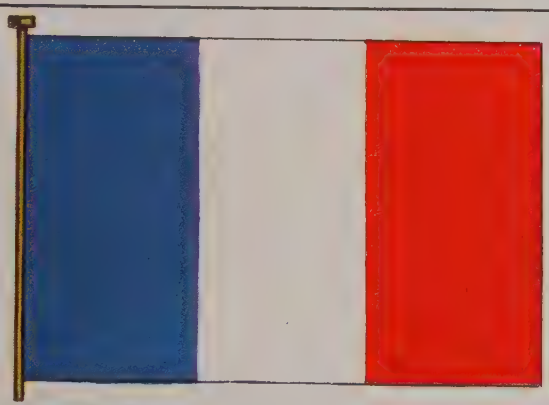
UNITED STATES

Government:	Republic
President:	Woodrow Wilson
Area:	3,027,000 square miles
Population:	103,600,000
Date of entering the war:	April 6, 1917
Army (war basis):	1,500,000
Navy:	About: 15 dreadnoughts, 20 pre-dreadnoughts, 35 cruisers, 74 destroyers, 66 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $344,794,276; imports, $189,919,136 (1914)
Commerce with Germany after the war:	Exports, $288,899; imports, $13,943,743 (1916)
Greatest exports:	Raw cotton
Reason for entering the war:	To maintain the rights of nations, to protest against Germany's ruthless methods of warfare, and to make the world safe for democracy

GREAT BRITAIN

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	George V.
Area:	7,625,000 square miles
Population:	61,650,000
Date of entering the war:	August 4, 1914
Army (present):	5,000,000
Navy:	About: 37 dreadnoughts, 25 pre-dreadnoughts, 128 cruisers, 262 destroyers, 116 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war.	Exports, $330,740,000; imports, $201,480,000
Greatest exports:	Iron and steel manufactures
Reason for entering the war:	To uphold Belgium's violated neutrality and aid her ally, France
National Wealth:	$85,000,000,000
National Debt:	$23,500,000,000



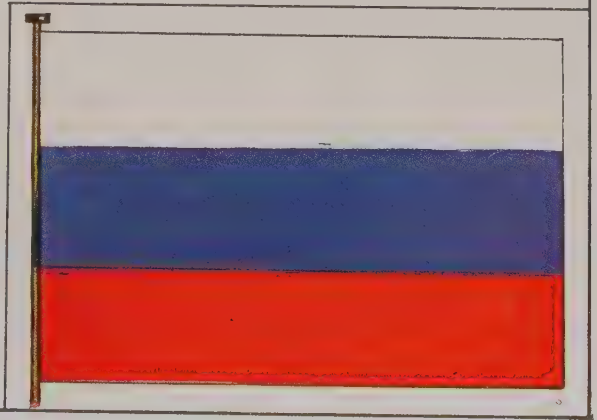


FRANCE

Government:	Republic
Ruler:	Raymond Poincare
Area:	207,000 square miles
Population:	40,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 3, 1914
Army (field strength):	2,000,000
Navy:	About: 12 dreadnoughts, 19 pre-dreadnoughts, 34 cruisers, 90 destroyers 100 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $102,200,000; imports, $122,800,000
Greatest export:	Manufactured goods
Reason for entering the war:	In self defence against German attack
National Wealth:	$62,000,000,000
National Debt:	$20,000,000,000

RUSSIA

Government:	Republic (provisional) since March, 1917
Ruler:	?
Area:	8,373,000 square miles
Population:	170,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 1, 1914
Army (war basis):	5,000,000
Navy:	About: 7 dreadnoughts, 11 pre-dreadnoughts, 19 cruisers, 131 destroyers, 41 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $230,811,720; imports, $213,076,470
Greatest exports:	Food stuff, raw material
Reason for entering the war:	Russia has always claimed herself champion of the Slavs and protector of Serbia. When Austria declared war on the latter, Russia entered the war against the Central Powers



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The King, Queen and Lord French watching the United States troops march past Buckingham Palace

and victory with indemnities that should cover all the war expenditures were the pleasant pictures displayed at this time to the German people by their rulers. The sanguine hopes of a certain class of international pacifist agitators were thus blocked by the logic of the war.

A British tank doing stunts at Camp Upton, Yaphank, New York. This tank, weighing thirty-six tons, travels over rough country, hills and trenches at about four miles an hour, armed with six Lewis machine guns

Persistent and resourceful as were these agitators, it did not, therefore, appear at this moment that their endeavors would bear any fruit. Germany was too elated with temporary victory to consider any but a most favorable peace, and the German people, on whose unrest and dissatisfaction such high hopes had been builded, shared the beliefs of their rulers. There appeared, therefore, when the United States entered upon the war, no prospect save that it must be fought out to a military decision. That decision military critics almost universally agreed must be sought on the plains of Flanders, in the wooded hills of the Argonne, in the defiles of the Vosges. That long ragged line across France, so plentifully watered by the blood of heroes in the last four years, must yet be obliterated. The world cannot be made safe for democracy until the battle ground is thrust back from the soil of republican France to that of despotic Germany, and victory be won there, victory complete and unqualified over Kaiser, Emperor and Sultan—over the Boche, the Hun and the Turk. The United States has well undertaken its share of this service to humanity.

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Monster parade on Sept. 8, 1917, showing New York's National Guard passing the Public Library at 42nd Street

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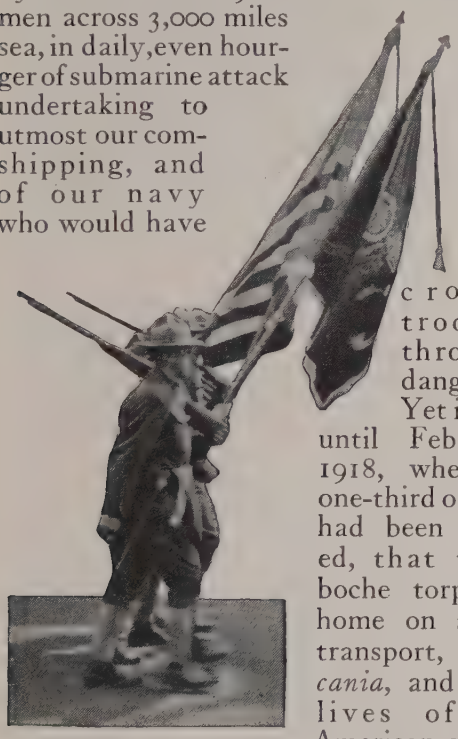
United States troops marching through Trafalgar Square, London, are welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd

Transports heavily laden with United States troops steaming for foreign lands under heavy convoy of United States battleships and destroyers

CHAPTER XII

MOVING THE ARMY TO EUROPE—OUR SOLDIERS IN TRAINING—THE SHIP SHORTAGE—LOSS OF THE "TUSCANIA"—AMERICANS IN ACTION—PROPORTIONS OF THE GREAT WAR—ITS COST IN LIFE

IN the early summer of 1917 the task of ferrying the American army to Europe was begun. It was an undertaking of colossal magnitude. To carry an army which Secretary Baker declared would number by the end of 1918 more than 1,500,000 men across 3,000 miles of open sea, in daily, even hourly danger of submarine attack was an undertaking to tax to the utmost our command of the skilled shipping, and officers of our navy to conduct the who would have crowded troopships through the danger zone. Yet it was not until February 2, 1918, when about one-third of the task had been completed, that the first boche torpedo got home on a British transport, the *Tuscania*, and cost the lives of many American soldiers whom she was carrying to England.



General John J. Pershing, "Black Jack" as he was called, fresh from his punitive expedition into Mexico in search of the bandit Villa, was appointed Commander-in-chief of the American forces in France and with his staff went thither in June. For a base of supplies was selected a little French town, the name of which it is not permissible to print but which is probably thoroughly well known to the Germans. It has an excellent harbor, and though well down the southern coast of France possessed ample railroad facilities for distributing the hundreds of thousands of men who should presently pour through its gates. Not all of our men however went that way. Some were dispatched to England, and their reception as they marched through London's streets was enough to make every heart beat high, and cause every patriotic mind to rejoice that we had at last cast off the stigma of neutrality, and taken our places shoulder to shoulder with those who were fighting for humanity and democracy.

In France the troops were greeted with enthusiasm, almost with tears of joy. "You have come to save us!" was the usual French greeting. The little town which had been selected as a base was quickly made over by American capital and energy to meet the needs of the friendly invaders. Great docks and breakwaters were constructed, railroad sidings, new roads and camps capable of holding 100,000 men were established. The villagers strove to learn English, and the soldiers to speak in French with the result that a new international patois was developed. Commercially the village shop tried hard to please, and the second body of troops to arrive saw the once sedate little town transformed into a gay picnic place with as many souvenir and candy shops, and entertainment booths as Coney Island itself. An English journalist writing in September of 1917 thus describes the fashion in which the "Sammees"—as the French persisted in calling them despite our men's scornful rejection of the nickname—had made themselves at home.

The American troops in their billets, their camps, their training grounds, their rifle and gun practice grounds near the front, are already absolutely at home. The French villagers have adopted now a Franco-American language—sister tongue, though different, to the now classic Anglo-French spoken for three years

American troops marching to their quarters in France led by their own band

from Calais downward. The American troops have made themselves at home, have settled all their arrangements with businesslike finality, and are out to do their job thoroughly. Their bases near the front seemed to me already definitely organized. They are settled in villages, where they disturb the villagers by aggressive sanitation. They have abolished all dunghills, to the old farmers' amazement and alarm. They have purified the water, cleaned up the streets, cottages, and farmyards. The villagers, at first terrified by these wild measures, are now reconciled, and every little village grocery sells American matches, American tobacco, American groceries, sterilized milk, "canned goods," American mustard, and everything American except American whisky. For at the messes, where I was received with open arms as an ally of today and forever—no American officer makes any doubt about that—cold American purified water and French coffee with American sterilized milk are the only drinks. Villages of France have become American, and American cafe au lait colored cars, and motor bikes with side-cars tear all over the country driven by university boys turned chauffeurs.

Marshal Joffre, Secretary Lansing, and René Viviani leaving the *Mayflower* on their arrival at Washington

Our new allies are learning from us both —from us old allies, English and French. I first saw a French division in horizon blue teach the new American Army, in khaki and wearing British trench helmets, what a modern battle is like. It was a moving sight. It was poignant, really, when one heard that the French division had just come back from Verdun and was enacting over again in play what it had just done in terrible and glorious earnest. The American Staff stood on a knoll watching, with the French Staff explaining. On the edge of the hill to the left of the staff the new American Army watched. Further to the left the French troops came on. Every "poilu" among them

After the landing. American soldiers immediately after they have disembarked waiting for other troops to join them before marching to temporary quarters

had just come from the real thing. He grinned as he played at war this time, and one felt how he must enjoy playing at it now. But he played very well and earnestly. The whole thing was done as one has before watched it being done under less reassuring circumstances for one's self.

The lines advanced in open formation, then stopped for the barrage fire to be pushed forward. Flares were sent up to signal to the artillery. There was another step forward under barrage fire, another (sham) barrage fire, more flares and rockets, the horizon-blue line crept cautiously around to take the first trenches, the machine-gun parties came up. One more barrage fire and more signals, then the boche trenches below us were taken.

It was all exactly as it would have been in real war. The American troops understood and appreciated keenly. Who would not? These play-actors in the hollow at our feet had just come from the real tragedy, and had fought and won, but had paid the price of victory.

The American soldier (officers told me) understands the manœuvre well. The officers find that their men are quick at grasping individual field work, i.e., make admirable noncommissioned officers with initiative, enterprise, and intelligence. French officers, many of whom speak English perfectly, while several American officers I met speak very good French, give enthusiastic and intelligent assistance. French and Americans are not much alike in method or by temperament. I heard a French officer describing a battle with perfect technical accuracy, but also with dramatic expressiveness and with the literary sense. An American officer immediately translated the French into American, and it was American—short, sharp, almost crackling with crisp Americanisms. It was the same

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Admiral Sims and Ambassador Page reviewing American troops marching through London

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President Woodrow Wilson

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General Pershing, Ambassador Page, Admiral Sims and Lord Derby meet in London

battle described, but the difference in the descriptions was delightful to note. Differences are nothing. The French are keen to teach, the Americans, if possible, keener still to learn, and each understands the other thoroughly to a common end.

British instructors and American pupils understand each other equally well. I never was more amused, pleased, cheered, and bucked up than by watching British Sergeant instructors training American officer cadets. Imagine a typical British Sergeant, with three years of war behind him and with seven or more years of British military training before that, spending every ounce of his energy, every particle of his keenness, and every word of his vocabulary teaching young Americans what they will have to do in a few months' time, and the young Americans using every muscle of their body, all their alertness, and all their keenness, too, to make themselves ready for the fight that all are yearning to be in.

Parties of American officer cadets dug line upon line of sham trenches, killed dummy boches on the way, dashed through four lines of trenches, dug themselves in at the last, and began instant rapid fire at more boche targets. "Advance!" said the Sergeant. A second later "Go!" and the young chaps leaped out. "Kill 'em sweet and clean! Clean killing is what we want!" shouted the Sergeant. The young Americans were at the dummies and each dug his dummy with a wild "Yah!" or college yell or scream. "Go on!" roared the Sergeant; "there are more boches beyond. Clean killing is what we want." And the Americans charged at several more lines of dummies before they leaped into the front trench and began firing.

Aside from the possibility of losses inflicted by submarines the mere question of ships for the carriage of the men, and the maintenance of the steady flow of supplies necessary to support them in the field was a grave one. The people and the authorities of the United States had never dreamed that fewer than 1,500,000 men would be our quota in France, and the general belief was that unless the war ended in 1918 another million would be needed. In the course of a heated controversy about the conduct of the war between Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, and Secretary Baker, the former asserted that five tons of shipping would be needed to transport each man to France, and maintain him there. The Secretary of War seemed to hold that 2½ tons would be a sufficient estimate. But in either event the demand upon our then non-existent shipping was prodigious. The lower estimate meant for the army of 1,500,000 no less than 3,750,000 tons—more than the total tonnage of American ships in all waters. The higher amounted

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General St. Joseph Jacques Joffre, who commanded the French armies for the first seventeen months of the war, and was then retired Marshal of France. He is the idol of France

to more than the total of new tonnage estimated to be built in 1918 with every ship yard working at highest capacity. At the best the demand for ships was staggering.

To transport hundreds of thousands of men across a tempestuous ocean, and through a "war zone" 300 miles broad, full of lurking and sinister submarines, is a task to baffle the most skillful naval strategist. Canada made the amazing record of carrying across more than 450,000 men without the loss of one. For a time it appeared that the United States would equal, perhaps excel this record. For the transports under convoy went back and forth across the ocean ferry carrying troops of every sort and kind and not until February of 1918 did the first loss occur.

It was just at dusk, on the 5th of that month that a stealthy German torpedo found the hull of the British transport *Tuscania* on which were 2,235 persons of whom 2,177 were American soldiers. The ship was off the northeast coast of Ireland and at the moment the coast line could be faintly seen through the gathering dusk and mist. She was under convoy and the wails of her siren and the imperative summons of her wireless quickly brought many supporting ships to her aid. Most fortunately the torpedo stroke did not touch off the magazines, and that fact, together with the admirable discipline of the men on board, reduced the loss of life greatly though still leaving it of shocking dimensions. Had it been an ordinary body of voyagers of such numbers, the scene would have been one of terror, panic and ultimately frightful loss of life. But the well drilled soldiers responded to the summons of the siren and the shrill calls of the bugle. In good order they formed their lines on the deck, and awaited the boats which the sailors were making ready, or which were speeding over the water from other ships which had rushed to the rescue. Reports have it that they sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King" alternately. More flippant

The gun-grenades. These "tromblons" or gun-grenades are another toy for our soldiers. They are receiving instructions for use from a French soldier

Members of the University of California unit, engaged in transportation work on the Western front

chroniclers declare that they were particularly vociferous in their rendering of "Where do we go from here, boys?"—a statement which sounds very American and very true when we recall the fact that in our Spanish war all the recognized battle hymns were set aside for "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

Notwithstanding the discipline, however, a great number of American soldiers were lost—at last accounts before the publication of this book, estimated at about 208 men. It was the first serious disaster to befall the American arms, and the nation after the first thrill of horror set its teeth and resolved highly to go on even more determinedly with the task of crushing German autocracy. That the transport of troops to France must at all times be attended with grave danger was recognized by all, and by none more than by the troops themselves. But there was, and will be no faltering in the task.

Meanwhile such of our soldiers as had finished their intensive training in France had been sent to the front and reports began to dribble in about casualties. "Two Americans killed; 17 wounded," cried the New York newspapers one day in headlines that spread all across the first pages. Tucked away in an obscure corner of the same papers was the intelligence that the British casualties for that month had been 67,000. The American press was slow in getting a sense of the true proportions of the part played by various nations in the conflict.

But the Yankee soldiers showed every indication from the very first of being a gallant and an effective force. Even our enemies bore witness to this, a dispatch, for example, in a Berlin paper bearing this ungrudging testimony to the part played in action by a small body of Americans:

> Independent American units have been thrown into the trench line. The felt hat has given way to the English-fashioned steel helmet, and the whistling and bursting of the shells have become familiar sounds to American ears.
>
> For the first time since they have been participating as independent contingents the Americans have tasted the real earnestness of war, even though it was but a minor hand-to-hand scuffle. But this time the shells did not merely fly over their heads, but into the very trenches they had selected, and presently, with an infernal noise, these things which the young soldiers believed to be a firm protection began to quake and burst.
>
> And hard on the heels of this a firm attack by our onrushing Bavarian reserves forced the way into the American trenches, and musket shots and bursting hand grenades relieved the artillery fire.
>
> Our new opponents made a most determined defense, and desperate hand-to-hand fighting set in. Butts of guns, fists, and hand grenades were freely brought into play, and many men fell to the ground before the rest gave up resistance and surrendered. After a

PERU

Government:	Republic
President:	Dr. José Pardo
Area:	722,461 square miles
Population:	4,620,201
Date of severing relations:	October 5, 1917
Army (peace basis):	6,500
Navy:	4 cruisers, 1 destroyer, 2 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $3,910,000; imports, $3,220,000
Greatest exports:	Sugar, copper, cotton
Reason for severing relations:	To protest against Germany's methods of warfare

URUGUAY

Government.	Republic
President:	Dr. Feliciano Viera
Area:	72,127 square miles
Population:	1,316,000
Date of severing relations:	October 7, 1917
Army:	180,000
Navy:	1 cruiser, 1 destroyer
Revenue:	$29,450,000
Expenditures.	$29,520,000
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $8,050,000; imports, $9,890,000
Greatest exports:	Meat, wool, hides
Reason for severing relations:	Following the example of other American Republics

NICARAGUA

Government:	Republic
President:	General Emiliano Chamorro
Area:	49,200 square miles
Population:	703,540
Date of severing relations:	May 19, 1917
Army:	40,000
Navy:	None
National Debt:	$5,500,000
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $578,100; imports, $403,515
Greatest exports:	Bananas, timber
Reason for severing relations:	Failure of Germany to respect International Law and to back the United States up in her declaration of war

HONDURAS

Government:	Republic
President:	Francisco Bertrand
Area:	44,275 square miles
Population:	562,000
Date of severing relations:	May 18, 1917
Army:	56,000
Navy:	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $164,607; imports, $521,837
Greatest exports:	Bananas, cocoanuts
Reason for severing relations:	Supported the United States on its attitude against Germany's submarine policy

bare hour the German storming troops were back in their own trenches with booty and prisoners.

There they stood before us—these young men from the land of liberty. They were sturdy and sportsman-like in build. Good-natured smiles radiated from their blue eyes, and they were quite surprised that we did not propose to shoot them down, as they had been led in the French training camp to believe we would do.

First in the field were the American engineers who at once set to work building the works necessary at our various coast-line bases, and at the interior points selected for the final training of our troops. They turned in to help our allies too, and built many miles of railroads and highways needed back of the French lines. They were as ready to drop the pick and shovel for the machine gun and rifle as were their progenitors the pioneers who plowed with a long-barrelled muzzle-loading rifle over their shoulder and a wary eye for Indians in the thickets.

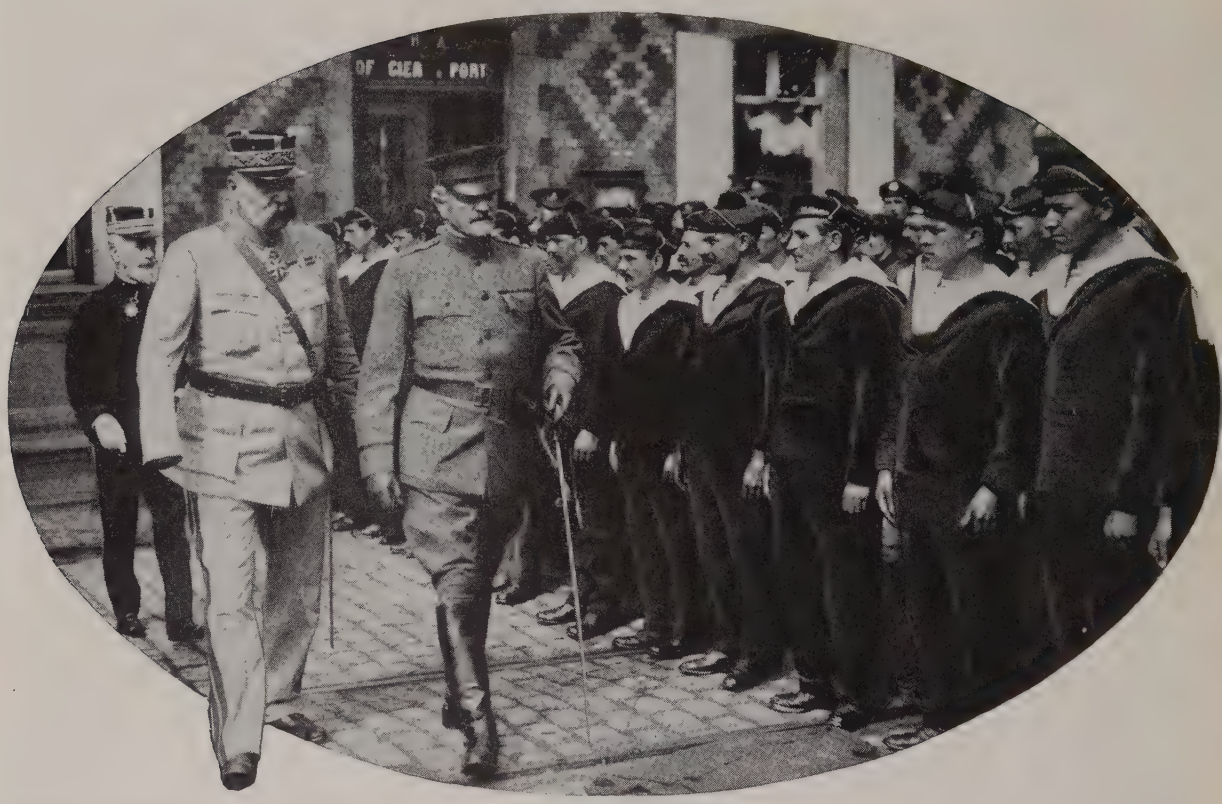
A characteristic snapshot of the Kaiser

To the first American soldiers to fall on the soil of France is assured a certain immortality. Their graves are in a little Lorraine village, or what the boche shells have left of it, near the ruined walls of a little church. Many, many French graves are there too, but for long the grateful villagers ignored their own dead to keep the resting places of the Americans who had come across the sea to help them, banked with fresh cut flowers of the field. A French major general, when the three were laid away, paid them honor in words which touch the heart, and will ever live as a fitting expression of French gratitude to those who came from the United States to die for liberty:

Men! These graves, the first to be dug in our soil of France at but a short distance from the enemy, are as a mark of the mighty hand of our Allies, firmly clinging to the common task, confirming the will of the people and the Army of the United States to fight with us to a finish, ready to sacrifice so long as it will be necessary, until final victory, for the noblest of causes —that of the liberty of nations, of the weak as well as of the mighty. Therefore the death of this humble corporal and these two private soldiers appears to us in extraordinary grandeur.

We ask therefore that the mortal remains of these young men be left here, be left for ever to France. We will, in the fullness of peace, inscribe indelibly upon their tombs: "Here lie the first soldiers of the Republic of the United States to fall upon the soil of France in the cause of justice and liberty." And the passer-by will stop and uncover his head. Travellers through France and from France, from every Allied nation, from the United States, those who, in reverence and heart, will come to visit these battle-fields of France, will deliberately go out of their way to visit these graves, and bring to them tribute of respect and gratitude.

General Pershing, Commander of the American Expeditionary forces in France



General Pershing arriving in France. He is here shown passing before the guards of honor, accompanied by Generals Pelletier and Dumas

Corporal Gresham, Private Enright, Private Hay, in the name of France I thank you. God receive your souls. Adieu.

The statistics of the great war are startling in their proportions and baffling in their significance. Never was so great a proportion of the world's people at war, or upon the verge of it. Of the world's total population of 1,819,803,000 no fewer than 1,474,873,000 are either at war with Germany, or belong to nations that have broken off diplomatic relations with her. The following table gives the list, with the date of each nation's entrance upon the war, and its population, including colonial possessions:

NATIONS AT WAR

1914.	
Serbia, July 28	4,547,000
Russia, August 1	175,137,000
France, August 3	87,429,000
Belgium, August 4	22,571,000
Great Britain, August 4	439,959,000
Montenegro, August 7	516,000
Japan, August 23	73,807,000
1915.	
Italy, May 23	37,398,000
San Marino, June 2	12,000
1916.	
Portugal, March 10	15,208,000
Roumania, August 27	7,508,000
1917.	
United States, April 6	113,168,000
Cuba, April 8	2,500,000
Panama, April 9	427,000
Greece, July 16	4,821,000
Siam, July 22	8,149,000
China, August 14	436,000,000
Brazil, October 26	24,700,000
Peru, October 5	4,620,000
Total	1,458,477,000

RELATIONS BROKEN

Argentina,	8,000,000
Bolivia, April 13	2,890,000
Costa Rica, April 26	431,000
Guatemala, April 28	2,003,000
Liberia, May 10	1,800,000
Honduras, May 18	562,000
Santo Domingo, June 17	710,000
Total	16,396,000

Central Powers.	
Austria, July 28, 1914	49,882,000
Germany, August 1, 1914	80,661,000
Turkey, November 3, 1914	21,274,000
Bulgaria, October 4, 1915	4,755,000
Total	156,572,000

Recapitulation.	
At war with Germany	1,458,477,000
Relations broken	16,396,000
Anti-German	1,474,873,000
Germanic allies	156,572,000
Neutral world	188,358,000
World's population	1,819,803,000

N. B. Several of the lesser Central American states are at this writing on the point of declaration of war.

Such are the odds against the Central Powers measured by the populations of the nations opposing them. This is, however, a misleading method of measurement for none of the millions of Chinese, and few of the equally teeming multitudes of British East Indians will be brought into the conflict, while it is unlikely that the Central and South American Republics will ever set a squadron in the field. Measured by man power under arms the disparity is not so great, though even it makes the more marvellous Germany's continued power of not resistance alone but of a persistent offensive. The figures as compiled by the Secretary of War are as follows:

There are 38,000,000 bearing arms in the war—27,000,000 on the side of the Allies and 10,600,000 on the side of the Central Powers, thus distributed:

Against Germany's 7,000,000, Austria's 3,000,000, Turkey's 300,000, and Bulgaria's 300,000, are arrayed the following armed forces: Russia, 9,000,000; France, 6,000,000; Great Britain, 5,000,000; Italy, 3,000,000; Japan, 1,400,000; United States, more than 1,000,000; China, 541,000; Rumania, 320,000; Serbia, 300,000; Belgium, 300,000; Greece, 300,000; Portugal, 200,000; Montenegro, 40,000; Siam, 36,000; Cuba, 11,000, and Liberia, 400.

Total Casualties for this and Preceding Years		
Great Britain	85,000	1,300,000
France	75,000	3,800,000
Italy	300,000	90,000
Germany	665,000	4,010,160
Austria-Hungary	1,000,000	2,500,000

But not even this estimate is to be accepted without certain qualifications. Germany

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Treating American wounded at a tent hospital while waiting their turn to be transported to the well-equipped base hospitals

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The arrival of the American contingent in London on August 15, 1917, gave the English an opportunity to express their enthusiasm over America's entry into the war

has used the people of her captured territories ruthlessly to increase her military strength. The captive citizens of France and Belgium are forced into labor in Germany, releasing German workmen for service in the trenches. In the Eastern field the methods are even harsher and there is no doubt that thousands of Russians, Serbians and Roumanians are forced into the German ranks. The creation of the new Kingdom of Poland, mainly out of Russian territory, was instantly followed by the attempted organization of a Polish army to serve Germany. The same action seems probable in the new republic of Ukrainia, which was in progress of creation as this book went to press.

But, on the other hand, despite the endeavors of the Germans to keep their army up to its numerical strength, they have not been able to maintain its quality. In the ranks are thousands of boys beneath the normal military age, and even more old men who have passed far beyond its upper limit. The reserves have been seriously depleted, and in 1918 were estimated at but 800,000 men, including boys seventeen to nineteen years of age. As for the period of the war, the average annual

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Some of the American engineers who were with the British at Cambrai

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United States marines on their way to their training quarters in France after disembarking at the American port

losses of Germany have exceeded a million and a quarter, it is clear that, if this rate be continued, the reserves will fall short by at least 450,000 annually of making good the losses. In the face of this steady attrition the German power cannot long endure.

Nevertheless the very stars in their courses seem to fight for the Kaiser and the opening months of 1918 brought to his arms—or perhaps to his diplomacy—the most significant victories of the war.

As this edition of the NATIONS AT WAR is closed the world faces a situation which may operate for a sudden and almost unlooked-for, peace—but a peace that would be pro-German—or may indefinitely prolong the war. As an effective belligerent Russia is out of the fighting. The faction of her revolutionists that seized control, surrendered in the end abjectly to Germany, and only civil war can undo that act. Without signing a treaty of peace the Bolshevist leaders declared that the state of war between Russia and Germany no longer existed and demobilized their armies. This freed for service in the west practically all the German troops at that time on the Russian front. The province

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American troops cleaning their machine guns in a village street in France. This is a most important task, for if the gun jams, it may mean the death of the gunner

Our first clash with the Huns. At daybreak, Saturday, November 3rd, 1917, a detachment of twenty American infantrymen and two French veterans in a salient on the front line were attacked by two hundred Germans after being subjected to a severe artillery fire for an hour. It marked the baptism of blood of our soldiers

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Five of the first Americans captured by the Germans being questioned by a German officer

of Ukrainia was erected into a separate state, and its abundant crops will henceforth be at Germany's command.

Moreover, with the Bolshevist government wheedled into demobilizing its troops the Germans contemptuously kicked over the make-believe peace and advanced into Russia.

The disorganized armies fled before them —Trotzky, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the makeshift government, demanded terms of enduring peace. Four billions of indemnity and the provinces of Poland, Lithuania, Courland, Esthonia, Riga and Moon Island, was the measure of loot the Huns demanded, and the Bolshevists—whose cardinal principle had been "no annexations and no indem-

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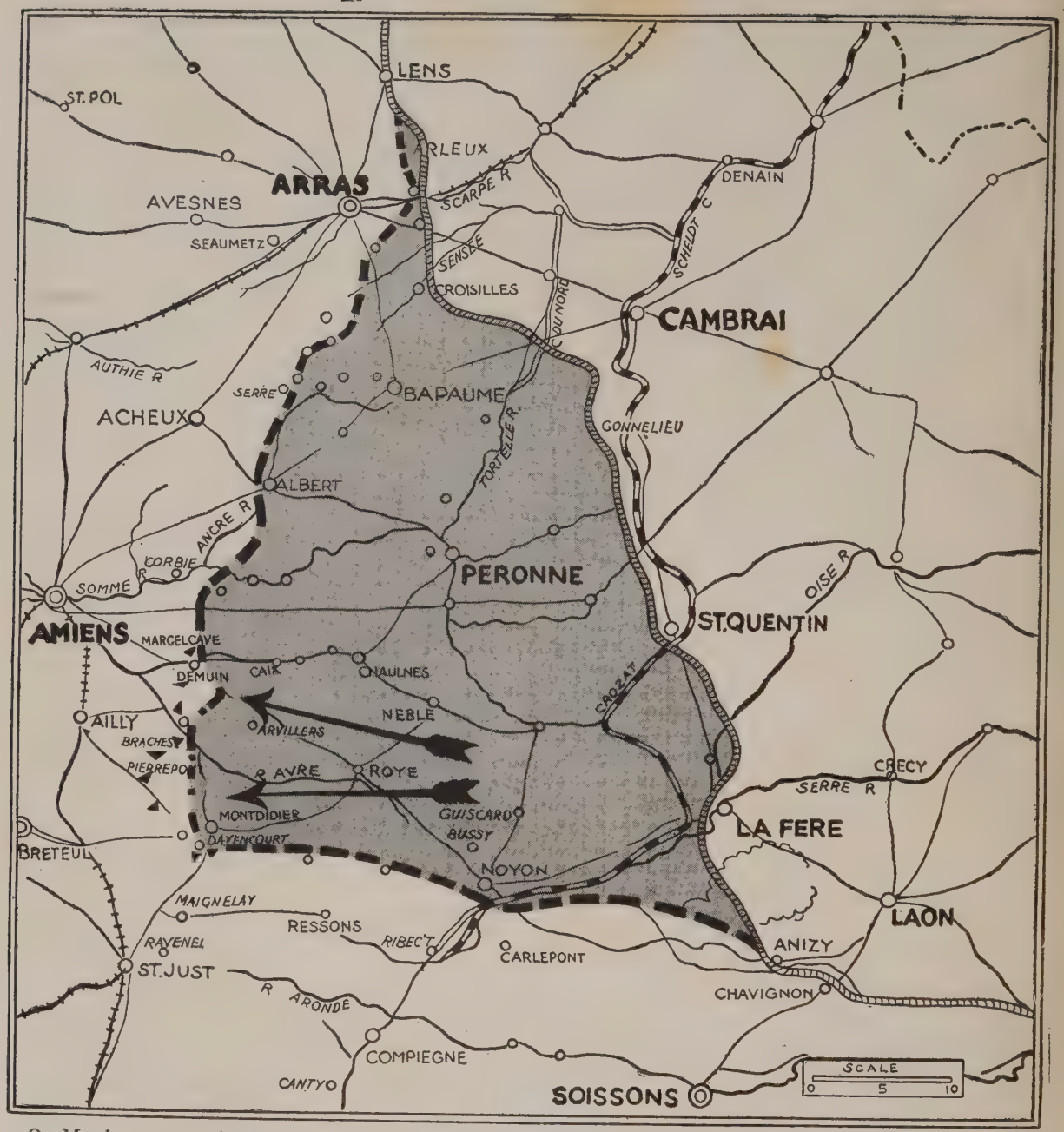
American soil in France. The graves of the first American soldiers killed on the western front in a little cemetery just outside the ruined village of Bethelemont, in Lorraine



On March 21, 1918, the Germans launched their strongest drive on the Western front. It had been heralded for months before, so openly that it seemed as if the talk might be merely a screen for activities elsewhere. The drive covered a front of fifty miles at the start, its centre aimed at Amiens. The traditional mass formations of the German army were used in unprecedented volume; their losses were in proportion. The shaded portion of the map shows the extent of the German advance up to March 31, 1918.

nities," bowed to the lash and surrendered all.

Thus strengthened it would appear inevitable that Germany should soon put her fortunes to the supreme test by a colossal drive on the Allied lines in France. In the early months of 1918 there was every indication that preparations for such a drive were in progress, and feverish preparations to meet it were being pressed by the Allies. The whole world waited to see whether after three and a half years of war Germany could do what she failed to do in the first months and break through to Paris, or shatter the Allies' left front and win Calais.

At this point, with Germany never more encouraged and the Allies calmly confident that they would yet win the day for humanity and democracy, this record must be closed.

RUSSIA
RUMANIA
Odessa
BUCHAREST
Kustendje
BLACK SEA
BULGARIA
Varna
Adrianople
CONSTANTINOPLE
Trebizond
Batum
Tiflis
CASPIAN SEA
Baku
SIBERIA
TURKEY
Erzerum
Bitlis
Smyrna
Konia
Aleppo
Mosul
Tabriz
PERSIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Bagdad
Damascus
Jaffa
TEHERAN
Alexandria
Jerusalem
Cairo
Sue
Basra
Bushire
PERSIAN GULF
ARABIA
EGYPT
Medina
RED SEA
Muscat
OMAN
Mecca
ERITREA
ARABIAN SEA
Aden
GULF OF ADEN
ABYSSINIA
BRITISH SOMALILAND
ITALIAN SOMALILAND

VIENNA
RUSSIA
Innsbruck
Budapest
Botosani
Odessa
Grosswardein
Klausenburg
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
Trient
Udine
Belluno
Gorizia
TRIEST
Temesvar
Jassy
Ismail
Venice
Fiume
Braila
RUMANIA
Ploesti
BLACK
Bologna
BELGRADE
BUCHAREST
Kustendje
Craiova
Florence
Kragouyevatz
Rustchuck
Serajevo
ADRIATIC
Ancona
NISH
Varna
Perugia
Novi Bazar
SERBIA
Leskovatz
SEA
Burgas
MONTENEGRO
Mitrovitza
SOFIA
Pescara
Vranye
BULGARIA
ITALY
CETTINJE
Prizren
Philippopolis
Scutari
Uskub
Adrianople
ROME
SEA
Koprili
CONSTANTINOPLE
Scutari
Strumitza
Dedeagatch
DURAZZO
Gievgili
Kavala
SEA OF
MARMORA
Monastir
Enos
Naples
ALBANIA
Saloniki
Brindisi
Avlona
Gallipoli
GREECE
MEDITERRANEAN
Larisa
AEGEAN
DARDANELLES
TURKEY
SEA
Corfu
IONIAN
SEA
SEA
Smyrna
Palermo
Messina
ATHENS